

SATURDAY MORNING
Washington.

BIGGER SHIPS FOR THE NAVY

National Defense Program Moves Forward a Step

**Said to be Plannin
Gigantic Vessel.**

**General Military Service
Favored by Scott.**

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—Preparatory work on the 1913 national programme moved forward in both the naval and military committees of the House, with

Admirals Badger and Fleet
the navy's General Board
the former and Quartermaster
al Sharpe before the latter.
two admirals told of

recommendation for
an increase in size and po
a smaller increase in spe
battleships to be provid
this session. Because of
any of European navies
even larger ships and su

cause there is reason to believe Japan already has under construction a more powerful ship than the one that has been planned for the United States," Admiral Badger said. "I don't feel it necessary that we should have many follow-up ships."

He said the board intended main batteries of 16-inch guns, an increase in gun power over 1918 and a speed of twenty-three knots.

DANIELS'S STATEMENT.
Statement issued today by Sen. Daniels indicates that the foundations of the board were viewed when the department is laid before the committee.

new dreadnaughts will probably more than 40,000 against the 32,000 for the class and succeed in new ships will embody the characteristics of armament

eral Board recommends
ary's statement said, after
g to only the question of
ilities led the Secretary
the board's recommendation
to the number of ships to

thoroughly with the General," it added, "that we should this year as great our programme as possible. I think my recommendation has reached the limit of that possible."

Indeed I have not examined the practical conditions of our ship yards,"

He recommended the construction of four battleships and four cruisers, while the Secretary said that three battleships

little cruiser were all the
undertaken in view of the
programme contracted
BY FAR BEHIND.

His statement was in part of Maj.-Gen. Hugh L. of Staff, in his annual public address.

Baker's attitude on the service question has not

It was stated today that the Secretary Gen. Scott's report published and authorized publication of the General Staff as but reserving his own

service also came up at committee hearing. Ad-
 saying that this was
 and answer."

...answer to all prob-
...aining crews for navy
...approved a suggestion
...ative Butler that a
...to encourage enlist-
...ablished.

Warning.
ICA ASLEEP
NAVAL PERILS.

DEQUATE STATIONS
N WEAKNESS.

**Society of Technical
Dangers in Unpre-
- Both Coasts to
pa.**

K. Dec. 2.—The lack of naval stations as a naval establishment of the United States was discussed by Rear Adm. ...

Admirals Brad-
and John R. Edwards,
before the American
Mechanical Engineers.
After the reading of a
W. L. Cathcart

engineer, of Philadelphia, with the deficiencies of the country's navy the rear-admirals Prof. Cathcart said, Edwards declared.

other way to get
up the shore sta-
cut out one capital
appropriations" in or-
der as you haven't a
116.

ship," he said, "And at there is not a coast south of that battleship could go for on, S. C., would base. We need a

the Panama Canal. The line to this country is our shore stations. Weston would make his line of operation, which

FLIKE DANGER.
Flake said that the
do not realize
more than does a
track."

He said the mechanical output to their fellow-countrymen must do several Americans now could be

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

Minister Grey BY CHRISTMAS FOR IRELAND

Expected to Grant it Unconditionally
to Get Sons of Erin into Army—
His Leadership of the Liberal Party.

ARTHUR A. DRAPEL.
AND DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.
LONDON, Dec. 8.—The minister of foreign affairs, Mr. Grey, is expected to grant it unconditionally to get sons of Erin into army—his leadership of the Liberal Party.

GREY'S ANNOUNCEMENT.
LONDON, Dec. 8.—The minister of foreign affairs, Mr. Grey, is expected to grant it unconditionally to get sons of Erin into army—his leadership of the Liberal Party.

ARE FIGURES ON GERMAN STEEL PRODUCTION ASPECT

BERLIN, Dec. 8.—The report of the German steel production for the year 1918 is expected to show a decrease of 10 per cent.

When you have a cold, it does not mean that you have a cold, it means that you have a cold.

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MADE SHIPS FOR THE NAVY. Defense Programme Now Forward a Step.

Said to be Planning a
Gigantic Vessel.

General Military Service is Favored by Scott.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—President Wilson's move forward the defense programme is now a step further.

RESIGNATIONS STILL RUMORS OF CABINET

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The rumors of cabinet resignations are still being spread.

PRESIDENT COMMUTES CONTEMPT SENTENCES.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—President Wilson has commuted the contempt sentences of several individuals.

PANAMA CANAL TOLL INCREASE POSSIBLE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The possibility of an increase in the Panama Canal toll is being discussed.

BRITAIN EXPLAINS POSITION ON IMPORTS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—Great Britain's position on imports is being explained.

INCREASED AMERICAN RAILROAD DEATHS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The number of deaths on American railroads has increased.

RIVERS-HARBORS CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The Rivers-Harbors Congress is being discussed.

New Deal Proposed. MAY DECREASE LETTER POSTAGE

Newspapers and Magazines
May Have to Pay More.

Would Add Fifty Millions to Country's Revenue.

Postmaster-General is Forced to Back Down.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The postmaster-general is forced to back down on his proposal to increase letter postage.

WORLD RAISE REVENUE.

The department submitted figures showing that the rate advance would increase the postal revenues \$40,000,000 a year.

CHANGES HIS MIND.

Because of these facts, which were not available at the time the report was written, I feel constrained to write you this letter and state that while I still adhere to the recommendations on this subject contained in my annual report, I feel that the most serious consideration should be given to these representations.

TO START CEMETERY FOR CATS AND DOGS.

Let the Little Birds Splash and Play Over Bones of Departed Pets—Declarer Mrs. Anne McKim, and All will be Happy and Gay.

BAITMORE SOCIETY WOMEN SPONSORS FOR PLAN.

The Little Birds Splash and Play Over Bones of Departed Pets—Declarer Mrs. Anne McKim, and All will be Happy and Gay.

THE EFFECTS.

An important effect of the reorganization of the economic lines will be an increase in railway tariffs, which the government can hardly deny to the public.

AN AID TO DIGESTION.

When you have a fullness and weight in the stomach after eating you may know that you have eaten too much, and should take one of Chamberlain's Tablets to aid your digestion.

FOOD INQUIRY IS WIDENING.

Grand Juries Over Country to
Act Simultaneously.

Prosecuting Attorney Confers with Wilson.

Activities of Coal Dealers Subject of the Talk.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The prosecuting attorney is conferring with President Wilson on the activities of coal dealers.

TO DEFER ACTION.

In Congress the House Commerce Committee decided to defer action on bills and resolutions bearing on the subject until after the holidays.

CONCENTRATE ACTIVITIES.

Indications are that the Department of Justice will concentrate its immediate activities on inquiring into the activities of coal dealers and minor railroad employees in the Middle West with a view to determining whether there were deliberate attempts to obstruct the government.

FARM PROBLEMS. FRUITS ROT WHILE PUBLIC PAYS HIGH.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON MARKETING AT CHICAGO.

NOTED AVIATOR WINGS PLANE.

BERLIN, Dec. 8.—The noted aviator, Hans von Seeckt, is expected to receive the wings of a pilot.

JAPS GAINING IN HAWAII.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—Hawaii is now a population of 237,412, an increase of 4,714 over 1910, according to estimate in the annual report of Gov. Pinkham.

BELL-ANS Absolutely Removes Indigestion. One package proves it. 25c at all druggists.

Seaboard Construction Co.

BUILDING CONTRACTORS
211 West Fifth St., 731 South Broadway, 217 West Sixth St., Pasadena, 20 East Colorado St., Pasadena.

\$35,000 Pasadena Home Will Sell \$10,000 Under Value

—and it is a positive fact. You will save \$25,000 cash if you are in the market for a beautiful suburban home.

—The location is on the Southwest corner of Mill and Oak avenues, in beautiful Pasadena, just eight miles from the city, and is surrounded by beautiful live oak trees and wonderful landscaping.

—The house is a very large artistic bungalow of 12 rooms and several closets. The floor of material was put into this house, no money was spent for material.

—The price is "right" when I sell property.

Artistic Cravats

The new Cravats for Christmas are really works of Art—fashioned from French Swiss and Italian Silks of delightful patterns—they make most acceptable gifts.

Blames Guard if NOW INEFFICIENT.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The Federal government has done everything possible for the National Guard, and if the State troops are now in efficiency it will be because of defects inherent in the militia system.

Mullen & Bluet BROADWAY at SIXTH

When you have a cold, it does not mean that you have a cold, it means that you have a cold.

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A Merry California Christmas

Packed in California Redwood Boxes—ready for shipment with Gift Card enclosed—One Dollar the Pound.

SEND the friends "back East" a genuine California Christmas gift. While there is still time, get a box of Chocolate Shop Chocolates

—thirty varieties of fruit, cream and nut fillings under a coating of the most expensive chocolate in the world.

At All Chocolate Shops
211 West Fifth St., 731 South Broadway, 217 West Sixth St., Pasadena, 20 East Colorado St., Pasadena.

Pacific Slope

TO GIVE BOPP WITNESS PARDON

President Wilson will pardon Smith's standing.

Unable to Testify Because of Felony Conviction.

Alleged Neutrality Violation Case Now on Trial.

(BY A. P. STANTON) SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 8.—A bill to pardon the defendant in the case of the late President Wilson's alleged neutrality violation, was introduced today in the Senate by Senator Stanford. The bill is for the purpose of pardoning the defendant, who was convicted of a felony in 1914, for which he was sentenced to prison for two years. The bill is now on the calendar of the Senate.

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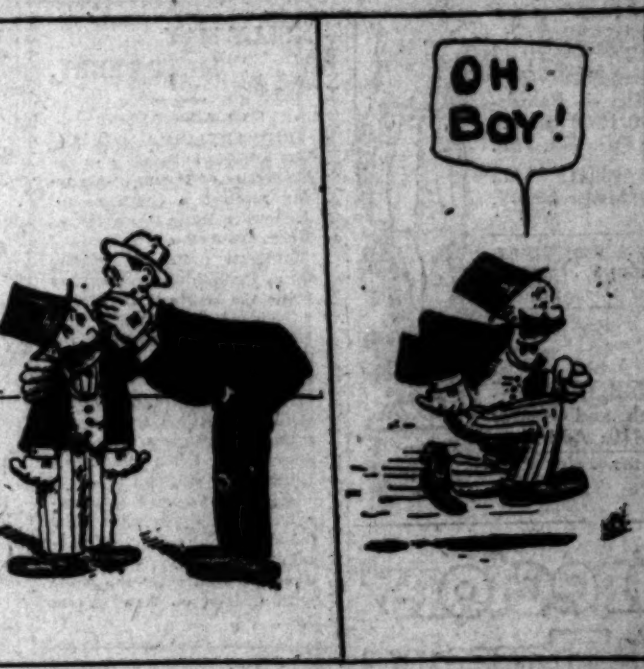
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MUTT AND JEFF—Jeff is Very Fond of Hawaiian Dancers.



PASTOR WRIFHT TELLS HIS STORY

Denies Positively the Charges that are Involved.

Flatly Contradicts Testimony of the Girl.

Trial Develops that There are Other Rumors.

(BY A. P. STANTON) SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 8.—If it were the last word I should utter, I would tell you I never had anything to do with this girl.

With these words, Rev. Amos Wright, pastor of the First Baptist Church, San Francisco, today flatly contradicted the testimony of Barbara Beardsley, the 14-year-old girl who is accused of having had an affair with the late President Wilson's son, John. Wright, who is a prominent member of the church, today denied the charges that he had had an affair with the girl, and also denied the charges that he had had an affair with the girl's mother, Mrs. Beardsley.

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THE DANDELION CURE

Green Garden Truck is Good for a Blood Tonic in the Spring.

(Dr. William Bradley in the Illustrated World.) Some individuals have a much more competent digestive gland apparatus than others. If the digestive glands functionate actively, their secretions entering the blood help to oxidize or destroy poisons circulating through the body, and so the individual can stand a considerable degree of autointoxication without feeling the usual symptoms. But if the poisoning goes on for a considerable period, the digestive glands will eventually shirk the tripartite burden, and then the spring fever comes on with all its melancholy symptoms. It is a pretty well established fact that a highly nitrogenous diet, especially a meat diet, places a heavier strain upon the digestive gland function than a carbohydrate or vegetable diet; some people can stand it longer than others—that is all. If they last through into summer they escape spring fever. And now for the remedy. Every old woman knows that green garden truck—lettuce, onions, radishes, string beans, green peas, spinach, dandelion and other greens—is good for the blood. The spring vegetable is good because they fill the bowl with indigestible cellulose and tend to increase motility or relieve blood stagnation there, and also because the carbohydrate residue offers a poor medium for the nefarious activities of the colon bacillus and allied parasites which produce the poisons of autointoxication and spring fever. Thus the Italian immigrant woman of the peasant class who appears in your doorway with her roosting knife upon the first faint suggestion of spring is answering the call of the blood. All winter she and her family have hungered for something bulky and green, and now, with her apron full of taraxacum officinalis, commonly called "dandelion," she will serve her family a dish that will do far more good than any spring tonic they could buy in a bottle.

While going down stairs, the defendant alleged, the skirt tripped her up. She refused, therefore, to pay for the garment which, she alleged, was not made to conform to the measurements she ordered. In her papers the plaintiff alleged that she made the dress in conformity with the fashion of the season, and the measurements given by said defendant.

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COAL TAR PRODUCTS

From it we get Perfumes, Dyes, Drugs and Explosives.

[New York World:] Coal tar is one of the most widespread industries in the world today. Coal tar gives us our most brilliant colors and our sweetest perfumes, some of our most beneficial medicines and some of our deadliest explosives.

Coal tar is a nasty-smelling, sticky, black oil, obtained as a residue in the making of illuminating gas. When distilled it yields different oils at different temperatures. When the temperature reaches 85 degrees, crude benzene is given off; at 111 degrees, C. toluene is obtained. Between 150 degrees, C. and 210 degrees, such substances as benzol, phenol, cresols and naphthalene are the distillates. Above 210 C. anthracene is obtained. From benzene and phenol nitrobenzene and picric acid are made. The cresols give us the trinitrophenols, which give us the explosives, dynamite and picric acid. The cresols give us the trinitrophenols, which give us the explosives, dynamite and picric acid. The cresols give us the trinitrophenols, which give us the explosives, dynamite and picric acid.

5 DAY OCEAN VOYAGE

New Orleans to New York

Perfectly appointed staterooms, superb service—one hundred golden hours of luxury, comfort, unexcelled cuisine and beautiful recreation.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC STEAMERS sailing each Wednesday and Saturday.

The fare from Los Angeles to New Orleans is the same as all rail, and includes meals and berth on the steamer.

Sunset Limited Leave Los Angeles every day, 9:40 a. m.

NO EXTRA FARE Two Nights to New Orleans. See the Apache Trail of Arizona.

City Office, 515 West Seventh St., Room 17th and Central Ave. Telephone 5001. Agents, 1001 S. Main St., Room 1001.



Copyright 1916, H. B. Shaw & Co.

Prepare for Christmas!

A New Suit or Overcoat will add greatly to your enjoyment of the Holidays.

Hart Schaffner & Marx fine clothes are your best investment.

They are pure, all-wool fabrics approved styles, beautifully tailored and modeled to your particular build. Step in and try on the new belters—the hit of the season. You'll make yourself a Christmas gift long appreciated—\$20, \$25, \$30, \$35

7.3. fiberwood

"The Store With a Conscience"

Broadway at 6th

GIRLS IN SCHOOL OR AT BUSINESS

who are delicately constituted, who have thin blood or pale cheeks, will find in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

a true tonic and a rich food to overcome tiredness, nourish their nerves and feed their blood. Start with SCOTT'S to-day—and say "NO" to substitutes.

Scott's Emulsion, New York, N. Y.

Schools and Colleges

Modern College, 1214 South Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Cal. 1916.

DRAMA, FANCY AND CLASSICAL DANCING

Children's class meets every Wednesday afternoon and Saturday morning. 1214 South Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Cal. 1916.

THE Egan School

THE SAN DIEGO ARMY AND NAVY ACADEMY

ST. ELIZABETH'S SCHOOL

CUMNOCK SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION

Schools and Colleges

HOLLAND'S Business College, 1017 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Cal. 1916.

EAT Christopher's Quality Ice Cream

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

Blythe Excursion

Dec. 14-17

—via Santa Fe—

Your opportunity to see Palo Verde Valley \$17.75 round trip

From here 2:00 p. m., Dec. 14 Return December 16.

Pullman Tourist Cars Going and Returning

E. W. McGee, Gen'l. Agt. Six Eleven Hill Street Phone service day or night 60941—Main 738 Santa Fe Station A5150—Main 525

The Los Angeles Times carries the story of your goods, and presents your appeal to a vast army of readers who are able to buy advertised articles, and who, on account of being in this paper, are predisposed in favor of its advertisers.

MOTOR CAR DEALERS ASSOCIATION DIRECTORY

BEARDSLEY ELECTRIC—Beardsley Electric Co., 1250-1260 W. 7th Home phone 53018; Pac. Wil. 788.

BUICK—HOWARD AUTO CO.—1323 So. Flower St. Home 60009, Main 9040.

CHANDLER—Earl V. Armstrong, Inc. 1144 South Hope Street. Main 3459; 60895.

MITCHELL—Wm. R. Ruess, Corner Tenth and Olive Streets. Main 7278; 60173.

CHALMERS—HUPMOBILE—Greer Robbins Co., Twelfth and Flower Streets. Broadway 3410; A1187.

SAXON—Saxon Motor Sales Co., Twelfth and Olive.

Times Directory of Motor Trucks

MORELAND THE ONLY SUCCESSFUL DISTILLATE TRUCK EVER PRODUCED MORELAND MOTOR TRUCK CO.

9 a. m. **The Merry Christmas Store** 5:30 P. M. First Aisle

VILLE DE PARIS

317-325 313-323
90 BROADWAY 30 MILL STREET

The One Big Opportunity to Buy a Man's Gift

600 Cravats for Men

600 scarfs of such superior quality you will marvel at the lowness of price.

\$1.35

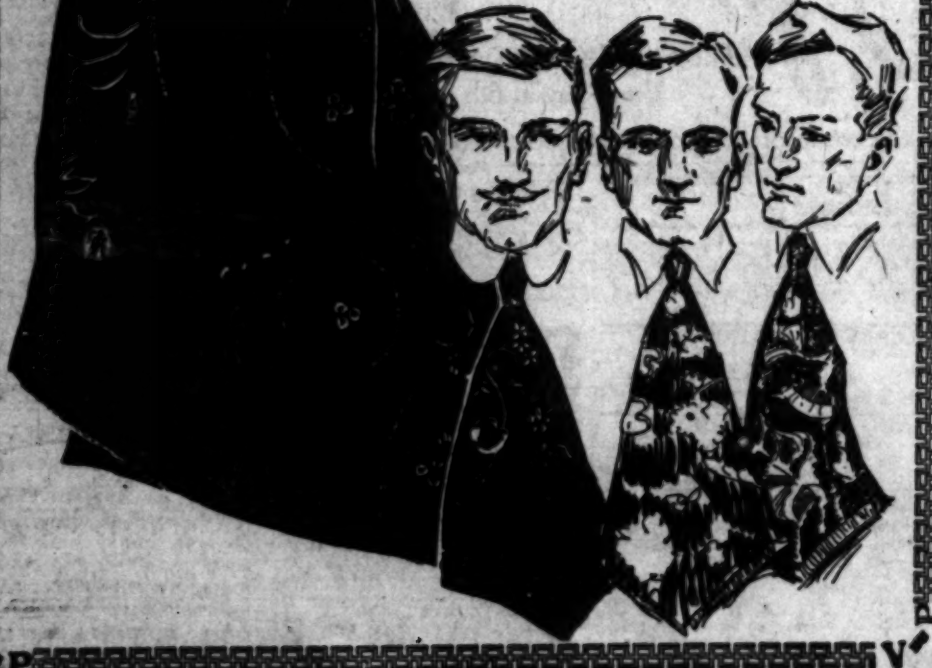
Beautiful, heavy brocaded satin in color combinations and patterns as handsome as unusual.

GREEN, MAROON, BLUE, PURPLE, BRONZE, BLACK, LAVENDER AND A DOZEN OTHER SHADES.

The same satins—the same shapes—the same colors are always sold at a greatly higher price. These ties at \$1.35 are the result of a quick cash purchase of uncut fabrics, and were made up especially for this sale.

Buy Saturday sure! Otherwise you may not get one. Packed in fancy gift box for you.

Sale 9 a. m.



Manual Arts Beats Pasadena at Football by Lopsided Score

KELLY MAY MEET BERRY.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 8.—The athletic authorities at the University of Pennsylvania today received a challenge for J. Howard Berry to meet Fred Kelly, the former University of Southern California athlete in a Pentathlon competition while the Red and Blue football team is on the Coast. Kelly is one of the best athletes in the West and never having had an opportunity to meet eastern stars in competition, he and his friends are trying to arrange a meet with Berry who holds the Intercollegiate Pentathlon title. It was announced at Philadelphia this afternoon that the election of a gridiron captain for 1917 would be deferred until after the game with Oregon on New Year's Day.

JOE RIVERS LOSES SCRAP.

Ritchie Mitchell Too Fast for Mexican with Left.
Knocks Him Down Twice During Fight.

Californian Tries to Turn the Tide in Tenth.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—SPECIAL DISPATCH.)
MILWAUKEE, Dec. 8.—Ritchie Mitchell, the pugilist, gave Joe Rivers, Californian, a terrific beating in ten rounds of boxing here. Mitchell won as he pleased and only his over-anxiousness prevented him from scoring a knockout. Twice he had the Mexican on the verge of dreamland, once in the fourth round, again in the ninth, letting him rest his head on his hands because the Milwaukee boy refused to take his time to measure his punch.

Claws stood out all over the boys and the bout, for that matter, from the very first round. Mitchell, fast as lightning, jabbed his wonderful left with the accuracy of a rifle expert with Rivers always coming in working on the body and evening up every point the Milwaukee boy scored at long range work. It was a pretty exhibition to look at and neither had a marked advantage in the first two rounds.

Rivers went down in the fourth for a count of six by a right to the jaw and was groggy until the sixth. In the ninth another wallop on the jaw sent him down for a count of four.

ARIZONA READY TO BATTLE TROJANS.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—SPECIAL DISPATCH.)
PHOENIX, Dec. 8.—The football game tomorrow afternoon on the grounds of the Indian school will be the first intercollegiate contest ever held in the state. The game will be between the Arizona team and the Trojan team. The Arizona team has been giving out bear stories concerning the condition of its team, which has been declared to be in the best of health. The Trojan team, on the other hand, has been giving out bear stories concerning the condition of its team, which has been declared to be in the best of health. The game will be a four-ball foursome for those not still in the tournament.

WESTERFIELD RESIGNS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
SACRAMENTO, Dec. 8.—Carl Westerfield resigned today as a member of the State Fish and Game Commission to accept the position of executive officer of the commission, with offices at San Francisco. The salary of \$14,000 a year, Edward L. Bosqui of San Francisco was named by Gov. Johnson to succeed Westerfield as member of the commission.

WIEMAN TO BE CAPTAIN.

"Tub" Wieman was unanimously elected captain of the 1917 Occidental football team last night. The election was held at a big football banquet given in honor of the varsity. "Tub" blushing accepted the honor, and was cheered to the echo by all present. Wieman has been playing an excellent game for the Tigers, both in the center and tackle positions. He is one of the quickest and headiest men on the team, and is expected to make a great leader for the Oxy squad. He is the third Wieman to be captain of an Occidental eleven. In Wieman led the first Tiger eleven to beat the Sherman Indians in their heyday, and Drury Wieman led the eleven that beat Pomona, 13 to 12.

ACCEPT DEFI WITH SMILES.

The Morning Glories newspaper champions in all branches of sports, have been challenged to a football game by the lowly Twilight Squirrels. This challenge is viewed in a rather humorous light by the Glories. The scrappy football team of the Squirrels is no far below the well-known, smoothly-working eleven of the Morning Glories that it is feared a contest between the two would be murder rather than sport. In spite of all this the challenge has been accepted. The Glories will deal gently with the Squirrels, and the latter will point out the proper place for the afternoon team. Under no circumstances will the famous Glories attempt to exterminate the Squirrels. It will merely be a labor of love, as it were; a mild rebuke to a wayward child.

TIA JUANA RESULTS.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—SPECIAL DISPATCH.)
SAN DIEGO, Dec. 8.—Today's Tia Juana results:
First race—Six furlongs, selling, purse \$400: Kyle, 107 (Casey); first; Kid Nelson, 112 (Gross); second; Shriver, 115 (Mathews); third. Time, 1:14 2-5.
Second race—Six furlongs, selling, purse \$400: Gratitude, 108 (Gross); first; Tia Juana, 112 (La Paille); second; Geraldine, 106 (La Paille); third. Time, 1:14 4-5.
Third race—Six furlongs, selling, purse \$400: Kyle, 107 (Casey); first; Lady Rowena, 87 (Moore); second; Flume, 112 (A. Smith); third. Time, 1:14 2-5.
Fourth race—Five and one-half furlongs, selling, purse \$400: Rayonara, 104 (Revens); first; Haeel Dale, 98 (Gibson); second; Haeel thorne, 110 (Alexander); third. Time, 1:06 1-5.
Fifth race—Six furlongs, selling, purse \$400: Blackthorne, 113 (Orman); first; Wastah, 103 (New-Coch); second; Haeel thorne, 112 (La Paille); third. Time, 1:14.
Sixth race—One and one-half miles, selling, purse \$400: Capt. Frost, 113 (Gibson); first; Haeel thorne, 110 (Alexander); second; G. W. Kistler, 102 (Casey); third. Time, 1:47 3-5.

GOLF EVENTS IN CITY TODAY.

The qualifying round for the big equipment tournament will open on the Griffith links today, concluding tomorrow.

SOME RESULTS.

The ball team produced some results which should serve to benefit the game, and others which can be definitely judged only after placed to the test of actual operation. Johnny Powers and Frank Chance have been carrying off the bulk of the honors in getting really beneficial legislation enacted. They were the champions of a longer training season, and regarded last year's arrangement, in which the clubs were allowed only three weeks to conduct the season, as a poor and unwise and foolish arrangement. A number of Coast League clubs lost the equivalent of many thousands of dollars by turning loose promising players because the short training season did not permit them to get a line on the athletes.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN SOLD.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
NEW YORK, Dec. 8.—Madison Square Garden, New York's famous amusement amphitheater, was purchased today for \$2,000,000 in a foreclosure sale by the New York City Mortgage Company, the only bidder.

BANKS TO PLAY.

George L. Banks, champion billiard player and star of the Pacific Billiard League, will appear at the F.M.C.A. billiard room next Tuesday, December 12, for a demonstration of correct strokes in billiards and proper handling of the cue. He will also answer any questions put to him by Los Angeles billiard players whether amateur or professional.

EAST VERSUS WEST.

PENN TO MAKE SOME TRICK PLAYS.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—SPECIAL DISPATCH.)
PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 8.—The University of Pennsylvania football players are all eager to resume active training for the game with Oregon. All the Red and Blue athletes have had a good rest and the boys are in the pink of condition and all Coach Feltwell will have to do is to perfect some of the new plays which he has been saving for this contest. Bert Bell, the heady quarter-back, when he saw that his machine was overpowering the Cornell eleven on Thanksgiving Day, felt that he had a berth on the All-American team. He was on hand today and limbered up. He stated that he was in fine condition and anxious to get into hard training again.

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MAGNATES ARE A MILD BUNCH.

Cal Ewing Puts Over His Pet Proposition.

Four Bushers to be Carried on Each Coast Team.

Powers and Chance do Some Tall Talking.

(BY HARRY A. WILLIAMS.)
The Coast League meeting in Salt Lake melted mildly, and the conquering magnates are now en route to their respective homes or elsewhere. Coast League confabs are generally quite considerable affairs from year to year.

Along in November one of the directors announced that he is dead against the draft. Others take up the cry, and the impression is that a massed assault is to be made on the managers, or simply water tank town.

Whereupon, four or five other directors stand up on their hind legs and declare that Portland should be given a swift kick in the seat of the pants. They refer to it as a consoling measure, and regard it as a foregone conclusion, and which only comes to the surface for air two or three times a year.

THE WAR CRY.

By the date of the meeting most of the owners have worked themselves into a lather, and loathe and hate one another, or simply swing on each other with the hotel furniture. Scuffles linger in the lobby, and spectators on which the directors will first be carried out on a stretcher.

Three hours later, the Schedule Committee emerges and announces that such or such a team will open in such or such a city on such or such a date. Whereupon the directors adjourn and accept an invitation to dinner. A year later the various owners will again be found hating each other to the limit, and the drummer of setting together is staged all over again.

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CHIVINGTON IS GIVEN HOOK.

(INDIANAPOLIS (Ind.) Dec. 8.—Thomas J. Hickey of St. Paul was today elected president of the American Association, defeating President Thomas C. Chivington, who was a candidate for re-election. Hickey was the first president of the association, when it was organized in 1902.

CAL'S SCHEME.

J. Cal Ewing's pet scheme to force each club to carry four rookies today's football game between the Red and Blue teams of the Coast League was a question. Some of them may have agreed to it in order to get the vote of J. Cal and his following on other matters. The immediate tendency of the measure will be to lower the standard of Coast League baseball, but it will become less apparent as the youngsters increase in skill and knowledge. Every manager who agrees to the measure should encourage the development of young players, the only difference of opinion being as to the method of doing it. The measure is greatly advanced, it is more than likely that some of the managers whose teams are slipping will send out a Macedonian cry for more experienced help.

Powers, Chance and Darnody will arrive home today providing the train does not skid.

Rubbing It In.

SLAP FINES ON BALL PLAYERS.

BOSTON RED SOX ARE STUCK FOR EXHIBITION.

Ty Cobb is soaked fifty dollars for playing against World Champions—Boys Who Toured East with Davis Have Sentences Suspended.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
CINCINNATI, Dec. 8.—Fines were inflicted by the National Commission today on major league ball players who have taken part in various exhibition games following the close of the season of 1916.

Fifty-one players from thirteen of the sixteen major league teams were fined in amounts ranging from \$25 to \$100. However, the commission suspended fines on thirty-eight players, allowing only thirteen fines to stand. The men who must pay are: Harry Dwyer, Hank Gowdy, Scott, Cady, Ruth and Barry of the world's champion Boston American League team; Players Cobb and Young of the Detroit American; and Player Davis of the Philadelphia Americans. All of these were fined \$100 except Cobb, who must pay \$50.

The fines on the Boston Americans came as the result of a game played at New Haven, Ct., in violation of the rule against members of the world's champions playing in games after the close of the season. The players who were fined were: Harry Dwyer, Hank Gowdy, Scott, Cady, Ruth and Barry of the world's champion Boston American League team; Players Cobb and Young of the Detroit American; and Player Davis of the Philadelphia Americans. All of these were fined \$100 except Cobb, who must pay \$50.

Davis was fined as the manager of a team which played in various eastern cities, but the fines of the remainder of the team were suspended because it was brought out in the testimony that Davis had assured his team-mates that he had the word of President Johnson of the American League that there would be no official objection to the team's playing. The commission states that President Johnson simply advised Davis to take up the matter with the chairman of the commission, which according to the chairman, he failed to do. The chairman, August Herrmann, stated that Davis had taken the matter up with them on account of the Canadian tourists, while Ty Cobb was fined on account of his having taken part in the game at New Haven against the Boston Americans.

MAGNATES ADJOURN.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—SPECIAL DISPATCH.)
SALT LAKE, Dec. 8.—Pacific Coast League directors started on their respective journeys home today after a two days' annual meeting in this city. The magnates closed their session late this afternoon as peacefully as it was opened last Wednesday evening. Only a short afternoon session was held today. The schedule was again discussed, but finally laid over for final adoption at a January meeting.

John Powers, W. W. McCredie and Frank Murphy were elected vice-presidents of the organization, and just before adjournment a vote of thanks was extended to the Salt Lake club in appreciation of the good time enjoyed by the visitors during their stay in this city.

SWIMMERS TO VISIT HAWAII.

Allen Allen and Dorothy Burns, women swimmers of the L.A.A.C., will give exhibitions in the water carnival at Hawaii. Les Henry, chairman of the Swimming Committee at the club, received a telegram yesterday from Lady Langer asking if they would come.

Allen Allen is the woman national diving champion. Dorothy Burns is the woman national champion in the 100 yards.

Both of the women swimmers signified their intention of accepting the invitation, and will be two of the big features of the annual water carnival on the islands.

MANUAL ARTS BEATS PASADENA.

Toilers Roll up a Lopsided Score.

Forward Pass Got a Deadly Work.

Fumbling and High Tackling Mar Play.

It was a matter of mere minutes before the Manual Arts team had rolled up a lopsided score over the Pasadena team. The Manual Arts team, which was composed of players from various teams, was victorious in a game that was marred by fumbling and high tackling. The Manual Arts team, which was composed of players from various teams, was victorious in a game that was marred by fumbling and high tackling.

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TO SUBMIT SCHEDULE.

If a scheme satisfactory to the Interstate Commerce Commission is drafted, it is understood that the Interstate Commerce Commission will be asked to submit a schedule of rates for the railroads and other carriers. The Interstate Commerce Commission will be asked to submit a schedule of rates for the railroads and other carriers.

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UNION ALLIANCE BUCKS WILSON.

Compulsory Arbitration Stimulates Agitators.

Railroad Brotherhoods Comers in a Confab.

Hope to Draft Satisfactory Scheme to Workers.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The action on President Wilson's railway legislation probably will await the result of a conference of union leaders to be held at St. Paul, Minn., today. The conference is expected to draft a satisfactory scheme to workers.

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Furnished.

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MANAGEMENT.

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ED AT THE BEACH.

N. and St. Paul Ave.
 1116 Broadway; 2nd fl.
 PARADE, BATH AND
 lined and room, 10
 back up; clean, heat;
 extra communication
 4000, AL 400, 4000.
 CATE NURSE WILL
 his home near Wash-
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 the BITE.
 REFINED PEOPLE
 are beautiful home and
 fr. Excellent meals.
 211.
 ONLY FURNISHING
 without private bath
 IN WESTLAKES AVE.
 1111 FRANK ROAD

WEST 2040
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TABLE BY SPANISH
beautiful home, near
HAM, Boulevard Hotel
ROOM, SPANISH CH
corking, in private
HOME AND ONE BR-
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BEST TABLE, LOW
HAM, 618 W. Ninth
ED BOARD, END PER
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privileges.

UHLIN: TON. 357475.
ARD. HOME COOK.

ST. Phone South
RD. HOME COOK-
ing South 6661
RD. PRIVATE FAM-
LY AND MAPLE AVE

for Children.

OF MOTHERHOOD
a credit record child
IN TEXAS

SCHOOL KINDER-
garden, Music, Language
and

Lesson.

1

Blacker Crimes.

Amazing Story of Policeman-robber.

(Continued from First Page.)

money, excepting that which he had paid to creditors, was recovered.

A SENTIMENTALIST.

Griffith is a sentimentalist, a large-eyed, delicate-featured man, with wavy black hair and a ready smile. He was known as one of the handsome men of the police department, which he joined in December, 1912, and after six months' satisfactory probation, became a regular policeman in July, 1913. He was third in a class of 159 men. His physical strength was unusual. In school days he had been a star athlete at the Polytechnic High School. Shortly before his romantic marriage to Miss Ruth Jeffers, who was then a nurse in the Receiving Hospital, he was seriously injured while riding a motorcycle. Since then he has not been so strong.

He chaffered for the Receiving Hospital for eighteen months on the ambulance, then worked in Boyle



A. J. Griffith (top), captors and loot.

Griffith is the policeman who confessed yesterday to robbing the Wells Fargo Express treasure wagon at gunpoint Thursday. In the center, right to left, are Chief of Police Butler, Detective Fitzgerald and Lieutenant of Detectives Home examining the recovered currency.

Heights and later at the University came across a check for \$500. He lived at No. 1134 West Fifty-second street. When he was in the hospital, awaiting calls, he often used to comment about luxuries and say, "Well, boys, just wait until my ship comes in." It was a favorite expression.

IN DEBT.

For the past two weeks he has worked but five days in the department, being absent on sick leave. He was in debt. More than four months ago he began telling members of the department about an expected legacy. On November 16 he went to the Lord Motor Car Company's office and ordered an automobile costing \$1195. He said he expected to receive some money in December from an estate in the East.

To other members of the department he talked about big robberies. Less than two weeks ago he told Detective McMahon how easy it would be to steal thousands of dollars. One day, a motor officer in a bank found him lingering around the lobby. He told the special officer a man was going to draw out a big sum of money and someone might rob him. Constantly he lingered about the express offices, the banks and other places where money in volume circulated.

Three days ago he told his wife he was going to work as a jailer in the University jail, and asked her not to call him there. Daily he showed her at the door and pretended to go to work.

Instead, he followed for three days the two express wagons of the Wells Fargo company, which carried with them, on their delivery rounds, always watching for his chance. On Monday he thought it had come. He went to the Santa Fe station. One of the "money wagons" of the Wells Fargo company, he followed, traveled about with the money box unlocked. He saw a quantity of gold in sacks put into the money box at the station. At the time he had his leather bag for the loot. He started to make the attempt, but was interrupted. The robbery was but delayed.

After he ordered his motor car he induced the company to loan him an old car until he secured the new one. They obliged. With this machine he followed the express wagons around the city. He told Mrs. Griffith he had the machine to sell. Thursday he followed the wagon block after block around the downtown district. Then it went to the rear of the Pacific Electric Building on Los Angeles street.

HIS STORY. "There was a newsboy watching me," he said in his confession, "and I thought I was going to be quered again, but the newsboy went on, and I jumped to the seat. It was a cinch then. The guard was scared worse than I was. And I was so scared I couldn't get my hand into the paper sack to get a good handful of pepper to throw in his eyes. I had been carrying that pepper for five days, waiting for my chance."

His activities then were: "I ran to Fifth street, up Sixth to Main. Then I grabbed a south-bound car, standing on the steps on the left side. The conductor let me in. I set off at Fifth and Main streets and went to the Huntington Hotel, where I registered for a room, saying I wanted it for my wife's friend, Mrs. H. F. Jackson. "I went up to room 300, emptied the pepper from my pockets, washed my hands and started to see how much swag I had. I was afraid there was only a thousand or two. I counted \$5500 in gold. Then I

Leather "Cavaliers"

The aristocrat among Slippers!—The Cavalier Shoe is preferred by discriminating men for its comfort and fine appearance.

\$4, \$5, \$5.50

Stark
336 SOUTH BROADWAY

HOW GRIFFITH EVER GOT A JOB ON POLICE FORCE.

BY J. L. BUTLER, Chief of Police.

HAVE been asked a dozen times today, and I presume that it is a question which is in everyone's mind, "How did a man like Griffith ever get on the police department?"

In reply, to quote from the records on file, I may state that Griffith was appointed a patrolman July 11, 1913, after taking a civil service examination and standing fourth on the list with a percentage of 88.5, which is a high rating.

Though his work was not highly satisfactory to his division commander during his six months' probationary period, and though that officer did not make a favorable report on him, he was made a regular patrolman by the then head of the department.

For several months he was employed in the machine shop at University Station before the municipal shops were established. Then he was shifted from one division to another, and though his work was never entirely satisfactory to the division commanders, there was apparently no charge of sufficient gravity to justify his dismissal, as prescribed in the city charter.

On January 19, 1915, while riding a motorcycle on call duty and attached to the University division, he collided with an automobile and was severely injured internally, and as a consequence was unable to do patrol duty, and later was assigned as a driver, and after a few months in this capacity was assigned to patrol duty.

troil duty in the Boyle Heights division, where he remained until November 1, this year, when he was transferred to the University division at his own request, by me, so that he might be nearer his home.

Why was Griffith kept on the police department?

Because our records do not show that any charge has ever been placed against him during his employment in this department.

This crime, as bold as any ever perpetrated in Southern California, demanded the best efforts of the police department. There was no clew to specifically point the way to the detection of the man who starved the city by his audacious act.

But immediately, due to the prompt portrayal of the facts by the local newspapers, citizens became alert to aid the police, with the result that, within a few hours after the money had been stolen, a teller in a local bank and an automobile salesman had contributed information to the police which led directly to the arrest.

This is an example of the efficiency of co-operation between citizens and their servants, and, while I cannot avoid expressing regret that a member of this department committed an offense against public welfare, still it is gratifying to know that a prompt arrest has been made, the individual expelled from the service, a confusion secured and practically every dollar of the loot recovered.

Announcement

Because of the funeral of the late Mr. Bruce Wetherby, president of the Wetherby-Kayser Shoe Company, our store will be closed all day today.

Wetherby-Kayser Shoe Company
Broadway at Fourth St.

Gifts for Everyone

Gifts for Mother

Glove Order
Hosiery
Neckwear
Shoe Order
Dainty Handkerchiefs
Angora Scarf
Thermal Bottle
Leather Work Baskets
Bridge Set
Comfy Slippers
Umbrella
Blower
Win a Coat
New Suit
Dress
Petitecoats

Gifts for Sister

Bridge Set
Neckwear
Sweater Coat
Gift Work Bag
Hosiery
Glove Order
Push Hat
Sport Hat
House Slippers
Umbrella
Silk Pajamas
Crepe Pajamas
Handkerchiefs
Angora Scarf Set
Winter Coat
House Waist
Dress
Petitecoats

Gifts for Dad

Gillette Razor
Game Set
Wallet
Desk Watch
Pocketbook
Letter Basket
Smoking Jacket
Lounge Robe
Umbrella
Overcoat
Travel Bag
Golf Coat
Box Hosiery
Night Shirts
Handkerchiefs
Hat Order
Shoe Order
Pajamas
Dress Gloves
Leather Novelties
Muffler
Pocket Knife
House Slippers

Gifts for Brother

Handkerchiefs
Jewelry Sets
Stick Pin
Hat Order
Shoe Order
Dress Gloves
Neckwear
Overcoat
Pajamas
Box Silk Hose
Silk Shirts
Novelties in Leather
Sweater Coat
Smoking Jacket
Silver Buckle Belt
Suspenders
Cane
Umbrella
Tie Clasp
Tennis Toes
Sport Coat
Card Set
Muffler
Traveling Bag

Harris & Frank
437-443 SOUTH SPRING ST.
Known for Better Values



Baker's Cocoa
stands all tests of laboratory and home.

It is pure, it is delicious, it is healthful.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
ESTABLISHED 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

100,036

Security Accounts

This morning the Security Trust & Savings Bank has 100,036 accounts on its ledgers.

If the 100,000th depositor grants permission, name will be published later.

We rejoice that you have brought this distinction, which is shared by few cities in the United States, to Los Angeles and trust that you are as proud of it as we are.

SECURITY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

The Oldest and Largest-Savings Bank in the Southwest

SECURITY CORNER
Fifth and Spring

EQUITABLE BRANCH
First and Spring



Solve your Christmas Shopping problems in Gifts for "Him" by selecting

The Ideal Gift
A "Hat Order" or a
Merchandise Order

He can then select his own hat or furnishings and will thank you all the more for it.

Siegel's
349 South Spring St.

Open Evenings Until Christmas

COULTER DRY GOODS

EXCLUSIVE LOS ANGELES AGENTS FOR

John S. Brown's
Shamrock Linens

St. Mary's
Woolen Blankets

For 27 Years
The House of
Perrin

215-229 South Broadway.

224-228 South Broadway.

TRIAL TO.

STAGE AND STUDIO.
AND GOSSIP OF PLAYS
AND PLAYERS.

By Grace Kingsley.

Being Her Heavens.
Made in his most famous
"Grumpy," was booked yesterday
Manager Will Wyatt for the

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COCA-COLA
All tests of
size and home.
it is
it is
Co Ltd.
RICHMOND, MASS.

36
accounts
Trust & Savings
on its ledgers.
grants permission,
after.
brought this dis-
by few cities in the
Angeles and trust
as we are.

TRUST
BANK
largest Sav-
Southwest

QUITABLE BRANCH
First and Spring

Siegel
for him

Amusements—Entertainments
TODAY AND SUNDAY ONLY
MARY NASH
IN
"ARMS AND THE WOMAN"
MAY MILES MINTER

THE MADNESS OF HELEN
The greatest love and mystery story of the year.
Shows 11, 12:30, 2:30, 4:15, 6, 7:45 and 9:15.

DOROTHY GISH
IN
"THE CHILDREN OF THE FEUD"
Next Week—PAULINE FREDERICK

WALLACE REID & CLEO RIDGELY
IN
"THE YELLOW PAWN"
Shows 11, 12:30, 2, 3:30, 5, 6:30, 8, 9:30

PAULA PATTON
IN
"AN ENEMY TO THE KING"
Shows 11, 12:30, 2, 3:30, 5, 6:30, 8, 9:30

THE GREAT FLORENCE TROUPE
Shows 11, 12:30, 2, 3:30, 5, 6:30, 8, 9:30

Harry W. Patton, Pioneer of Early Efforts.
Man who did things in Southern California in days of yore, who is a Los Angeles visitor.

REVISITS SCENES OF EARLY EFFORTS.
HARRY W. PATTON, PIONEER OF EARLY EFFORTS.

MUSICAL NOTES.
Featuring a programme of markedly popular cast, Mrs. Schumann-Heink will be heard in recital this afternoon at Trinity Auditorium.

Violin and Piano.
May MacDonald Hope, pianist, and Robert Martin Stables, violinist, will be heard in recital this evening at Blanchard Hall.

Never Again.
"Do your wife ever make you exchange goods she buys and doesn't like?"

Amusements—Entertainments
TODAY AND SUNDAY ONLY
MARY NASH
IN
"ARMS AND THE WOMAN"
MAY MILES MINTER

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The greatest love and mystery story of the year.
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"ARMS AND THE WOMAN"
MAY MILES MINTER

Meserve Weds.

(Continued from First Page.)

Burns operative knows more about the lives and habits of Schmidt and Caplan, perhaps, than any other living being, he is almost indispensable to the prosecution until the finish of the Caplan trial.

His first meeting with Emma Goldman was eighteen years ago, when, in company with his mother, he called on the anarchist leader.

He went to the office of the motor car company again. Lieut. Hope was waiting at the door. He saw the man who had been arrested for the robbery of the motor car.

He took them to the safety deposit box, and then drew a check for his clothing. He turned back every cent.

He turned, he said with a smile, to the man who had been arrested for the robbery of the motor car.

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MORE TROUBLE IN "DESERT UTOPIA."

(Continued from First Page.)

Job Harriman's Liano del Rio Colony is defendant in a suit brought in Judge Whitworth's court by C. T. Wismeyer for \$119,000 alleged to be due for labor performed in caring for a fish hatchery located eleven miles from the colony in a lonely canyon.

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Blacker Crimes.

(Continued from Second Page.)

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WIFE IS LOYAL TO POLICEMAN-ROBBER.

(Continued from First Page.)

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Helms Case.

(Continued from First Page.)

statements made on the direct testimony. Asked if he had a conversation with Capt. Helms on either of the occasions he had testified to, McLellan said: "The language Capt. Helms used about the proprietors of the newspapers of this city opposing his candidacy was such that I would not care to repeat it in court."

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WOMEN'S WORK.

(Continued from First Page.)

The boys and girls of the Lincoln High School covered themselves with glory at the Friday Morning Club yesterday when the programme, under the direction of Andrea Campbell, was in their hands.

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TEST CASE OF DIVORCE LAW.

Rewedded Man is Arrested as a Bigamist.

First Wife Says His Wyoming Decree is Void.

Lawyer Says Hundreds Here are in Same Fix.

"If Carl Ray is guilty of bigamy there are hundreds of other men and women in Los Angeles who can be charged with the same offense," declared Attorney Joseph Ford yesterday when Ray was arrested, taken before Justice Forbes for arraignment and the date of his preliminary hearing set to December 27, and he was released on his own recognizance.

Ray, whose real name is said to be Marvin Aron Barringer, but who has adopted his stage name as his regular one, resides with his present wife at No. 931 South New Hampshire street. The complaining witness is Mrs. Victoria Kay Ray, who has been a resident of San Bernardino for several months past.

Ray declares he was legally divorced from her at Cheyenne, Wyo., on September 27, 1915. He declares that she deserted him. She, on the other hand, declares that after years of wandering they settled down in Los Angeles in 1912, buying a home at No. 411 South Harvard boulevard, where they resided until May 15, 1914.

Another woman, Mrs. Nora Lowell, the present wife of Ray, appeared on the scene and Mrs. Ray finally left, after being promised \$50 a month and a divorce. Mrs. Ray filed suit for divorce in San Bernardino on August 16, 1915. Later she learned that her husband had filed a similar suit in Cheyenne on June 8 of the same year, under the name of Mervin A. Barringer, and so she dropped her own action. Ray secured his divorce, came back to California and married Mrs. Lowell, the ceremony taking place at Santa Barbara.

Now the first Mrs. Ray alleges in her complaint that her husband never held a legal residence in Wyoming and on the basis of a recent New York Supreme Court decision the bigamy action was based. The decision, handed down in the case of Brugers vs. Brugers, attacked the legality of all marriages made in that state, and the divorce was null and void.

Flights.
SYRIA NEEDS AID.
Programme of National Music and Dancing to be Given Saturday Under Auspices of Relief Committee to Help the Starving People.

With the purpose of adding the people of Syria and Mt. Lebanon a programme of Syrian and Greek music and dances will be given this afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Garden of Arcadia, No. 123 North El Molino avenue, by Mrs. John Marone of New York, under the auspices of the Syrian-Armenian Relief Committee. The programme will be preceded by a general discussion of the condition of the country by Phares Be-Hennay of Syria. Syria and Mt. Lebanon have been practically under siege since the entrance of Turkey into the European war. The coast of Syria has been mined and its ports blockaded by the contending nations until there is little possibility of communication with the outside world. The natural condition of the country prevents national subsistence because of its aridity, and the depletion of its resources. All able-bodied men have been drafted by the government and cattle, horses and poultry have been taken also for purposes of war. Added to this the locust plague has swept the country. The need of the people is very great as it is said that more than 60,000 persons have died of starvation in the last six months. The people are reduced to eating grass and herbs, as they are allowed but four kilograms of oats every twenty-five days by the Turkish government. Those who will take part in the programme Saturday are: Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Sprague, Misses Rachida and Maria Badaty, Clarissa Gordon, Erolina Hawon, Gwendolyn Brooks, Naomi Green, Dorothy Wright and Esther Stalling.

Dupage.
RATHER THAN CHARITY.

Too Proud to Beg, Ill and Starving, Elderly Russian Ends His Life with Ancient Weapon, which Makes Wound so Big It Amazes Surgeons.

An old muzzle-loading revolver, which he had used for shooting wild bears in his native Russia, was the weapon which Andrias Dobrowolski employed to end his life. It made a wound so big it did not bleed externally, and the police thought he had died from heart failure when about to end his life.

He was a tall, elderly Russian, wanted with disease, and occupying a small room at No. 123 North San Pedro street. Sustained work was impossible because of his illness, and he could conceive no way by which he might live without appealing to charity. He told his landlady charitable institutions were terrible places, for he had known them in Russia, and would never live in one again.

The last crust of bread was eaten, and the last drop of vodka was drunk, when Dobrowolski rammed the powder into the old gun, packed home the huge chunk of lead that was the ball, adjusted the cap and, with the implement of a generation gone, shot himself in the breast. The wreckage was fatal and amazing. The bullet so shattered his organs that not a drop of blood came to the surface. Surgeons who inspected the wound said they had never seen one so great, inflicted with a gun.

His body was taken to the J. D. Starnes morgue.

Boudoir Caps, Special, Each 50c

In the Neckwear Section, on the main floor, will be found some of the newest conceits in these pretty caps, which have just been put in stock.

Flesh, sky, lavender, white shades, daintily trimmed with pleated ribbons or Valenciennes laces; finished with rosettes; and made of fine quality net; many of them are lined throughout with delicate colorings; choice 50c.

(Boudoir Caps; Main Floor)

Shop by Phone



Or, if you are too far away to telephone, use the mails.

We will fill orders promptly and carefully, with privilege of exchange if our selections are not satisfactory.

Fifty-Cent Luncheon

Chicken Gumbo, Creole.
Boiled Salmon, Egg Sauce
or
Braised Club Steak
or
Minced Chicken a la King
Mashed or Baked Potatoes
Combination Salad
English Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce, or
Pitted Cherry Pie
Demi Tasse
(Cafe, Fourth Floor)

Coulter Food Store
FOUNDED IN 1880
U. S. Postoffice Sub-Station.
American Express

Two Pages Are Not Nearly Enough Space in Which to Tell of the Good



Why Not Waists?

Among a selection so choice and so varied as this one can easily choose wisely for some grateful recipient.

Waists at \$3.75

Many in this group that sold for \$5 and \$6.50; including crepes de chine, in white, flesh, maize, black or navy; and a few in nets or dark chiffon.

Waists at \$5.00

Of Georgette crepe in white, flesh, navy, black and numerous other colors; these waists are regularly \$5.95 to \$7.50.

Waists at \$9.00

And higher—in lovely laces, cream and black; or beaded Georgette in the suit shades.

(Waists; Second Floor)

White Ivory Toilet Ware Makes a Sure-to-be-Appreciated Gift

So many women have an incomplete set of this pretty ivory ware and so many others are desirous of owning at least a few articles, that no gift is more certain to find genuine favor. We have all of the following articles, and many others not mentioned; all in good qualities and patterns:

We engrave initials without charge upon purchases of five dollars or more.

Perfume Bottles, 25c to \$3.50.
Hair Brushes, \$1.75 to \$7.00.
Dresser Trays, 25c to \$3.25.
Hair Receivers, 50c to \$2.75.
Candlesticks, 85c to \$1.50.
Nail Buffers 50c to \$2.00.

Hat and Bonnet Brushes, \$1.00 to \$1.75.
Mirrors, \$2.25 to \$5.00.
Jewel Boxes, \$1.15 to \$3.25.
Rouge and Cream Boxes, 25c to \$1.15.

Whisk Broom Holders, \$1.50.
Clothes Brushes, \$3.00 to \$3.75.
Military Brushes, \$3 to \$5.
Clocks, \$2.50 to \$10.00.
Tooth Brush Holders, 65c.

Dressing Combs, 25c to \$1.00.
Manicure Articles, 25c to 85c.
Powder Boxes, 50c to \$2.00.
Photograph Frames, 50c to \$5.00.
And many other articles.

(Toilet Goods; South Aisle)

There Isn't a Woman Who Would Not Love the Present of a Beautiful Waist or Dress Pattern of Black Silk, Velvet or Dress Goods

Sensible—your choice of a waist or dress pattern, for almost any woman friend, or relative. And a latitude for selection that makes choice a pleasure of a problem:

Black Silks and Velvets

Specially priced, too.

Black Chiffon Velvets
41 inches wide; were \$5, \$6 and \$7, now \$4.50, \$5 and \$6 a yard.

Black Silks

35-inch black faille; regularly \$2.50 \$2.00
35-inch black satin; regularly \$1.50 \$1.25
The \$1.75 grade \$1.50
35-inch chiffon taffeta; regularly \$2.00 \$1.75

Black Velvet Cords

30-inch width; reg. \$1.50 \$1.25
26-inch width; reg. \$2.25 \$1.75

(Silks; Velvets; Broadway Annex)

Black Dress Goods

They, too, are reduced.

Black Broadcloth
50 inches wide; regularly \$2, special \$1.50
54-inch width; reg. \$3.50 \$3

Jersey Coatings

In black; 54 inches wide; regularly \$4, special, yard \$3.60

Novelty Stripe

Suitings; in black; 58 inches wide; our regular \$3 values at \$2.50

Black Costume Velvet

Full 42 inches wide; a wonderful soft and lustrous five-dollar velvet, special, yard \$4.00



Give Your Friend With a New One of

You could scarcely make a safer gift, or one less likely to be appreciated—for few motorists have

All-wool, full size plaid robes of the finest character; we sell them every day at \$7.50 each; special for today, each \$5.75

Wool Blankets

Full size gray wool; the most wool for the least money you can buy anywhere; regularly \$4, today \$2.95

Other Robes

Here, domestic and imported, to as high as \$35 each; in rich, warm colors or the plain robes in lighter weight, for limousines.

St. Mary's Blankets

In plaids; assorted colors; full size; regularly \$6.50; special today \$5
Pillows—Reg. \$5 pr., \$3.90 (Bedding; Near South Aisle)

Warm, Stylish Coats for Girls and Boys, \$3.95

No one need complain of the "high cost of living" if the little people's winter coats are chosen out of these groups, for seldom were better values offered on such qualities as we carry in stock.

Boys' Coats at \$3.95

A special price, of course; to close out certain lines—double-breasted coats with patch pockets and belt; smart models for boys of two to eight years; in neat mixtures.

Girls' Coats at \$3.95

Plain colors and rich mixed materials; for girls of two to eight; we also offer certain lines of velvet coats in sizes up to eight years; navy or black; very fashionable at present.

Corduroy Coats \$6 to \$8.50

Just a limited number of these, in Copenhagen, navy, brown and green, sizes 6 to 12 years, to be closed out at these prices.

Trimmed Hats Reduced

Clever models made for children by master designers; in fine velvets, trimmed with hand-made roses; now \$3.75, \$4.75 and \$5.95.

(Children's Wear; Second Floor)

Neckwear Special 50c

Such pretty and givable articles as flat and rolling collars, stocks and jabots, collar and cuff sets, guimpes and vestees; made of fine net, organdie, voile and pique.

Many of them are daintily hand embroidered and lace-trimmed; none of them should be sold for as little as half a dollar, if their true values were taken into consideration; the offer is most unusual.

Those who reach the store earliest will naturally find the greatest profusion of different styles at 50c

(Neckwear; Main Floor)

Ingersoll Watches Good Enough for Anyone's Gift

Ingersoll watches are low-priced, with high-priced watches' refinements; they will give splendid service, and are particularly recommended to people who demand plenty of endurance along with good appearance.

(Watches; South Aisle)

Sheffield Silver Plated Novelties Worth to \$3.00; on Sale at \$2.00

Included are mustard, salt and pepper sets; covered cheese dishes, candlesticks, complete with candle; sugar and cream set with tongs; footed bonbons; flower vases; large marmalade or sugar bowls; sandwich trays; relish dishes; baskets and other articles in this well-liked ware; what an opportunity for gift-seekers!

(Silverware; South Aisle)

Table Linen Sets Are Really Elegant Remembrances

Particularly if the sets bear our name upon them, because Coulter linens are famed throughout Southern California for their elegance; and we carry the largest stock of linen sets of any store west of Chicago!

Among Men's Furnishings

Men's Handkerchiefs—of pure linen, splendid qualities to sell at, dozen \$2.00

Men's Shirts—we carry in stock only well-known, reliable makes, in fast colors, and in the better patterns, \$1.50 and up.

A New Style Half Hose—Burlington New-fashioned—no ribbed top; a full-fashioned foot; the most comfortable stocking a man ever put on; here in gray, champagne or white, 35c; 3 pairs, \$1. Men's Bath Robes, in all styles and colors, at prices beginning with \$3.50.

Lounging Robes—of the most luxurious character; present choosers will find best variety.

(Men's Furnishings; South Aisle)



Madeira Linens

Table napkins, beautifully hand embroidered in the Madeira islands. Tea napkins that are a revelation for value at, dozen \$8.35

Shamrock Linens

Are to be found only at Coulter's, in Los Angeles; you can give no finer gift in the way of linens than a selection from this famous brand.

Bathroom Sets, \$4.50

Another shipment just arrived of the beautiful Martex bath sets—seven pieces—2 large bath towels, 2 guest towels, 2 wash cloths and 1 large bath mat, all with monogram wreath woven in pink, gold, blue or lavender, \$4.50.

Napkins, \$5 Dozen

—of pure Irish linen; 22½ inches square; such a quality (the Shamrock) would be inexpensive nowadays at \$6.50 dozen.

(Linen; Near South Aisle)

1500 Exclusive Sets

Any size, quality or pattern (cloth and a dozen matching napkins) from \$7.50 to \$135 the set.

Doily Lunch Sets

Genuine hand embroidery; thirteen-piece set of remarkable beauty, complete \$5.00
Other doily sets—six each of two sizes doilies, and a 24-inch center, all of pure linen, with scalloped edges in blue, \$3.50.

Other Linens

Household and decorative linens in a wonderful profusion; whether you have in mind an expensive piece of linen or the finest we carry, you will find it very good policy to buy it at Coulter's.

Table Linen, \$1.50 a Yard

—every thread Irish linen; guaranteed not to roughen in laundering; in handsome, exclusive designs of great beauty and character.

Exceptionally Good Plain and Fancy Patterns, Offered

Scintillant warp prints, stripes and plaids—for fancy bags, cushions, taffeta and fancy stripes—all sorts of colors and weaves. And best of all, Hair Bows—tied and encased in dainty holiday boxes if you request them.



Free Paint Books to Little People

Every child who visits this Toy Section today, accompanied by a West Paint Book, which will amuse and instruct the little people.

Character Dolls

Kestner's German dolls with angora wigs; perfect darlings, these are, and longing for new homes; regularly \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.35 and \$1.75, special, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.15 and \$1.25.

With Skin Wigs

Bisque dolls; regularly \$1.25 to \$2.00, now 85c to \$1.50.

Dolls at \$1.00

Madame Hendren, a lovely doll with a hula head and composite body; Rabbit, Mrs. Rabbit, and Boy Doll; choice \$1.00

Aeroplane

They really fly; and are a great end of amusement; others of the same kind.

(Toys; Third Floor)

Toys at 50c Special

and 65c toys will be included in this group—such as

Directed Maps, Express W

Cash-Registers, Teddy

Plasticine, Dishes, Tables and

toys.

A la Carte Serv

Cafe Open Between 11 and 2:30

215-229 South Broadway—224-228 South Hill Street.

Coulter's
FOUNDED IN 1872
U. S. Postoffice Sub-Station.
American Express Branch.

All-Wool Sweaters, \$2.50

Just a good, practical sweater for ordinary wear, or for roughing it on "hikes"; all-wool, made with Byron collar and pockets; shown in gray, white, navy or red; we bought it just to give service, at\$2.50

13 days yet
Not a bit unlucky
if you start
at once

New Shipments of French Gloves Just Arrived

We have just received a very large shipment of real kid gloves from France, in black, white and champagne shades, with fancy embroidered backs, to sell from \$2 to \$2.75.

Five different assortments at \$2.25; six different assortments at \$2.50; three different assortments at \$2.00—from which we can fit you!

h to Tell of the Good Reasons for Doing Christmas Shopping at Coulter's

ciated Gift

few articles, that no gift
ilities and patterns:

Combs, 25c to \$1.00.
Articles, 25c to 85c.
Boxes, 50c to \$2.00.
Graph Frames, 50c to
any other articles.

Slightly Rubbed Suit Cases and Bags Are to Be Sold at \$5.00

To make a long story short—these bags and suit cases, while in transit to us in their packing cases, became just a trifle rubbed here and there—some of them require a second inspection to find the defects; but the maker gave us a special price on them, rather than to have them returned to him. The result is such values as we, nor you, have not seen in months—and just at Christmas time, too, when you most appreciate them:

Fine Bags and Cases

Only twenty-seven of them in this lot; they would ordinarily be marked \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00 and \$8.50 each; you may buy any or all of them, at, each.....\$5.00

Bags and Purses, 50c

If you remember last week's dollar sale, you will know what to expect; out on tables for easy choosing, but be early if you would share—50c

Hair Ornaments, 25c

Just odd lines of styles that ought to bring a great deal more; but we desire to close out the entire lot quickly.....25c

sent of a Beautiful Dress Goods

tion that makes choice a pleasure,

Are Selling Quantities of These Warm, Comfortable Blanket Bath Robes to People Who Intend Giving Practical Gift Things

end With a Most One of These Fine Robes

fer gift, or one less likely to suffer

things that are so genuinely luxurious! One can take no end of comfort in a warm, soft robe of the sort—and not every one thinks to make such practical selections, either!



Blanket Robes

Here in colors light or dark; some of them finished with ribbon, others of the plainer and more mannish type; we have, too, the robes of soft eiderdown, and the very serviceable Terry cloth for use as bathrobes. All sizes, of course, and a range of prices all the way from \$3.75, \$5, \$6.50, \$7.50 to \$8.50.

Eiderdown by the Yard

For people who have time and inclination to make up these garments, we offer a splendid quality of eiderdown in all approved colorings, at yard.....40c

Wool Challies

For making up into pretty house gowns; our assortments this year are remarkably complete, despite the difficulty of getting the better grades; and they sell variously at, yard, 50c, 60c and 75c.

Another Suggestion for Motorists

Here is a gift that will win for you the sincere thanks of any of your friends who take long motor trips or who go upon picnics.

A black enamel duck suitcase; leather corners and outside straps; brass trimmings; riveted corners; assorted linings; each case has an inside tray and pockets. Here in 24, 26 and 28-inch sizes; if purchased in the regular way we should have to ask \$8, \$9 and \$10 for them; fortunate buying brings them to you at only, each.....\$7.50

Other Robes

re, domestic and imported, as high as \$35 each; in rich, warm colors or the plain robes of lighter weight, for limousines.

St. Mary's Blankets

in plaids; assorted colors; 1 size; regularly \$6.50; special today.....\$5
pillows—Reg. \$5 pr., \$3.90 (Bedding; Near South Aisle)

Plain and Fancy, Offered Special at 25c

for fancy bags, cushions and or the smart hairbow ribbons in moire, plain and weaves. And best of all, holiday boxes if you request it.

Handkerchiefs for Children

Children's handkerchiefs are sharply marked as do those for children's mothers. And this year we have purchased liberally of the sort, selecting now for holiday presents the children who receive them, and the givers, we are sure. Most people are now low depleted assortments become later on:

Cash Registers—with three kerkchiefs of neat patterns and quality; in a tiny cash register "works".....20c

Floresc Fiber Handkerchiefs—characters from the children's literature; Peter Rabbit, too, in about the handkerchief's edge; Colored borders, at two for.....25c (Handkerchiefs; Main Floor)



ooks to All Little People on Saturday

ion today, accompanied by an instruct the little people:

Dolls at \$1.00

Madame Hendren Boy or girl; luloid head and composite body; Rabbit, Mrs. Rabbit, Musical Doll; Boy Doll; choice.....60c

Aeroplanes 60c

They really fly; and will give end-of-amusement; others at 75c (Toys; Third Floor)

Toys at 50c Special

and 65c toys will be included in group—such as

Map, Express Wagons, Registers, Teddy Bears, Dishes, Tables and many

Stick Horses

Pony head mounted on three-foot round stick, with two wheels; can be ridden "almost to death" without harm.....15c

Kitchen Ranges

Cook stoves, and a really-true gas stove—from 65c to \$2.25 each; complete with cooking utensils. (Toys; Third Floor)

A la Carte Service, 35c and 50c Luncheons

Sweeping Millinery Cuts

Prevail throughout the Millinery Section—upon all trimmed and untrimmed hats; upon flowers, feather fancies, wings, all ostrich feathers and fancies; Metallic ornaments, remnants of millinery plush, velvet and novelty silks.

Women contemplating buying hats or trimmings should see these values. (Millinery; Main Floor)

Suits, Too, Reduced

Suits at \$17.75

Values here to \$27.50. In gabardines, poplins, serges and limited number in wool velours and broadcloths; such desirable colors as navy, black, green and brown; some of them trimmed with plush.

Suits at \$26.75

Values here to \$42.50; gabardines, broadcloths, wool velours, in navy, black, Burgundy, green, brown; fur-trimmed in many instances.

There are many other groups, at lower and higher prices, which are every bit as good values as these we mention here; see them! (Garments; Second Floor)

Coats at \$9.75

Mixtures, plaids—many of them shower-proof.

Coats at \$12.75

Gray, browns; plaids and mixtures.

Coats at \$15.75

These in fine mixed materials.

Coats at \$21.75

In either plain or mixed goods—browns, grays, plain colors, bouclé, wool velours and wool jerseys.

Coats at \$26.75

Bolivia cloths in wine or gold; wool velours, too.

Coats at \$31.75

Handsome wool velours in navy, greens; Bolivias and imported mixtures in grays.

Coats at \$67.50

Elegant affairs of monkeyskin in black, navy taupe; handsomely trimmed with fur. (Garments; Second Floor)

Suitable Winter Underwear for Children

Years of experience in buying knit underwear for grown and growing-ups in Southern California have made us wise in the selection of weights and styles best adapted to this climate's requirements. We can help you to make the best choice, if you will let us.

Globe Vests

For girls; of cotton or part wool, high neck, long sleeves, Dutch neck, elbow sleeves; together with

Knee and Ankle Pants

Or the same quality in union suits; high neck, long sleeves, ankle; or Dutch neck, elbow sleeves, knee; and wool union suits in high neck, long sleeves, ankle length.

Merode Union Suits

Light weight; high neck, long sleeves, ankle, at.....\$1.25

Boys' Shirts

Pants and drawers; sizes 8 to 14; fleece lined and part wool, natural color; specially priced.

Boys' Globe Union Suits

Heavy weight cotton, high neck, long sleeves, ankle; or short sleeves, knee length; ecru color; sizes 6 to 14 years, \$1; sizes 16 to 18 years, \$1.25. Boys' fleece lined and part wool, high neck, long sleeve, ankle union suits, sizes 6 to 18 years.

Stuttgarer Garments

For children here in white and natural. (Kiltwear; South Aisle)

Stockings for Christmas Gifts

All-white stockings with dainty clocks in openwork with gold, emerald, blue or black embroidery; white with black or black with white clocks; black silk self-embroidered insteps; fancy boot silks in pretty colorings; dozens and dozens of suggestions for one's choice in these always-acceptable articles. (Hosiery; Main Floor)

Dainty Gifts and Very Novel—

Are these California souvenirs, to be sent to your friends who have never visited California or who have had the misfortune to go "back East" again.

Candied Poppies

The natural flower, candied and daintily put up in cones with a card containing printed verse about California.....50c

Candy Boxes

Daintily hand painted, containing candied poppies, roses, violets, etc., and decorated with figures of Colonial times.....\$1.50

Fitted Work Boxes

Cretonne covered, \$1.25 to \$3.

Leather work boxes, fitted or unfitted, \$2.50 to \$12.

In all colors of leather, suede and Morocco finish, in brown, gray, mottled or plain.

Plum Pudding Boxes

Or candy boxes, cleverly decorated by hand, with figures, flowers and conventional patterns, priced from 75c to \$5.90 each.

Hand-Painted Plates

Very handsome assortments at 75c to \$1.50 each. (Art Needlework; Third Floor)

ALLEGY SYSTEM IN BIG AUTO THEFTS.

ASKEET FINDING OF FORGED BILLS OF SALE.

It is said suspects intended entering Motion Picture Game with Money Amassed in Profile and that One has Continued to Their Depredations.

Stealing automobiles became such a systematized commerce for V. A. Jones and D. W. Burton, the police allege, that they had quantities of fraudulent stationers and bills of sale printed. The business was profitable they were on the open road to prosperity, with a bank balance that was to be fattened but a little more, when they intended to establish a moving-picture studio, according to the police.

Both Jones and Burton, who were arrested by Detectives Brown and Rickett of the police department and Detectives Lewis and Powell of the Automobile Association, were experienced in the construction of moving-picture films. Jones had tried the producing business independently, but had failed because of a lack of sufficient finance. The detectives declare he said he turned to automobile stealing as the quickest means of amassing a comfortable capital to further finance his ventures.

The detectives say they found forged bills of sale and laterals in investigating the personal property of the pair yesterday, purporting to have been issued by well-known and prosperous garages here. To the forged bills of sale they would attach a signature or nearly like the proprietor of the garage as they could achieve, it is said. The police say Jones has confessed in the theft of more than thirty automobiles.

Burton is under arrest in Reno and has employed counsel to fight extradition. He is reported to be moderately wealthy. Detective Ingram, attached to the District Attorney's office, has been detailed to go to Reno and fetch Burton.

The pair are said to be the most skillful and business-like automobile thieves ever arrested here. Their arrest was due to the confession of an elderly man who rented a garage to Jones. He thought it peculiar that the garage almost always had a notice in the window that the car was not for sale. The arrest of Jones was made at the garage.

CHANGES HER MIND.

Apparently satisfied, wife of screen star Paul Poiret, who had been in the Delinquency Charge before when Jail Sentence is Pronounced.

Onias Lafman has been sentenced to one year in the County Jail by Judge Reeve for contributing to the delinquency of 15-year-old Ada Haynes. Lafman was a street car conductor and the young woman rode frequently in his car. She formed an attachment for him, which the parents objected to. Lafman even went so far, it developed, as to tell them that his girl was safe in his hands. This was prior to the discovery that he was a married man. When this was found out Lafman and the young woman disappeared. Judge Reeve in sentencing Lafman yesterday pointed out that he had done a double wrong by leading the parents to believe his intentions were good, when as a matter of fact they were evil.

Mrs. Lafman, who had appeared at the hearing of the charges, and after the sentence, cried out in a pathetic manner, returned shortly afterward, and throwing her arms around her husband, bitterly at his plight. She was finally calmed down and left with a promise to visit Lafman frequently during his sojourn in the county jail.

REPLAT WILL SAVE.

County Tax Collector Welch Declares Retirement of City Map Books and Preparation of New Ones will be of Benefit to County.

The recommendation of County Tax Collector Welch to the Board of Supervisors relative to replacing all the properties in Los Angeles county was coupled with the statement there would be a saving to the tax office of approximately \$125,000. He also showed there would probably be an equal saving in the office of the County Assessor and the County Auditor by such replating, or a total saving to the county of \$175,000.

"The County Surveyor, in figuring his estimate as to the cost of replating the properties of Los Angeles city, based his figures upon the retiring of the Assessor's map books for the Los Angeles city properties, in two years, and he has since informed me, if more time were given for this work," Mr. Welch declared, "it could be done for a much smaller sum. As a matter of fact, I understand these books are automatically retired about every seven years. However, it would be advantageous to make the replat, even if it should cost the amount mentioned—\$125,000—as the cost would be saved in two years, and thereafter there would be a cumulative saving of \$175,000 a year."

FRIENDS FAILED HIM.

Young Man Offers Excuse for Failing Worthless Check.

T. E. Kaveney, who passed a worthless check for \$25 on a local boot and shoe house, is a graduate of the University of Tennessee, according to the story he told when arraigned before Justice Forbes. He also is a member of the Pi Kappa Alpha and several other organizations and comes from a good family in Memphis.

"When I gave the check I expected to have the funds to meet it, but friends failed me," said Kaveney. "I did not run away, but went to San Francisco, where I had been tendered a good position with a prominent engineering concern. I registered with my own name in the northern city and expected to send down the cash to cover the check in a few days, but this has spoiled all my plans."

Help Us Serve You by circulating your money with The Times. Printers of daily editions.

MARKET IS AFFECTED BY FOREIGN RELATIONS.

Stocks Share Drooping Tendencies on Commodity Exchanges, Although Money Conditions are Easier—Another Large Consignment of Gold Received from Canada—Irregular Rallies in Specialties.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8.—Foreign relations and other external considerations again accounted in part for today's irregular and occasionally heavy market, which also was affected by the dropping tendencies manifested on the commodity exchanges, notably cotton and grain. Money conditions were easier, but any tendency to rally was checked by the fact that today's holding over till Sunday being freely made at 4 per cent.

Another large consignment of gold was received from Canada, making a total of more than \$200,000,000 from that quarter in the last few days. Irregular rallies in the specialties checked the above conditions in international bonds included a new record for Paris 4s. Total sales, par value, \$4,000,000. United States bonds were unchanged on call.

COMPARISON OF SALES. NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Dec. 8.—Following is a comparison of today's stock and bond sales:

Stocks	Bonds
1,200,000 shares	1,500,000 dollars
1,000,000 shares	1,200,000 dollars
800,000 shares	1,000,000 dollars
600,000 shares	800,000 dollars
400,000 shares	600,000 dollars
200,000 shares	400,000 dollars
100,000 shares	200,000 dollars

FOREIGN EXCHANGE. NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Dec. 8.—Foreign exchange:

Country	Rate
London	104.10
Paris	16.20
Amsterdam	1.70
Brussels	1.70
Berlin	1.70
Frankfurt	1.70
Hamburg	1.70
Munich	1.70
Vienna	1.70
Zurich	1.70

STOCK QUOTATIONS IN NEW YORK. (Published by E. F. Hutton & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange, 115 West Fourth street, Los Angeles.)

Stock	Price
Am. Oil	10.00
Am. Sugar	12.00
Am. Tobacco	15.00
Am. Cotton	18.00
Am. Grain	20.00
Am. Mines	25.00
Am. Financial	30.00
Am. Abroad	35.00

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FINANCIAL. OFFICE OF THE TIMES. Los Angeles, Dec. 8, 1916. (Published by E. F. Hutton & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange, 115 West Fourth street, Los Angeles.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 8.—Closing quotations:

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SUBMARINE SITUATION IS WHEAT BEARS' HARVEST.

CHICAGO, Dec. 8.—Increased activity of German submarines and a rapidly growing list of differences between Washington and Berlin as to the status of some of the vessels which have been sunk did a good deal to force wheat prices down today. The market closed nervous, 1/4 to 1/2 net lower, with May at 1.74 1/2 to 1.74 1/2 and July 1.47 1/2 to 1.47 1/2.

Other trading commodities all showed losses—corn 1/4 to 1/2, oats 1/4 to 1/2 and provisions 1/4 to 1/2. Right from the outset the chance of a break in diplomatic relations of Germany and the United States exerted a bearish influence which was emphasized by depression growing out of the stoppage of export sales and by the worsening of the railroad embargo east of Chicago.

CASH SALES. Corn, No. 2 yellow, 90¢; No. 4 yellow, 85¢; No. 1 white, 80¢. Wheat, No. 1 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 2 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 3 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 4 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 5 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 6 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 7 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 8 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 9 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 10 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 11 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 12 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 13 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 14 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 15 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 16 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 17 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 18 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 19 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 20 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 21 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 22 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 23 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 24 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 25 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 26 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 27 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 28 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 29 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 30 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 31 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 32 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 33 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 34 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 35 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 36 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 37 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 38 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 39 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 40 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 41 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 42 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 43 hard, 1.74 1/2; No. 44 hard, 1.74 1/2; 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LOS ANGELES TIMES

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

MAGAZINE OF THE FAR-FLUNG SOUTHWEST.

TEN CENTS

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1916.

1781—1916.



The Center of the Stage.

*Issued with the Los Angeles Sunday Times and served to its subscribers. The Magazine, complete in itself, is also mailed separately to any address ordered. (For terms, etc., see page 51.)

GIANT SPENCER SWEET PEAS

Now is the time to make a first sowing of these superb Spring-blooming giant Sweet Peas. They will begin to blossom when three to four feet high and furnish a continuous display of flowers from April to July. The seed we offer has been saved exclusively from the very best selected types of Spencer blooms. It is hand picked, plump, bound to germinate and bound to give you satisfaction.

18 SUPERB NEW VARIETIES

Latest additions to Sweet Peas by way of color, size and length of stem.

AGRICOLA—White, overlaid soft lilac.
AFTERGLOW—Reddish mauve with violet wings.
BLUE JACKET—Rich deep blue. One of the very best.
CONSTANCE HINTON—The best giant pure white.
DECORATOR—Salmon pink.
DUPLEX PINK—A superb selection, double. Countess of Spencer type. Extra large.
EDITH TAYLOR—Magnificent pale salmon rose.
HERCULES—Beautiful light pink.
ILLUMINATOR—Glowing salmon cerise.
KING MAUVE—Deep rich mauve with darker wings.
LADY EVELYN EYRE—Pale pink, slightly flushed salmon.
MARGARET ATLEE—Warm salmon pink overlaid cream ground. Extra large.
NEW MARGARET MADISON—Best pale lavender.
NEW MIRIAM BEAVER—A magnificent novelty. Light creamy pink. Immense flowers.
ROSELLE—Rich bright rose.
ROYAL PURPLE—Immense flowered deep rich purple.
THE SQUIRE—The best of all bright red Sweet Peas.
WEDGEWOOD—A lovely shade of light blue.
PRICE—of any of the foregoing new Sweet Peas, liberal packages—Per packet 25c
All the above varieties in mixture—per packet 25c

SPECIAL OFFER

One package of each of the above superb varieties, eighteen in all, for \$3.25
Any twelve packages 2.25
Any six packages 1.25

20 Superb Standard Varieties of Sweet Peas

AMERICA—Ivory white striped crimson.
ASTA OHN—Soft pinkish lavender.
AURORA-SPENCER—Rose striped pink.
COUNTS OF SPENCER—Beautiful clear pink.
ELFRIDA PEARSON—Lovely shade of soft pink.
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE—Delicate soft lavender.
GAITY—White flaked crimson.
GLADYS UNWIN—Pale light pink.
HELEN PIERCE—White overlaid with blue.
HELEN LEWIS—Deep orange rose.
JOHN RIDD—Deep rich maroon.
KING EDWARD—Superb crimson and scarlet.
MARIE CORELLI—Cherry red and rosy crimson.
MRS. RUTZAHN—Straw tinted blush pink.
MRS. HUGH DICKSON—Creamy pink.
MRS. IRELAND—Bright rosy pink with blush shadings.
NUBIAN—Deep chocolate.
OTHELLO—Rich maroon.
STERLING STENT—Deep salmon and orange.
VERMILLION BRILLIANT—Deep rich scarlet.
PRICE—of any of the foregoing varieties per packet 15c
All colors mixed, per packet 15c

Special Offer

One each of the above 20 varieties of standard Sweet Peas \$2.50
One package of any ten of the above varieties for \$1.25

Special Clearance Sale of Choice Bulbs

The time during which Hyacinths and Tulips may be planted with any degree of success toward bringing them to perfection is drawing to a close. There is still ample time, however, to plant and get good results. The following bulbs are all in prime condition and are offered at greatly reduced prices.

Giant Darwin Tulips

CLARA BUTT—Beautiful shade of soft salmon-pink. Height 2 ft.
EUNOPE—Rich salmon scarlet shaded with rose. Height 24 inches.
MAD. KRELLAGE—Bright lilac rose, margined pale silver. Height 30 inches.
PRIDE OF HAARLEM—Bright rose suffused purple. Height 30 inches.
GLOW—Dazzling vermilion scarlet. Center of blooms white with blue marking. Height 24 inches.
GREENHORN—Pale silvery rose and blush white. Interior of bloom soft pink marked with blue at center.
PRICE—of any of the above Darwin Tulips: Per dozen, 50c. Per hundred, \$3.75.

Giant Late Flowering Tulips

BOUTON D'OR—Rich golden yellow.
GERNEIANA LUTEA—Clear yellow.
GERNEIANA ALBA OCLATA—Rich crimson scarlet with white eye.
GERNEIANA SPATHULATA—Crimson scarlet with blue-black center.
GERNEIANA ROSEA—Rosy carmine, black center.
SABELLA—Deep pink. Large flowered.
PARISIAN YELLOW—Rich lemon yellow.
PRICE—of any of the above late flowering Tulips: Per dozen, 40c. Per hundred, \$3.00.

Hyacinths

GERTRUDE—Rich shade of deep rose.
GRAND MATRE—Beautiful pale porcelain blue.
GRANDEUR A NERVELLE—Exquisite tinted bluish white.
KING OF THE YELLOWS—Best of all yellow Hyacinths.
LA FEMME—Rich porcelain blue.
NORMA—Bright coral pink.
ROBERT STRONG—Deep rich rose.
CHARLES DICKENS BLUE—Porcelain blue with deeper tints.
PRICE—of any of the foregoing varieties: Per dozen, \$1.25. Six bulbs, 50c.

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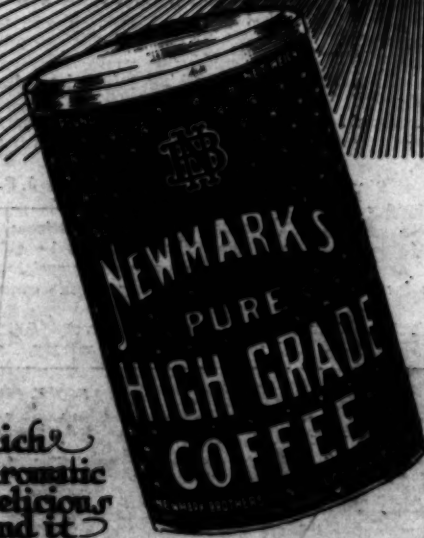
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(374)

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Sample copies of the issue for October 14, 1914, will be sent free, upon request, to any address. It contains new and valuable information about Uncle Sam's commercial invasion of Latin America.

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Our Expanding Pacific Empire
"Land of the setting sun."
Los Angeles Times
Illustrated Weekly
(For "Scope, Objects and Aims" see page 31.)
Nineteenth Year. Volume X, No. 24.
Average Circulation in 1916: Gross, 163,698; net, 101,742 Copies Weekly.

LITTLE EDITORIALS.

Ninety Democrats in Orange county recently gave themselves a banquet. It is pretty safe to assume that not one of them wanted anything but pie.

If the United States government is not becoming inspired, it is at least being threatened with intelligence. A proper use of Catalina Island as a submarine base and aviation station is under consideration.

California confesses that Montana did well enough in electing the first woman to Congress, but Los Angeles contributed another brilliant chapter to the history of woman's rights when a number of its beautiful girls were used as sandwich women for street advertising last Monday.

A great crime has been committed in Los Angeles. The body of a baby girl only forty-eight hours old was found in a suitcase on a vacant lot. Some mother has a blot on her soul that need never have been and hundreds of homes that would have welcomed this precious mite and her sunshine have been cheated.

Permission has been secured for planting a double row of walnut trees on each side of the State Highway from Visalia to Goshen. It would be a wonderful idea to line the length of this splendid roadway with beautiful trees. California would then have the longest lane in the world which would be fitting since this road traverses the highest of all lands.

A gun in the hands of a young fool resulted in the instant death of a peaceful citizen Sunday night. The man with the pistol was a robber, inexperienced and nervous. He probably never contemplated murder, but his project was rash and lawless. In this State a man may be sentenced to life imprisonment for highway robbery and cases like this prove the wisdom of that law.

Those pictures of a trip through China were of prime interest to Los Angeles because when the warring nations of Europe have enough of strife and turn to China as a storehouse of treasure to replenish their wasted substance, they will find that the United States in general and the Pacific Coast in particular also has an eye on the main chance as presented by the Orient and that the intentions of our people are strictly honorable.

A woman in Los Angeles who could not face the high cost of living decided to die. Yet here again she was balked for she could not afford the high cost of poison. Finally she made some lye and drank that. Such ingenuity is a great loss to the world and especially to the moving pictures, so it is most agreeable to note that the lye was not strong and the lady still lives. Not long ago in the making of a ten-reel photoplay the director showed pioneer prospectors testing nuggets in a kettle of lye soap, but there was no ash hopper in the picture.

Birds of a Feather.
BY EUGENE BROWN.

Infant Fruit Industry.
LIVE growing in California, although it is more than a hundred years old, is truly an infant industry still. It has been taken up by a great many people, and now the college of agriculture connected with the University of California is taking a hand in studying the industry for the purpose of helping out the growers.

That this help is needed is indicated by a bulletin recently published in connection with the agricultural experiment station of the University of California. After careful examination it is learned that some orchards yield a net annual profit of \$400 per acre, while the average is probably under \$50, and many orchards are cultivated at a net loss. It is said that some of these differences in yield may be due to soil and climate but not all of them. Of course, the most profitable olives are those large enough for pickling, and of these the crop in the State does not yield probably more than 10 or 15 per cent. It is to help the growers in these respects that the university has taken the matter up and proposes to follow it out along the following lines:

- (1.) Cultural problems: (a) Pruning. (b) Irrigation. (c) Cultivation. (d) Fertilization. (e) New varieties. (f) Grafting stocks. (g) Nursery methods.
- (2.) Manufacturing problems: (a) Methods of pickling. (b) Methods of oil making. (c) Utilization of by-products.

Pruning seems to be the branch that requires most study. The Italians who are olive growers say: "Prune when the knife is sharp." The Spaniards, who are also olive growers, prune heavily every third or fourth year, and French growers generally prune moderately every winter. Many growers do not prune at all, and all these methods are practised in California. No doubt careful experiments carried on by the university will aid the growers greatly in their industry.

It Is Needed.

UNDER the date of October 30, more than a month ago, there emanated from Atlantic City, N. J., a formal statement said to come from Gen. Carranza's representative that "normal social and industrial conditions throughout Mexico are rapidly being restored."

And as the saying is, "The next day it rained." Villistas and other revolutionists around Chihuahua, and the whole affair was up in the air again. It is a long, weary look back to the driving of Huerta from power in Mexico, the sending of nearly all our navy down to Vera Cruz to exact a salute to the flag that was never made, the recognition of Villa, himself, first as the pet of the American government, then the substitution of Carranza with the sending of every available soldier in the United States into Mexico and nearly all the available militia of all the States to the border, involving the expenditure of \$350,000,000 "to keep us out of war."

Surely a better day is to be desired for Mexico, and it is quite time it should come. But it seems as far off today as it did when our very temperamental President put his foot in it by interfering with the internal affairs of the sister republic. 't has been one fiasco after another, and really as we see it the Mexicans diplomatically "put it all over" the administration at Washington and all its various commissioners, special representatives and what not that have been sent to that distracted country to bring about peace.

Every right-minded American is hoping for better days for Mexico, and many women are longing to see "normal social and industrial conditions throughout Mexico" entirely restored.

These are the women whose sons, brothers and husbands have fallen in battle "to keep us out of war," and those of others who are still in Mexico or on the frontier, a possible prey to Mexican treachery, Mexican bullets, stiletos and what not, still "to keep us out of war."

New World and Old.

WHILE the people of the Old World are spending billions of money on destroying human life, the people of the new are devoting millions to the conserving of human life. It should have made every American heart glad and more thankful on Thanksgiving Day to think of the difference of sentiment and of conditions in our own country and in those across the sea.

Germany may have bigger howitzers than any other country, larger and better-trained armies. England may have more war birds cleaving the circumambient air, and the French may have brave and doughty warriors warding off the attack on Verdun, and while all these things are to be admired by virile, red-blooded men, still give us America with her peaceful impulses, where they are about to spend \$8,000,000 on one medical school in one city of the United States. We read that the Rockefeller Foundation has appropriated \$2,000,000 for the establishing of a high-grade medical school in connection with the University of Chicago. The university will appropriate an equal amount, besides a site valued at \$500,000. In addition some \$300,000 is to be raised by the university, so that the new medical school will start with an initial endowment of nearly \$8,000,000, "the largest ever provided for any college of medicine in the world."

The University of Chicago in this connection takes over the Presbyterian Hospital valued at \$3,000,000, all to be a part of the present university plant.

Triumph of Civilization.

THE gigantic war that is rending everything in Europe to pieces is an unsolvable puzzle to the closest students of history on earth. It is shaking the confidence and shattering the pride of millions of us in our so-called civilization, and causing ministers of the Gospel with tearful eyes to ask, "Is Christianity a failure?"

Nearly 2000 ships have been sunk in the carnage, constituting a total approximate tonnage of 3,323,584 tons. This is twenty-seven months of the war, ending a month ago on November 1. The figures are probably correct, because they were compiled from cable dispatches and mail advices published in the New York Journal of Commerce.

Nor is there any let-up to this destruction of mercantile ships. The destruction during October was larger than in any of the previous five months. The figures for November are not yet available, but if memory serves right they will equal if not exceed those of the preceding month. These ships included those sailing under the flag of nearly every civilized nation, including neutrals as well as belligerents.

This accounts for the great stimulus observed in American shipyards, where more tonnage is now on the stocks than in any previous time in the history of the country. Confederate privateers built in England from money furnished by Englishmen fifty-odd years ago swept the American merchant marine from the seas, and now with the destruction of English commercial ships by German submarines and mines the American merchant marine is again coming into its own. It is a momentary opportunity not destined to last. The same influences that kept our flag off the seas before the war will operate after the conflict is over. The impetus that

is given to our shipping now is from the fact that in one or two trips they can earn their cost, and then if after the war they have to be sold to go under foreign flags, that will be so much gain. One thing is certain, if the flag is to remain at the masthead of commerce our shipping laws will have to be radically revised.

Good Advice.

THE New American Woman is the title of a paper recently started in Los Angeles. Its editor is that brilliant woman, Clara Shortridge Foltz. The Shortridges are all Republicans, and Mrs. Foltz keeps up the tradition of the family. In the last issue of her paper, No. 11, the editor discusses the recent election for President of the United States. Under the head of "The Majority Rule," Mrs. Foltz succumbs gracefully to the inevitable and closes her editorial with the following pat and pithy advice to the newly-elected United States Senator from the State of California:

"Nevertheless, the outcome is the election of Gov. Johnson by the largest popular vote ever given to any man in California. And now that the inevitable has been made manifest let us hope that a spirit of conciliation may pervade the disgruntled and that Senator-elect Johnson will learn some time to be civil at least to those who differ from him, and that he will cease to invite distrust from those whose hearts are naturally kind and just and who would gladly take pride in his achievements honorably won."

Federal Board Wise.

THE Federal Reserve Board, which has supervision over the reserve banks created by the recent law of Congress, has taken up the subject of loans made by Americans to foreign governments and municipalities. The wisdom of this is largely in its moderation. The board declares that it is not its intention to interfere in any way with the action of the banks, but that they feel it to be their duty to point out the dangers of making too liberal loans to foreigners at the present time.

Bankers are generally very wise in their financial operations, but the wisest banker is only human, and humanity is full of greed. The temptation to make large profits for the bank is so great that it is not at all wonderful that many bankers should become more or less rash in their loans. The bankers themselves have been warning the public that they should conserve their financial resources and not speculate too largely because they have the money to speculate with. The Federal Reserve Board is just administering to the bankers a moderate dose of their own medicine.

The war profits have brought into the country an immense sum of real money. This real money and the promises to pay are circulating in the United States at the present time to nearly \$4,250,000,000. This is \$41.25 per capita of the population. This is an immense sum of money for any country to hold, and money is like everything else, "easy come, easy go."

The banks have been lending money freely to foreign governments, and now have taken up the loaning to cities in foreign lands. They loaned the city of Paris \$50,000,000, and then turned around and loaned to three other French cities, Bordeaux, Lyons and Marseilles, \$20,000,000 each.

Of course, the warring countries are hungry for gold, and no wonder that they resort to all sorts of cunning ruses to obtain "the needful." Having obtained a good many long-term loans they come back now and ask for a lot of short-term loans running from thirty to ninety days. Here is where the Federal Re-

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Getting Acquainted
The California Hen
[Saturday]

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GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

For Insight.

Lord, as I tread the ways of life
Amid confusion, toil and strife,
The sting of ill, the mystery
Of hearts concealed beneath the eye:
Help me to know the kindness meant,
The purpose born of good intent;
To feel amid distrust and fear
The faith of loyal souls sincere,
Whose grace, though oft I knew it not,
My sins discerned, forgave, forgot

Give me the patient skill to guess
What words have perished to express;
To realize how a heart is wrung
In anguish hidden by the tongue,
To feel the cheer of prayers unheard,
The gentle wish that hath no word,
The sympathy too deep for sound;
And know in truth that these abound
For him who will his duty do
And to his fellow man be true.
—[Charles Poole Cleaves, in Youth's Companion.

My Green Hills.

My glad green hills are here again,
And sooner, too, than I had thought.
They came in rarest emerald robes
That can be by only One be wrought.
Can it be they, and spring away,
The ones I missed that time away;
The very hills that slipped their green
O'er night like some conjuror's knack?

The same! So still they made return
That I must feel the mild surprise
Of one, an early riser, waked,
Who found the sun high in the skies!
Yes, there they are, herbed once more
In their new cassocks, pure, serene,
With verdant vestments, flowing 'round
And rivulets begun between.

So like my heart are my green hills!
The raiment glad it wears one day
Is changed to drab and dry the next,
But soon another finds it gay!
Tis better so! To know in full
The beauty of a thing that thrills
It must be after absence—like
Today's return of my green hills!
ARTHUR JUSTIN STEPHENS.

The Child in Tuscany.

All things to him are lovely,
The liquid-eyed white cattle,
The orange tree, the quick green lizard,
Vineyards and carts that rattle.
All things to him make music,
The wind, stornello-singing,
And all who bend above the child
Are Magi, splendor-bringing.

Stumbling undaunted seeker,
The world's a lure and wonder,
The moon that shines at bedtime,
The deep well glimmering under,
Blue-eyed adventurer
At the great villa portal
What lies there far ahead of you,
What roads, what fruit immortal?

Now, you're a breeze-a-flutter,
Your hands are leaves outreaching
For sun, for joy—we older ones—
Fie on our stony preaching!
Face, clear as a dewdrop,
Bird-bright Sincerity,
Stay always thus, please be for us
The miracle of verity.

—[Florence Wilkinson, in Youth's Companion.

On the Road.

We walk the road of life at dawn
With pulsing heart and swinging stride;
We smile in triumph, youth's vain pride,
And pluck the flowers of childhood days,
The fair, frail blossoms of false praise—
Hope walks the road of life at dawn!

We walk the road of life at noon,
The path seems rough and hard to climb,
The flowers lie dead, withered by time;
The fruit we seek hangs far too high,
Yet we press on, for still, close by,
Hope walks the road of life at noon!

We walk the road of life at dusk
With weary heart and empty hand,
When lo! there glows a smilg land
Just there beyond our journey's end—
Our lagging steps grow strong—one friend,
Hope, walks the road of life at dusk!
VERA HEATHMAN COLE.

The Legend of the Rose.

Emblem of bravery!
In years gone by, when all
The world was young and full
Of love, of truth, of fearlessness
And faith, a Gallant Knight
Rode forth to woo his Lady Love,
Approaching near the tower
Of her castle home, he found
It sore beset by robbers bold
Intent to steal the lady of his heart.
His good sword, lightning like,
Flashed here and there, whilst groans
And curses told the story of his
Strong right arm, until one robber,
Glazed of eye and lunging
Recklessly about, found sheathing for
His blade straight through the heart
Of Gallant Knight . . . he fell, and as
his
Life's blood, red and warm, straight
From his heart, dripped crimson on
The earth, a loving God looked down
And marked the spot forever more . . .
In after years a flower bloomed,
Blood red, a token true of
Faith and strength, of bravery and love.
JACK WOLF.

Be Cheerful.

What though the clouds are sometimes
hanging low?
We couldn't do without the rain you know;
And then the sun comes out and how things
grow.
Be cheerful.

You don't look one bit pretty when you
frown,
And draw the corners of your mouth way
down,
Or cuss till everything is black and brown.
Be cheerful.

We all would rather see you come around,
If on your face a smile is always found,
And you'll have friends a plenty, I'll be
bound,
Be cheerful.

There's nothing gained by being glum and
sour;
The pessimist is wretched every hour;
So scatter sunshine when it's in your power.
Be cheerful.

J. S. ROUPE.

[Boston Transcript:] Niece: I do think
you are clever, aunt, to be able to argue
with the professor about sociology.
Aunt: I've only been concealing my
ignorance, dear.
Prof. Bilks (gallantly): Oh, no, Miss
Knowles. Quite the contrary, I assure you.

HUMOR.

[Washington Star:] "How's your boy
Josh getting along with his studies?"
"Pleasantly," replied Farmer Cornstossel.
"He don't bother 'em none."

[Kansas City Journal:] "Then you like
my eyes?"
"If I had those lamps on a car," answered
the automobile agent, "I'd have to use
powerful dimmers."

[Yale Record:] Proud Mother of Fresh-
man: My son, why do all the young men
wear soft shirts?
Freshman (hesitatingly): Why, mother,
I really am not sure, but I think it's to dis-
tinguish them from the assistant professors.

[Brooklyn Citizen:] Alice: Why are you
taking up botany?
Kitty: Because my fiancé is interested in
a plant of some kind, and I want to be able
to converse intelligently with him about
his business.

[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph:] "You
once kept a cook for a whole month, you
say?"
"Yes."
"Remarkable. How did you manage?"
"We were cruising on a houseboat and
she couldn't swim."

[Saturday Journal:] "Who are those
people who are cheering?" asked the recruit
as the soldiers marched to the train.
"These," replied the veteran, "are the
people who are not going."

[London Notes:] Jones (who has called
round to see if his friend has recovered
from a wild night): Is Mr. Wazzy up yet?
Landlady (sternly): Yes, he got up an
hour ago, drank his bath and went back to
bed.

[Life:] Jones: And have they fixed the
blame on any special person for that last
railroad smash?

Brown: Why, the railroad officials are
trying to fix the blame on James Watt for
first discovering the motive power of
steam!

[Washington Star:] "Dustan Stax is an
unusual type of millionaire."
"In what way?"
"He admits that he started out in life
with more than a \$10 bill in his pocket."

[Kansas City Journal:] "Here, you!
What do you mean by telling that red-nosed
bachelor friend of yours that marriage is all
a lottery?"
"I was just about to assure him, m'dear,
that I won a prize."

[Chicago Herald:] Geraldine: I hate to
think of my thirtieth birthday.
Gerard: Let's not bring up the past.

[Boston Transcript:] "I'm sorry, my
daughter, to hear you make light of mar-
riage."
"Why, it's all right, to make light of a
match, isn't it?"

[Judge:] Jess: Jack is so conscientious!
Bess: How now?
Jess: The poor fellow can't decide which
he ought to pay first—his gambling debts,
or his alimony.

[Judge:] "Did you cure that patient you
had with the failing memory?"
"I thought so at one time," replied the

doctor, "but I'm not so sure about it now.
He went away and forgot to pay his bill."

[Life:] Mrs. Dorcas: As soon as we get
the ballot we'll reform politics.
Dorcas: After some of the things you
women politicians have been doing it will
need reforming.

[New York Times:] He: I shall never
marry unless I find a woman who is my ex-
act opposite.
She: You will never find so perfect a
being as that.

[Pittsburgh Post:] "How about this com-
munity singing? Have the folks in your
neighborhood gone in for it as yet?"
"We have it now and then at the corner
barroom."

[Saturday Journal:] The Author: Well,
how did you like my play? Didn't you think
the church scene realistic?
The Critic: Intensely so. Why, a great
many of us actually went to sleep while
it was on.

[Life:] Amateur Poetess: Ten dollars
for correcting the meter of this little verse!
Professional Poet: Oh, yes; for this sort
of work I charge regular plumbing rates.

[Puck:] Teacher: Now, children, what
was the cause of the decline of the Roman
Empire?

Bright Boy: I know. It was due to too
much militarism on the part of outsiders.

[Washington Star:] "The people of your
town applauded me with fine enthusiasm."
"That isn't altogether enthusiasm," said
a member of the reception committee.
"Some of it's hospitality."

[Boston Transcript:] Mother: Children,
I'm shocked! You each promised me you
wouldn't eat your oranges till after dinner.
You have deceived me.

Willie: No mamma; we didn't eat our
own oranges. Tommy ate mine and I ate
his.

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "If I rejected
you, would you commit suicide?"
"I don't know, girly. Your 16-year-old
sister is very attractive. In a few years"—
But she accepted him forthwith, and he
is working hard now to meet the install-
ments on an engagement ring.

[New York Times:] "Does your minister
practice what he preaches?" the newcomer
questioned.

"He does," the citizen answered with a
sigh, "and I'd be perfectly willing to have
him stop. He lives next door to me, and be-
gins at 7 o'clock Sunday morning to prac-
tice what he is going to preach."

[Pittsburgh Post:] "Yes, I am going on
the stage."

"Well, I hope you succeed in making a
name for yourself."

"That has already been attended to. I
picked a beautiful one out of a romantic
novel."

[Boston Transcript:] First Girl: Do you
know I heard that Mamie Brown's engage-
ment ring is paste?
How perfectly lovely and appropriate!

[London Opinion:] Typist (newly arrived
at war office): I suppose we begin as usual?
Staff Officer: I suppose so.

Typist: Then hurry up and kiss me. I
want to get on with my work.

* SCOPE, OBJECTS AND AIMS OF THIS MAGAZINE.

California in tone and color; southwestern in scope, trend and character, with the flavor of the
land and of the sun, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's
Desire."—the "Far-flung Southwest."

Devoted to the development of California and the Pacific empire, the exploitation of their mar-
velous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. South and Central
America will receive special attention also. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in
fact statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the Home,
the Garden, the Farm, and the Range.

Not partisan-political in character or affiliations. It is not an independent weekly vehicle of present-day
thought, exploitation and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady
champion of Liberty, Law and Freedom in the Industries, holding up the hands of all good
men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life
and to serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization.

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3 months to any separate address, postpaid, for 50 cents, or 6 months for \$1.00 in advance. A
still more valuable combination is a subscription to the Sunday Times and the Magazine together,
both for \$4.50, sent postpaid. This rate was established October 14, 1916.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your
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wise the return is not guaranteed.

Entered as second-class matter, January 6, 1912, at Los Angeles (Cal.) P.O. under Act of March 3, 1879.

► The Illustrated Weekly Magazine ►

I am afraid that Henry and I may not be congenial playmates after all.

Getting Acquainted.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN.)

powder in blowing up their churches, before going to their new location.

Many refused to leave their homes, remaining amid former grandeur to rear their children. The city is unusually clean; even the beggars are picturesque and look like a part of the scenery or stage setting. There are thirty-eight ruins in Antigua. In order to see everything we engaged two tiny white horses. One was recommended as being particularly vicious and to be used by "El Señor." We found him gentle enough, but far too ambitious for my tropical steed, which maintained a humble position at the rear, which my husband says should be an object lesson to me in humility.

On our first morning we were awakened by the ringing of many bells and the beating of drums; then a burst of music sounded directly under our window. We thought we were being serenaded, but it was only another saint having a birthday. Each morning, beginning as early as 4:30, bells ring, continuing until 6 o'clock. We spied one small boy, high up in an old turret, pounding away as though his life depended on the result, and now we suspect the confusion is an endurance test between the young ringers.

A young planter from a nearby coffee "finca" was the sole guest, other than ourselves, at the hotel. His English was on a par with my Spanish, as each time I left the dining-room he would solemnly bow and say: "Thank you."

Two diminutive Indian maids constituted the hotel's corps of servants. They did everything from scrubbing the wide patio to acting as valets. Felipa was especially active, a slight clap of your hand bringing an immediate "su comanda," and a lively pitter-patter of bare feet. All this for \$1.25 a month. A tip of 5 cents was looked upon as a healthy fortune, being a peso or dollar to them. Felipa was pretty, too, with jet black hair plaited in two long braids interwoven with bright woolen strings. Even white teeth were exposed in a captivating smile at the slightest provocation. Her attire, though not appropriate from our standard of what a maid should wear, was truly feminine and artistic. A "guilipe" or waist of elaborate and gorgeously colored embroidery was worn with a vari-hued skirt and apron. I admired her large hoop earrings. She shook her head coquettishly and said: "No ora," implying that I would not wear them, as they were not gold.

The various tribes of Indians can be distinguished by their clothing. For example, the Mixco women wear a white mantle over their "guilipes" and a flat folded cloth as a head piece. Bare feet prevail everywhere. Many of the men wear short black skirts, deeply slashed at the sides. Paris, after all, may have an unearned reputation for originating that fashion.

At dinner a large platter filled with meat and several kinds of vegetables was placed before us. Thinking this was the entire meal, we ate heartily. To our surprise we were served three similar courses. The little waitress appeared hurt when we refused the food, so we attempted to try everything. The food was wholesome, though not as thoroughly cooked as we are accustomed to. Butter is never served unless requested; then it is of the canned variety and in a soft condition, as no ice is used. We drank unthinkable quantities of water, which was soft and champagne colored. A lasting impression of this glorious country, however, is soup, thin soup. It was served twice a day and tasted like nothing at all, but you must eat it, in fact you want to, it is offered so gracefully.

The markets are kept by the Indians and are located in two wonderful ruins. There is one a church formerly known as the Society of Jesus. The brightly-costumed vendors of vegetables, fruit, hash-like mixtures, beads, leather goods, blankets, etc., squat around on the ground chattering like magpies. Mothers with babes at their breast and others clinging to their skirts, old men with queer wrinkled faces stolidly smoking, younger ones more alert, all ready to sell their wares and interested in us. They seemed to find my divided riding skirt amusing, making no effort to conceal their mirth. All this against a background of crumbling, moss-grown walls of massive structure.

These churches were not ruins of a single building, but of tremendous institutions, where thousands of devotees had dwelt. Did paintings, furniture, even organs, were

carried by Indian pack over the twenty-seven miles of mountain pass to Guatemala and their new home. The only modern thing we saw in our stay was an advertisement painted on a rock calling attention to a certain hotel in Antigua, and stating it was the best in the city. It was much out of place and jarred one's sense of the fitness of things.

We ate all kinds of fruits never seen at home. One an anona or custard apple smells like a combination of pineapple and strawberry, but it caused the only illness of our entire trip.

Two toy horses attached to an inordinately large wagon came to convey us to the "Baños de Cuba," located about three miles out of Antigua, and celebrated for their warmth and medicinal qualities. We were told that separate baths would be provided and that bathing suits were unheard of, so we gaily started forth. We explained to an impressive old Spaniard that we desired two bathrooms. He insisted on our taking one, although there were at least eight and none of them occupied at the time. He said the room he offered was "bueno y bello." We did not doubt his assurance that it was good and fine but we wanted two of the same kind. He was adamant. We wanted our bath. A council was held and it was decided to return to our hotel minus certain undergarments. The charge for this embarrassment was "dos pesos," or 10 cents. "How did he know we were married?" I asked. "He didn't," affirmed my husband.

One day we met an old man sitting in a niche in the embankment. He ran forward and begged us for "un peso." He was carrying what appeared to be a toy gun roughly hewn from wood. Later we met a company of seventy-five men drilling under the leadership of a bright young Spaniard. He told us that a considerable part of the standing army of the country was trained in this way. The old-fashioned Springfield rifles were used, at the time of our visit, in the cities. The niches referred to were found to be storm shelters for the people walking along the road.

Another big treat that awaits the traveler is playing at being a millionaire, unless one already happens to be one. Each time we returned to the hotel it was necessary for us to sort our money into piles of various denominations. One of our dollars was twenty of theirs at that time. The money was chiefly paper and was old and very dirty. Leaving for a shopping expedition our pockets bulged like the average small boy's.

An Indian named "Aga Pite Poy" and facetiously nicknamed Alligator Pear by his friends from the United States, piloted us over the coffee "finca" of which he is overseer. We saw coffee from the time it was planted in all the stages from the beds of small plants, carefully transplanted bushes, to the full grown trees. The bushes were a sheeny dark green, loaded with berries—green, red and scarlet—the latter ready for picking and sale. We were invited to rest and on entering the "casa" my husband removed his hat, but was promptly requested to replace it. Strange custom, wasn't it?

The chief occupation of the Guatemala Indian is working on coffee plantations, although he acts as an efficient baggage and express company, carrying anything anywhere on his strong, brown back. Some of the more prosperous have their own gardens on the mountainside, a few own live stock, perhaps a few sheep or a cow. Lucky, indeed, is the man with a horse. They weave their gay costumes on hand looms. I could not resist an entire outfit. We also purchased a beautiful woolen blanket, steamer-rug size, for \$4.50. The wise traveler invites an experienced person to go along when shopping is involved, for these apparently "simple folk" know a greenhorn when they see one. Almost any price will be asked the stranger. We priced a calabash, in use by an Indian that appeared to be at least a hundred. He named a tremendous figure. We walked away; but his mind was on the alert for he tottered after us and persisted until he sold the gourd for 25 cents, which was a good price. If we had held out he would have given it to us in his anxiety to dispose of his wares. Many miniature combs, carved from wood, were on sale. An Indian maid diligently combing her sister's head, vigilantly searching the while, solved the problem of their use.

The names of some of the ruins visited may be interesting. There were the "Ruinas de Catedral," "Candelaria," and "San Francisco." Then we went to the church known as "Merced," which is still in use and through dint of much labor and economy

kept in good condition. It is at the side of a small plaza, whose main ornament is a wonderful fountain known as the "Fountain of Neptune," and the sides of which are decorated with skillfully wrought figures of mermaids. A coat of vivid yellow paint clothes the church, but the exquisite facade has been left white and stands out in startling contrast. At "Recollection" we rode through an avenue of trees, Indian huts on either side. Moth-eaten dogs joyously proclaimed our arrival. Here we picked and ate oranges while seated on horseback. The trees were loaded with both green and yellow fruit. The keeper pointed out a large stone carved to form a boat. This in days gone by had furnished the water supply. It was large enough for a swimming pool.

Music lured us to the park on the last night of our stay. We were joined by the United States Consul and his wife (again the Spanish) in our walk. Mrs. Consul crossed curiosity in connection with our dances and we endeavored to interpret one or two for her. The park had been practically empty, but in less time than it takes to tell it, a crowd had collected, small tots were imitating us and "Oh, see the Gringos dance!" was heard on all sides. Just what a Gringo is I never learned, but it isn't complimentary and is their pet name for us.

When the time came to leave, our newfound friends at the hotel gathered to say "good-by." I was kissed on both cheeks by each one—the proprietress was a widow—I can still see them, with the two tiny maids in the background. And so, reluctantly, we left them, left the cloud-hung peaks of Agua—said "good-by" to beautiful Antigua.

Courtship.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY)

underneath a small packet, firmly tied and bearing an inscription in Senator Rathchild's heavy, slanting hand. He uttered a sigh of relief as he buttoned it safely in his inside coat pocket.

"We'll go on to the harbor, tell them what has happened, and wire your father the papers are safe," he told her. "Come, we can do nothing more here."

Silently Marian followed him back to the car waiting in the road.

"This is all very terrible," she said in a low, shaken voice, as she climbed into the auto, "but if the papers and plans had not been recovered—" she paused.

"No one is in a position to know just what might have happened," he replied gravely, "and this has taught me a great lesson. Your father was right. We have active enemies I didn't dream of, and you may tell him tonight that I withdraw my opposition to the appropriation bill."

Marian looked comforted. As the car started forward, she leaned back with a sigh of relief.

"You are going to tell him yourself, for you are going to dine with us this evening, and present father with that packet in your pocket, in exchange for the apology he is going to make you," she said decidedly.

The Points of Our Stars.

The stars on our flag and those on the Great Seal of the United States, as well as those on the seal of the President, are five-pointed. The seal of the House of Representatives, however, shows six-pointed stars; and there are six-pointed stars on the obverse of the half and quarter dollar coins, with five-pointed stars on the reverse. The reverse of these coins is a copy of the Great Seal, with the clouds and the stars omitted. So far as can be ascertained, the six-pointed star is derived from the Colonial coins, which were designed in the manner of English heraldry, which sanctions that star.

The stars on the flag are copied from the Washington coat-of-arms.

Abolish the Truss Forever

Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands That Chafe and Pinch

You know by your own experience the truss is a mere makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and that it is undermining your health. Why, then, continue to wear it? Stuart's FLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs attached; no "digging in" or grinding pressure. Soft as Velvet—Flexible—Easy to Apply—Inexpensive. Continuous day and night treatment at home. No delay from work. Hundreds of people have gone before an officer qualified to acknowledge oaths, and swore that the Flapao-Pads cured their rupture—some of them most aggravated cases of long standing. It is reasonable that they should do the same for you. Give them a chance.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED.

Send for the illustrated book on rupture. Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended, so the rupture can't come down. No charge for it, now or ever, nothing to be returned. Write today—NOW. Address FLAPAO CO., Block 296, St. Louis, Mo.

The California Hen.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN.)

goods are paid by the merchant for all eggs delivered by his customers. He buys his eggs judging their condition by what he knows of the character of his customers. Sometimes he is fooled, not often. He has not time to handle over eggs thus delivered at the store. His careful handling comes later, or the eggs are turned over to the jobber for his inspection and culling. The jobber exacts a more careful inspection and culling and he pays cash. Before shipping to the city market, the jobber carefully classifies the eggs to obtain the highest market prices and his settlement with the local store keeper is on this classification, unless he buys at his risk, which is usually at a lower price to the merchant. Somewhere between the poultryman and the city market there is the big \$50,000,000 loss in eggs which the government is trying to run down.

Sore Eyes Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by **Murine Eye Remedy**. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. **Murine Eye Salve** Tubes 25c. For Sale at the Eye Free and Druggists or **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**



Abdominal Supporters

For Men or Women in both Elastic or Non-Elastic. Ready-made or made to your order. Separate fitting rooms for Men and Women. Lady attendant.

SUN DRUG CO. (Surg. Dept.)
799 South Hill Street

A Washday Hint

Secure a package of Kalomite before another washday rolls around: It absolutely does away with the rubbing of the laundry. Simply soap the soiled clothes with this preparation and it makes them spotlessly clean in a really astonishing manner without any rubbing. Kalomite is absolutely harmless to the hands and clothes. It will not injure the most delicate fabrics, silks, laces, woollens, etc. Kalomite is not sold in stores. 15c to General Supply Co., 205 Hollingsworth Bldg., Los Angeles, will bring to you, by mail prepaid, enough for three washings. Kalomite is positively guaranteed.

LOST SECRET OF MASONRY

Early Masons who led in Drugless Cure, also led in failure, as like doctors of today they withheld Nature's plain self-cure for all sickness or disease and lost the treasure. Send for free trial.

DRUGLESS CURE
303 Avenue 61, Los Angeles, Cal.

Why Have Piles or Eczema?

Attig Pile and Eczema Ointment has proved the best by every test. Send for a box today. Price 50c postpaid. Your money back if not satisfied. J. H. Attig, 625 Consolidated Realty Bldg., S. W. Corner 6th and Hill Sts., Los Angeles.

BRINGING BACK BELLIGERENT YOUTH.

Work of the Department of State. By a Special Contributor.

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

Dec. 9, 1916.]



YOUR Eagle on a recent occasion showed you his love for the nursery lines contained in "Mother Goose" and his understanding of the profound wisdom contained in these jingling rhymes. He mentioned also a modern "Mother Goose" written about fifty years ago known as "Mother Goose for Grown Folks."

He has a little jingling rhyme himself this morning, a parody on "Mother Goose." It relates to the beautiful legend of Cock Robin, and runs thus:

Who killed Cock Robin?
"Not I," said Gov. Johnson,
With for treason a penchant,
"I did not kill Cock Robin."

The Eagle has held off from this scream this morning until after the dust of battle had settled so that we could open our eyes clearly and until the smoke had lifted from the political battlefield so that we could see things clearly.

In spite of this denial of the Governor, he may be said to be held generally responsible for killing Cock Robin Hughes, the Republican candidate for the Presidency. Indeed there are not a few of us who are firmly convinced that the Savior of mankind with whose blood the crimson breast of the robin is dyed might say of this tragedy of the political world of today that the Republican candidate, like himself, had been wounded in the house of his friends, that his own familiar friend whom he trusted, who also did eat bread with him, had lifted up his heel against him.

Of course this is all politically speaking, for Gov. Johnson has not been for years a

friend of anybody or anything that has the Republican brand on him or it.

Of course your Eagle knows, brethren, that it is a human frailty to put the blame of anything that happens to us on somebody else. It is a matter often of human strength and courage to stand up in court and plead not guilty. Whether it is strength or weakness, it is a trait of human character that has existed since Adam and Eve in the garden ate that fatal apple, and the man put it on the woman and the woman on the snake. We only cry, "Mea culpa, mea magna culpa," as we beat our breasts in a general way. When it comes to a specific acknowledgment of guilt we generally plead not guilty and challenge the other side to prove its assertion. This ancient trait of humanity acquired from its forefather Adam still persists in the race down to the bloodthirsty thugs composing the labor union gangs, some of whom blew up buildings and destroyed life recently in America, who are now coddled and made much of by the Governor of the State of California and who helped him betray the cause of the Republican party in the recent election.

Standing like old Adam, the first and arch sinner of humanity, before an indignant and irritated nation in America, the Governor tries to find somebody else on whom to throw the blame of his perfidy. Your Eagle, brethren, has quoted the Scriptures about the animal who lifted his heel against his master and friend. The Governor shows himself a direct descendant of this animal so handy with his heels in trying to pick out some one on whom to throw the blame of his own perfidious act. Figuratively speaking, he mounts the dome of the Capitol at Sacramento and shrieks to all the world: "Gen. Harrison Gray Otis and his paper, the Los Angeles Times, were the influences that killed Cock Robin."

Nobody but a consummate donkey would throw the blame of the recent betrayal of the Republican party in California on the shoulders of Gen. Otis, or lay it at the door of his newspaper. It is taken by many as tantamount to a confession of guilt on the part of Gov. Johnson when he selects Gen. Otis and his paper as the scapegoat for his own sins. Your Eagle

has waited, as stated above, until the dust of battle had settled and the smoke of battle had lifted in order that we might open our eyes and have a clear vision of what took place on the 7th of November, 1916, in the Presidential election of California.

It would be attributing too much power to Gen. Otis and to his newspaper to attribute to him the result of the balloting in California in the event referred to. At the primary election in August the Republican majority was something huge. When the election took place the majority enrolled in the State for the Republican ticket was something colossal. When, after the balloting had been completed on the 7th of November, the votes were counted it was found that the Republican ticket had gone down to defeat, and the Democratic ticket was triumphant, while Gov. Johnson came out successful with a marvelous majority.

Let us see the real facts in the case. The Times is published in Los Angeles, away in the lower end of the State where Gen. Otis lives. The paper has been staunchly Republican ever since it was first established, about thirty-five years ago. It was as true to the Republican party in the recent election as the hand of the compass is to the North Pole. Naturally Los Angeles city contains a great number of Times subscribers. Next come the county in this circulation of The Times, then all Southern California, with a large, but less, circulation in other parts of the State.

Now Los Angeles city is a great industrial center, with thousands of railroad men and other laboring classes in it whose leaning to the Democratic party is well known. There are also a multitude of women voters in Los Angeles city, and many of these are known to have voted for President Wilson on the sentimental but false issue that he kept us out of war. Yet in spite of these powerful influences for President Wilson the city of Los Angeles rolled up a tremendous majority for the Republican candidate. The same is true of the county of Los Angeles, and of nearly every county in Southern California. Wherever The Times is most read, there were found the most votes for the Republican ticket, and so far

as newspapers are concerned The Times was the only influence in existence to bring this about. The Progressive papers in the city were as lukewarm as the Governor himself in their advocacy of the election of Mr. Hughes, and played as soft a pedal on President Wilson as the Governor himself did. Indeed, in the State of California The Times was the one and only newspaper of any large circulation and of any paramount influence that stood loyal and true to the Republican party, with the exception of the San Francisco Chronicle.

In contradistinction to this fact that the nearer you get to Gen. Otis's home and the home of his newspaper the larger its Republican vote, stands the counter fact that the nearer you get to Gov. Johnson the smaller was the Republican vote, until you get right around the Capitol at Sacramento, where votes for President Wilson fell thick as leaves on Vallombrosa's stream. With Gov. Johnson stood every noted Progressive politician in the State, with scarcely a word of commendation for the Republican candidate and as few words of condemnation for the Democratic standard-bearer.

There are the absolute facts, brethren, unquestionable, irrefutable, irrefragable, which point an index finger as long as a telegraph pole straight to the Governor of the State, and swinging around the State point right to the eye of every friend of the Governor, of every appointee under the Governor, of every important Progressive in the State, who were either silent as to the merits of the Republican candidate and as silent about the faults of the Democratic candidate, or openly and vehemently condemning Mr. Hughes and the Republican party behind him and pleading loudly the merits of the Democratic President.

There is the case summed up, demonstration made, and your Eagle thinks in mathematical terms he may write after this exhibit, Q.E.D., and call confidently for a verdict from the jury, the American people.

Yours for truth and Republicanism,



THE LANCER
ART, music and the higher drama certainly have one of the best advertising mediums in the women's clubs. Never a speaker on any of these subjects who does not make an impassioned appeal to the audience to support her pet culture. Not so much an appeal as an admonition; the ladies are generally warned that it is their solemn duty to lend this and that their strong patronage.

And even the most politically inclined of the clubs take the admonition to heart and sit through "musical programmes," "art interpretations," and "The World's Great Drama" lectures. What women will do in the cause of duty is highly commendable, and often surprising. To my mind music and art are very much like love-making, one has to feel in the mood for 'em, apt to be distinctly flat when turned on to order. A bit of a nuisance in the wrong time at the wrong place with the wrong persons for company. A classical musicale in the morning always seems to me about as appetizing as a ten-course banquet at 10 o'clock a.m.

And it doesn't matter how stodgy the speakers are, the ladies all listen with polite and convincing attention. Take Richard Ordynski on "Little Theater" aspirations, for instance. He is a fine producer but a dubious speaker. Ostensibly discussing the "World's Great Dramas," he was actually, in complicated English, chiding the club for its lack of support of his particular world's great dramas, and trusting they intended to do better after he had pointed out their obvious duty.

In appearance Richard is so amazingly like a darling rubber doll of my childhood's affections, from which I refused to be parted even in sleep. I am sure if I met Richard somewhere about bath time, I should feel impelled to clutch him fondly to my breast and see if he would float in the bath-tub. This must seem like sacrilege in a gentleman who represents the world's great drama in our midst, but actually it is the basis of my most tender regard for him. But I have evidently outgrown my longing for his perpetual presence.

But it is thanks to this amiable quality of endurance in the women's clubs that the Players' Producing Company is able to assert that "Our future lies in California." It is disconcerting to recall that a Chicago newspaper—Chicago, the birthplace of the Players' Producing Company—recently declared California to be "the boob State." That is all the reward we get for our noble uplift resignation, our amazing self-denial and endurance, the fearless persistence of our women to advance the cause of culture or be bored to death in the attempt. But virtue must ever be its own reward. We have Richard and they have not.

Really Funny.

And while on the subject of the clubs, it is noteworthy that Mr. Wagner was able to put over a shocking heresy at Hollywood recently. Dared to declare that American comic artists were not comic, that European humor, the existence of which we like to repudiate, was really much funnier. American comic art, he said, lacked subtlety, and in its frantic efforts to be appreciated it catered to the lowest form of intelligence.

This was the most unkindest cut of all. But actually, though we feel we are risking our intellectual reputation to confess it, the American comic supplement is quite as funny as the appalling collection of "funny" papers issued by, say, Lord Northcliffe. Notwithstanding his more enlightened audience, you would be amazed at the amount of "lowest form of intelligence" the gentleman finds it profitable to cater for. And Lord Northcliffe does not publish them as mere supplements, given away free with the Sunday paper, but makes separate periodicals of them and charges anything

from a cent up. His English "comic cuts" is one of the dreariest publications you ever struck, yet it claims a circulation of half a million. And he has ten other similar publications, all profitable.

Take us all in all, we would appear to be quite as bright as the British. Or, take "La Vie Parisienne," the leading funny paper in Paris. It is merely smutty. True the smut is sometimes subtle, but mostly it isn't. But with all our lowest form of intelligence, it would be difficult for "La Vie Parisienne" to get a circulation in this country. We would seem to be at least discriminating in our lowness. But the ladies of Hollywood, who were not as well acquainted with European comic art as they would wish to seem, made no demur, but applauded Mr. Wagner with fulsome appreciation. That is one real advantage of discussing a subject upon which one's audience is happily uninformed.

Efficiency.

I think the first efficiency expert must have been a very lazy man. We have an efficiency expert in our household, a small boy of 7 who has got it down to a fine art. He holds stern and forceful views as to just how many of the buttons of his undershirt should be unfastened at night. He is a stickler for the irreducible minimum that will allow of his tortuous egress. This, that he may have less to do up in the morning.

And I once had an office boy who rigged up the most ingenious arrangements for sliding my letters in to me on a miniature trolley line to obviate the necessity for his getting up to bring them to me. J. M. Barrie describes an advanced form of efficiency in his "My Lady Nicotine" wherein the efficient smoker so arranges things that he can strike a match without moving his arm above the elbow and various other equally labor-saving devices.

We like to think of the efficiency expert as a regular devil for work. But actually, of course, we all know that it is the lazy man who takes the most pains. Your amateur efficiency expert is a clever deviser of things to enable him to do less work. He will leave his suspenders fastened on his pants to avoid early morning labor. He adores swivel chairs to enable him to turn round without getting up. He installs a foot-bell beneath

the dining-room table that he may summon the maid without unduly exerting his wrist by wiggling a hand-bell. He has his office telephone on a swivel to avoid unnecessary exercise. And then he goes in strenuously for "reducing" and bemoans the fact that he is getting fat. Having reduced his natural daily exercises to a minimum, he gives up weeks a year to artificial exercises that cost a lot more and are much more irksome.

It is pathetic that really efficient people are rarely lovable. We respect 'em but we don't love 'em. I know three lovable spinsters who never by any chance do a thing right, can't even sew a button on opposite a buttonhole, who never caught a train in their life unless they sat up all night to do it, who, if they have designed to serve dinner at 6:30 o'clock p.m., are likely to serve it at 5 p.m. or 8 p.m.; but 6:30—never.

And I know sternly efficient dames who never make mistakes, who are absolutely and desperately reliable, whom I love to hold up as an example to my dear spinsters, but whom I would as soon waste affection upon as a cash register.

The thing that has made Leon Wilson's "Ma Pettigill" heroine famous is her unique combination of efficiency and loveliness. But he had to make her gloriously vulgar to achieve it—and an engaging vulgarity covers a multitude of sins.

Trench Literature.

With all the European newspapers printing columns of "letters from the trenches," one can imagine that every soldier feels that he must write home to mother with a view to publication. And with the censor so alertly on the job, he would be a rash young man who really spoke his mind. These letters are always published under a caption which calls attention to their unaffected humanness, but as a matter of fact every soldier must be imbued with literary ambitions under such violent encouragement. We have only to think how differently we ourselves should word our letters to mother or Sister Sue if we were pretty well assured they were going to appear in print. The mamma who gets a real homey, unaffected letter from her soldier son these days must be rather unique. It isn't in the nature of things.

Are you suffering from Painful Arthritis? Broken-down Arthritis? Use the famous "Aids to Good Health" By a Medical Man.

It has been observed for many years that the type of vocal organs which are subject to a peculiar type of sore throat, while lawyers, who from 2 cent to 44 cents per pound. The government chemists suggest that sodium salicylate is a white powder readily

It has been observed for many years that the type of vocal organs which are subject to a peculiar type of sore throat, while lawyers, who from 2 cent to 44 cents per pound. The government chemists suggest that sodium salicylate is a white powder readily

THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

"HOME, SWEET HOME." BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

For Wife, Mother, Daughter and Maid.

Salad Dressings That Are "Different."

[Elma Iona Locke:] Besides the regular mayonnaise and French dressings, it is nice to have something of a variety to choose from for a change. Also, the ingredients called for in some recipes may not always be at hand with everyone, and one calling for slightly different materials may be more available. The cooked dressings that will keep for some time are a great convenience.

Dressing for Cold Slaw.—To the yolks of three eggs add one-half teaspoonful of made mustard, a dash of pepper, and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and beat thoroughly. Add one-third cupful of vinegar and two tablespoonfuls of butter, and cook over hot water until slightly thickened. Set aside to become cold before using.

Quick Sour Cream Dressing.—To one cupful of fresh sour cream add one teaspoonful each of salt, sugar and mustard, and a dash of cayenne pepper. Beat thoroughly and set it in the ice box for two hours before using.

German Dressing.—Beat one-half cupful of thick cream until stiff, add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, slowly, beating all the time. This is nice for fruit and other salads.

Mollie Christian's Salad Dressing.—Whip the yolks of two eggs until very stiff, add slowly two scant tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and slowly adding two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, while whipping. Place on ice. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, then whip in one and one-half to two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and one cupful of whipped cream. Place this on ice until just before serving, then whip it into the yolk mixture.

Hygeia Salad Dressing.—To four or five tablespoonfuls of olive oil add two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, one of sugar, and a pinch of salt, and mix very thoroughly.

Cream Mayonnaise.—Add whipped cream to mayonnaise dressing just before serving. The proportions need not be exact, a little more or less cream may be used as convenient.

Cooked Mayonnaise.—Beat four eggs until very light, add one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful each of salt, ground mustard, and celery seed, one-half teaspoonful of white pepper, one-half cupful of granulated sugar, one-third cupful of melted butter, and one cupful of boiling vinegar. Put into a double boiler, or set in a kettle of boiling water, and cook until it is thick.

Eggless Mayonnaise.—Mix three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one of corn starch, one teaspoonful of salt, scant, one of mustard, two tablespoonfuls of butter, six of milk, then add one-half cupful of vinegar mixed with one-half cupful of boiling water. Cook until thick.

Another Eggless Salad Dressing.—Mix one tablespoonful ground mustard with one-half cupful of sugar, add butter the size of an egg, one cupful of vinegar, and salt and pepper to taste. Boil all together. A cupful of cream may be added, if liked, after it is removed from the fire.

Boiled Salad Dressing.—In a double boiler put one-half cupful of butter, stir in one tablespoonful of flour, blending smoothly, then add half a can of unsweetened condensed milk, and stir until it thickens. Moisten one tablespoonful of dry mustard with vinegar and rub to a smooth paste. Add two well beaten eggs, and stir all into the milk mixture, stirring until thick. Then thin with one-half cupful of vinegar added slowly, salt to taste, and beat in very gradually two tablespoonfuls of olive oil. This dressing will keep in the ice box for a long time.

Delicious Salad Cream.—Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter, add one of flour and stir until smooth, add one cupful of cream (either sweet or sour), and let it boil up, then place sauce pan in hot water. Beat together three egg yolks, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful each of salt and dry mustard, and add one-half cupful of vinegar, stir all into the other mixture and cook until it thickens, stirring all the time. Put into wide mouthed jars with tight covers, and it will keep for weeks, ready for use at any time. If too thick it can be thinned with either cream or vinegar, when used.

Dressing for Fruit Salad.—Stir two tablespoonfuls of flour into two of hot butter until smooth, add one-half cupful of orange

juice, one-fourth cupful of lemon juice, one-half cupful of sugar, and cook all together until the flour is well cooked. Delicious on a salad of apples, peanuts and bananas.

Grape-juice Dressing.—A delicious dressing for fruit salads is made with grape juice. Beat two eggs very light, add a pinch of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a small cupful of grape juice, and cook until thick. When cooled, beat with an egg beater until very smooth. It may be mixed with whipped cream if liked.

Swiss Salad Dressing.—Put two ounces of cheese in a mortar or heavy bowl and pound to a paste with a tablespoonful of vinegar, add salt and pepper to suit the taste, and very gradually dilute it with salad oil to the desired consistency.

Curry Dressing.—This recipe makes one quart of dressing. On a cold soup plate place one level teaspoonful of curry powder, one-half teaspoonful of best French mustard, a scant saltspoonful of English ground mustard, same of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of finely chopped fresh parsley, one-half teaspoonful of finely chopped chives, two small finely chopped shallots, one-quarter of a clove of garlic, crushed, four teaspoonfuls of salt, one scant teaspoonful of white pepper, the finely chopped rind of a quarter of a lemon, mix all together with a fork, then add one tablespoonful of cold olive oil, and with the fork sharply mash the whole until almost to a pulp, then gradually add four tablespoonfuls of good white wine vinegar, briskly mix again and put the whole into a bowl, add oil and vinegar (two-thirds oil to one-third vinegar) enough to make up one quart in all. Thoroughly mix again, and press through a strainer into a glass or stone jar, cover, and keep in a cold place to use as required. Always shake sharply before using.

LITTLE HOME ECONOMIES.

Filter Used Gasoline.
[Modern Priscilla:] Because gasoline is so high one wants to save it in every way possible. To prevent waste of gasoline when cleaning garments or other household articles, do not throw the gasoline away. Before you start cleaning get several sheets of filter paper from your druggist. Ask him to show you how to make a funnel; then, when you have finished cleaning, pour the used gasoline through this paper and it will be as free from foreign particles as before used. You will have less in quantity but the same in quality.
Good Margarine and Fresh Butter.

A great saving may be effected by mixing equal quantities of good margarine and fresh butter. The mixture tastes quite as well as fresh butter.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

Co-operation in The Kitchen.
[New York Evening Telegram:] A great mistake made by many helpers, and one which is the cause of much friction, is the attitude that the culinary department belongs to them alone, and that any interest as to its workings displayed by the mistress is a form of invasion to be resented with sullen looks and scowls. This is a ridiculous assumption on the part of any maid and one sure to be resented by any housekeeper of pride.

"My cook simply won't allow me in the kitchen," one woman confided to another the other day. "She gets so grumpy when I appear I feel as though I were treading on her toes, and because she knows how to cook well I put up with it and let her run the kitchen as she likes."
Cook's Department Not Exclusive.

While the cook has undoubtedly certain rights in her own domain which no mistress with common sense disregards, still, after all, the woman who holds in her hands the domestic reins is the head of the household and the maid in the kitchen is only her helper. How long would a business last in which the president of a company did not dare to call in his subordinates and ask for an accounting? To be sure, in the home as in a business, once a person is put in charge of a department he or she should be held responsible for it and not interfered with

in regard to small particulars. But frequent consultations are necessary between the business man and his subordinates, as it is also between the mistress and the maid. Any suggestions from the housewife should be received cordially, not in a hostile spirit, and acted upon, unless the maid can prove to her mistress that her way is the better. A spirit of co-operation must exist between the two if they are to make their relationship a pleasant one.

THE WINDOW SHADES.

Short-stopping the Shade.
[Good Housekeeping:] It frequently occurs in adjusting spring roller curtains that the cord slips through the hands, and the curtain not only winds up to the top but continues until the spring has spent its force, and the curtain and cord are rolled up out of reach. It is then necessary to use a chair or step ladder to readjust it. All this trouble and annoyance can be avoided if a small hollow rubber ball is obtained, and holes punched through it so it may be threaded on the curtain string, and tied close to the stick. Should the curtain slip away with this attachment, the ball will jam up against the window frame, preventing further winding up.
The Keyhole to the Rescue.

When you look around the room and wonder how you can wind the curtain spring perfectly tight for once without taking the ends of your fingers off and then having it slip undone, just notice how nicely it will fit in the keyhole. Be careful not to wind it too tight and break the spring.

TO CLEAN METAL.

Brass Fenders.
[Pittsburgh Gazette:] Brass fenders, fire implements, or other such ornaments rarely need drastic treatment unless carelessly treated or long neglected. A brisk furbishing up each morning will keep them in splendid condition. Use a clean piece of soft chamols leather and a few drops of sweet oil. Should the metal have been neglected, make up a soft paste of unslacked lime—see that it is quite gritless—and sweet oil. Spread this damp paste over each particle, and allow it to remain so until all are done. Then begin with a soft piece of chamols, rub briskly with pressure until dry, and a brilliant polish comes. Tarnish and bad stains will be quickly removed by using a piece of cut lemon. When the stains are gone polish the metal immediately.
Front Door Bell.

In cleaning the front door bell, etc., a dirty, objectionable mark is often left on the woodwork. This can be easily removed by rubbing with a piece of flannel that has been dipped in a little paraffin oil.

KINKS IN THE KITCHEN.

Keep Coffee Pot Clean.
[New York Evening Journal:] To keep the coffee pot sweet and clean, put a tablespoonful of carbonate of soda into it, fill it nearly full of water, and let it boil for a little while. Then rinse thoroughly with several lots of warm water. If this is done once a week, the pot will always be fresh and nice.
Use for Worn-out Broom.

When a long-handled broom is worn out, instead of throwing it away, tie a piece of felt or flannel around the head and make a floor-polisher. It will make work much easier, and keep linoleum in good condition. Footmarks can be rubbed off at any time without stooping.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[Philadelphia Press:] To induce a canary to take a bath sprinkle a few seeds upon the water. This added attraction will make the bath become a habit with the little fellow.

To keep flowers fresh, place a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in the water before putting them into a vase.

To make glassware clear and sparkling, add a little washing blue to the soapsuds when washing.

If ink is spilled on the carpet or table

cover, cover it immediately with salt. Renew the salt as it absorbs the ink.

Powdered alum added to ordinary stove blacking adds to its brilliancy.

Oxalic acid and javelle water are excellent for removing ink stains.

New tinware will never rust if greased with a little fresh lard and baked in the oven before it is used.

HEARTSEASE.

The Genius of Giving.

[A Contributor:] Not long ago a woman promised me some wearing apparel for a certain poor family. When the box arrived, I found every article pressed, cleaned, and mended. I remarked upon this, and she replied, "I always send the things in first-class condition; otherwise it's only a relief to get old clothes out of the way, but if one mends, cleans and presses them, then I consider them a real gift."

The Sympathetic Heart.

I would not enter on my list of friends (Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense, Yet wanting sensibility,) the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. —[William Cowper.

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friend of anybody or anything that has the
Republican brand on him or it.
Of course your kagle knows, brethren,
that it is a human frailty to put the blame
on anything that happens to us on some-
body else. It is a matter often of human
strength or weakness. Whether it is
strength and courage to stand up in court
and plead not guilty. Or whether it is
a matter of the result of the battle
to Gen. Oles and to his newspaper to at-
tribute too much power to at-
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himself in their advocacy of the election of
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of only newspaper of



BRINGING BACK BELLIGERENT YOUTH.

Work of the Department of State. By a Special Contributor.

"HERE'S an unusual one," remarked Miss Frances Marsh.

"They're all unusual," observed Frank N. Bauskett.

"But this one is unusually so," persisted Miss Marsh. "It is from the mother, of course. Her 14-year-old boy has joined the Canadian forces and begun his training for the campaign in France. We'll have to get him out."

Mr. Bauskett agreed. And they—with the aid of various forces and influences—eventually got the hopeful trooper released, for that is their every-day business.

There are so many cases of young men under age who have joined the fighting forces against the wishes of their parents, that a special division to handle the work has been created in the diplomatic bureau of the Department of State. Mr. Bauskett and Miss Marsh are the staff of the new division, under the direction of Sidney Y. Smith, chief of the bureau.

The case of the militant 14-year-old is one of the more striking incidents that have come to their notice. This youngster fired his imagination by reading stories of poison gas, bayonet charges and the tossing of hand grenades. He decided to have a try at the war game on his own account. He figured that he would be especially good with the grenades because he was pitcher on his baseball team. Accordingly he slipped across the Canadian line, applied to a recruiting office and was accepted by the officer in charge.

In spite of his youth, the boy passed the physical examination and was booked for service. He was not to go as a drummer boy, mind you—he was taken on as an infantry recruit with the understanding that he was to tote the regulation rifle and carry on his shoulder the small department store which the soldier calls his kit. With his uniform on his back and his dream of battle in his eyes, the happy youngster wrote the great news home.

As is usually the case, the mother did not share in her son's ardent desire to die for some other country. She wrote a tearful and insistent letter to the Department of State.

"He is but 14 years old," she said, "and he's the only boy I've got. If it were a case of giving him for my own country, I would not say a word. But I do not want to lose my boy through any foolish desire of his to see the world and the excitement of war. He is but a child—and I still think of him as a baby. I inclose his birth certificate and a picture of him that was taken but a month before he left home."

The picture showed a serious-faced boy—in knickers!

As soon as the facts were submitted to the Canadian War Office the king lost an ambitious Tommy. The boy was at once released. Since then there has been another boy of the same age who succeeded in getting into the Canadian recruits and who had to be yanked out again by the long arm of Washington officialdom.

These two so far represent the farthest north in martial juvenility. But there was the more recent case of a Bostonian 16 years old who had to be forcefully divorced from his dreams of blood and glory by the busy bureau in the Department of State.

The total of these belligerent youths is startling. A four-story cabinet in Mr. Bauskett's office is stuffed tightly with correspondence on these matters. In this cabinet the investigations concerning 3000 enlisted boys are filed. And these are only the cases that have not yet been settled. There are as many others that have ended with the discharge of the disgraced young warriors. Inquiries pour in at the rate of fifty a day.

There is an indication in these figures of the horde of Americans who have joined the fighting forces in one capacity or another. These 6000 are all boys under age. They probably represent but a small percentage of the Americans old enough to go to war and get shot if they feel that by so doing they are satisfying their consciences or curiosity thereby.

Up to six months ago there was no difficulty about obtaining the release of youngsters under 21 by the British war authorities at London. There are no grounds on which the American government can demand the



Frank N. Bauskett (left) and Sidney Y. Smith (right) chief of diplomatic bureau.

discharge of these boys. Discharges were granted by the British purely as a courtesy to the United States authorities.

But recently there has been less sentiment in the matter. Now only boys under 18 are turned out by the War Office. If the boy's parents can prove that he is less than 18 it is comparatively easy for the State Department to secure his release.

"If he is 18 or more," observed Mr. Bauskett, "the present chances are that he will have to stay where he is and fight for the allies. It is less difficult to secure the release of boys from the Canadian force."

In discussing this matter Mr. Bauskett points to section 2 of the act of Congress of March 2, 1907, in reference to the expatriation of citizens and their protection abroad. It says "that any American citizen shall be deemed to have expatriated himself when . . . he has taken an oath of allegiance to any foreign state." And oaths of allegiance are required by the British authorities before any one can join their forces.

Another source of work and worry to the State Department's new division are the boys who go across the Atlantic as valets for war-bound horses. When they get to Liverpool they are certain to feel the effect of the strange psychological wave that grips every traveler in the danger zone.

Mothers whose sons have "joined up" do not stop at writing the State Department themselves. They immediately enlist the aid of their Representative and both Senators from their State. Often, also, they get the whole congressional delegation of their district into line. This means that each lawmaker, alive to the requirements of his voters, sits down and dictates a letter to the department impressing on it all the logical and sentimental reasons why the government should bring to bear every possible pressure for the release of the budding Napoleon.

In many cases the letters come without money inclosures, and the State Department has no fund to apply in this direction. To make some of the more important requirements clear, forms are sent out setting forth what is necessary.

The circular states that on the presentation of satisfactory proof, through the American Consulate-General at London, the British War Department will release any American citizen who was a minor at the time when he enlisted. He will be discharged without pay at the place where he happens to be when the discharge takes effect, if the request is presented to the proper authorities during the minority of the boy. Here are some of the facts that must be set forth and verified by oath or affirmation of one of the parents or guardian:

The boy's name, the branch of the service in which he enlisted, the date of enlistment and the place where he was last heard from.

The age and citizenship of the boy, with a certified copy of his birth record where such exist.

The citizenship of the minor's father.

It is made clear that as the State Depart-

ment has no appropriation for these youngsters' transportation a sum of money not less than \$45 must be furnished for bringing each boy from the place of his discharge. Since the discharged trooper is not allowed to wear the British uniform, parents are advised that it is a good plan to forward \$25 in addition so that the youth can buy necessary clothes and sustain himself until he gets home. If the boy is in England the money should be sent in the form of a draft on London payable to the order of the American Consul-General there. If he is in Canada the draft should be made payable to the American Consul-General at Ottawa.

The letters received inquiring for boys who have "joined up" are eloquent and often illiterate compositions of love and fears. Most of them are from mothers who are willing to do anything to prove that their sons are too young to belong to any army. In the files of the department are clips full of correspondence that include pages ripped from the family Bible, showing the entry made at the birth of the boy who is under international discussion. Many ludicrous stories have come before this interesting bureau. One of them is the case of Willie:

Willie is 17—going on 18. He disappeared from his home in Akron and the next his father heard of him was a letter mailed in Toronto. Willie set forth gleefully that he had joined a highland regiment and that he was at the time of writing dogged out in a plaid skirt and bare knees.

The father sat down at once and took it up with the State Department. After the usual formalities the release of Willie was conceded by the courteous Canadians. But Willie had known what it was to feel like a soldier and he was not going to give up his uniform without a fight.

Three weeks later another letter came from the agitated father.

"Willie has enlisted again," it said. "He took still another name and was taken into another regiment."

Again the forces of the State Department were set in action and Willie was once more released. The two workers in the bureau imagined that they had heard the last from the boy and dismissed his case in the press of the others. The rest was brief. After a month there was yet another letter from Willie's father.

"That boy of mine"—a tone of exasperation was plainly evident in the pages—"has taken a plain name and has joined a battery of Canadian field artillery. Will you please see if you can get him discharged again?"

The department for the third time secured Willie's release. So far as they know now, Willie is at home in the bosom of his family—but, being familiar with Willie, they will not venture a definite statement on the subject. They hope that the boy has at last become discouraged and decided to wait for his eighteenth birthday.

Not all the boys whose release is asked of the State Department are under 21. A worried mother in Kansas wrote to Washington recently asking about what was necessary to get her son out of the British army.

The communication lacked details, and she was asked for proofs that her son was under the age required. The mother wrote back:

"My boy isn't under age. In fact, he is 44 years old. But I don't want to have him killed, so I thought you would send him back to me."

It was explained to her that the United States would have no grounds for asking the release of a man of his age.

One of the strangest cases the bureau has seen is known as The Deserter. This man was a Briton by birth and of legal age. Before the war he was in the United States and while here joined the American army. When the European war broke out, the fires of his old allegiance flamed in this man's breast. He deserted from his regiment, crossed to England and joined the British forces. For some reason he didn't like the realities of war as much as he expected, and the result was a letter to the State Department.

"I write," said he, "to see if you can't get me released from the British army. I deserted from the American army. Therefore you should be able to secure my discharge and return to the States to take the consequences."

Of course, nothing could be done for him.

Another case of special interest was that of a minor who was in Australia when the war broke out. He caught the fever and volunteered for the Anzac forces. When the father, out in Ohio, heard of it, he got in touch with the State Department, and started immediately for Melbourne. The Australian authorities agreed to discharge the youngster. But—

"This boy of yours," they said to the old gentleman, "has had several months' training here. We figure that this training cost the colony \$150. It has been entirely wasted, and we think that it would be only right for you to pay our government \$150 in compensation."

The father paid. He brought his son home after a trip that took five months in time and over a thousand dollars in money.

Sometimes the investigations of the bureau are brought to an abrupt and tragic end. Three cases have been ended with the terse communication from the British War Office:

"Private — has been killed in action."

A Slippery Story.

Sea captains have many adventures, and the stories of their wonderful escapes seldom lose by repetition. Many years ago pirates cruised up and down the English Channel, to the great peril of the merchantmen. The story is told of a Capt. Davis, who was noted for his quick wit as well as for his skill in navigation, that he was returning from Ireland with a cargo consisting mainly of butter.

He had not been out very long when a pirate was seen coming down upon him. In vain all sails were spread; every moment brought the pirate nearer.

The men were at their wit's end, but the captain knew a trick or two. He ordered his men to take off their boots and stockings, and directed that a score of butter barrels be brought on deck.

In a few minutes the barrels had been knocked to pieces, and the butter was thickly spread all over the deck and outside the ship. Not a rope nor a spar that was not slippery. Even without their boots and stockings the sailors could scarcely keep on their legs.

On came the pirate, not dreaming how smoothly he was to be received. Capt. Davis assumed an air of submission, and allowed the enemy to come alongside quietly.

But when they jumped over, fully armed, with pistol in one hand and sword in the other, they slipped about and tumbled over one another on the buttered deck like so many rats.

One fellow shot head-foremost down into the cabin, where he was immediately set upon by the boy; another slid across the deck, and shot out into the sea by an opposite porthole.

Not one of them could stand on his feet, and as pirates are generally superstitious, an idea seized them that the ship was possessed of the devil. They hurried back into their own vessel, cast loose, and Capt. Davis got safely into port at the expense of a few pounds of butter.

For Wife, Mother, Daughter and Maid.
"HOME, SWEET HOME." BY A HOUSEKEEPER.
THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

Clergyman's Sore Throat.

IT HAS been observed for many years that clergymen are subject to a peculiar type of sore throat, while lawyers, who use their vocal organs quite as freely, seldom suffer from this affliction. The fact that throats used for pouring out Gospel truths should be harassed, while those used essentially for harassing should escape unscathed, strikes the orthodox thinker as incongruous. Some have ascribed it to the difference in physical fiber between ministers and attorneys, the lawyer's muscles, like his utterances, being somewhat tougher and more elastic.

Dr. George Steele-Perkins of London, however, offers a very different explanation. He attributes the clergyman's difficulty to his posture while speaking. "On thinking over the matter," he says, "the only difference the writer could perceive between a clergyman's and a lawyer's speaking was that the clergyman spoke down to his congregation and a lawyer spoke up to the judge, the former thus pressing on his larynx and causing congestion, whereas the lawyer had his larynx and throat in a normal position, or rather in a hyponormal position. From that time on I have always advised such patients to speak looking up at their audience and never down."

In all cases observed by the doctor, this treatment has proved successful. Which suggests that if the auditorium of churches were arranged as amphitheatres, rather than with raised pulpits, there might be less wear and tear on the vocal organs of the pastors.

Luxury of Modern Breakfast Foods.

There is a popular impression that the modern breakfast food is a cheap article of diet. This impression has been aided, and perhaps abetted, by the quantity and color of the printer's ink that is now measured in acres for the purpose of attracting our attention to these foods. Yet it appears from investigations just completed by the government chemists at the South Dakota Experiment Station, that these breakfast foods form "one noteworthy item in the high cost of living."

The government investigators had three objects in view in making their analyses: (1.) to detect fraud; (2.) to determine actual nutritive value; and (3.) to find the comparative cost to the consumer.

It may be stated at once that no frauds were detected. And in justice to the manufacturers it should be stated also that all the popular brands on the market are highly nutritious. But, apparently, they are neither more nor less so than the older forms, which are now almost obsolete, and their cost is very, very much greater.

"There is, of course, no novelty in cereals as a regular component of the dietary of man; they have been used from time immemorial," says the Journal of the American Medical Association. "Wheat, corn, rye, oats, rice and barley have furnished liberal sources of nutriment to all the peoples of the earth; but as Mendel has remarked, 'the ready-to-eat breakfast foods' in highly advertised, neat and attractive packages have replaced the less expensive cereals long sold in bulk.

"The change is not merely one of the container or package; the contents no longer are the same. Oatmeal, for example, has lost some of its former popularity through the inroads of cornflakes and wheat foods. Except from the standpoint of extreme economy, however, the innovations have as a rule been wholesome and usually in the interest of food hygiene. The purity of the products has not infrequently surpassed the honesty of the advertisement."

Comparative Food Values.

"The nutritive value of these cereal preparations, estimated from their content of true nutrients per pound, does not vary materially. All of them must be regarded as wholesome and nutritious. They are sold in sealed packages which reach the consumer under sanitary conditions. Buying in bulk seems to have gone out of fashion, so as to speak. The reason lies in the fact that consumers demand package service at a much greater cost.

The most striking difference between

the marketed package cereals lies in their price estimated on the basis of nutrient units. It varied, according to the report of the South Dakota Station, all the way from 7 cent to 44 cents per pound. The cost of 1000 calories in these breakfast foods is from 4 to 25.4 cents, while the cost of a pound of protein runs from 45 cents to \$4.60. In the case of the common, old-fashioned food preparations from grains, the following data represent comparable costs:

	1000 Calories.	One Pound Protein.
Wheat flour	2	24
Oatmeal	1.3	44
Cornmeal	2	22
Rye flour	2	47
Rice grains	4	75

"These figures, cited from the South Dakota report, show at a glance that the manufacture of these grains into breakfast foods has increased the cost enormously without adding anything to their nutritive value.

"The average cost of the raw breakfast foods now on the market is about 8 cents a pound; of the ready-to-serve, about 16 cents. The price of these products has advanced about 33 per cent. during the last fifteen years. The South Dakota report ventures the statement that whatever is paid above the average cost of those now obtainable is unwarranted. The ready-to-serve kinds save the trouble of cooking, and often appeal in a special way to the taste. But we must agree with the State chemist that none of the breakfast foods are strictly economical. Their chief claim for popularity is in their package form."

Average Length of Human Life.

The average length of human life has been gradually increasing in all civilized countries since the Dark Ages, particularly during the last century. Undoubtedly this is due in large measure to better sanitation and hygiene rather than to any increase in man's resistance to disease. But a study of the available data about longevity suggests that certain races are naturally longer lived than others even when susceptibility to disease and hygienic conditions are practically identical.

Thus it appears that the average length of life in New England is practically the same as the average longevity in old England, the average span for men in both countries being 44.1 years, and for women, 46.6 in New England and 47.7 in Great Britain. In Prussia, the average length of life is considerably less, being 41.0 for males and 44.5 for females; while in France the average length of life for men is 45.7, for women, 49.1. Yet Prussia is credited with being considerably in advance of all European countries in matters of hygiene and sanitation. All these countries, however, are outranked by the Scandinavians, who live up to their reputation as a "hardy race," with an average length of life of 50.2 for males and 53.2 for females.

It will be seen from this that the average Dane lives almost nine years longer than the average Prussian, his immediate neighbor. And, since sanitary conditions and general methods of life are certainly not better in Denmark than in Prussia, we are justified in believing that the difference in average longevity is really a racial one. Apparently the modern Scandinavian still clings to the hardy constitution handed down from his Viking ancestors who made a holiday of running over and invading any other country that struck their fancy.

Ridding the House of Flies.

The crop of house flies that makes its appearance at this time of year seems even more troublesome than the ones earlier in the season. Moreover, these late flies are probably quite as active in spreading diseases, since they seek the interiors of houses more persistently and always find ways of carrying out their designs.

Probably the best method of getting rid of these pests, once they have succeeded in passing the screen barriers, is by poisoning them. And, undoubtedly the best substance to be used for this purpose is one of the two recently suggested by the government chemists, namely, formaldehyde or sodium salicylate. Formaldehyde is a liquid known everywhere as a disinfectant, while

sodium salicylate is a white powder readily soluble in water.

The government chemists suggest that solutions of either of the agents be prepared by the addition of three tablespoonfuls of either the 40 per cent. solution of formaldehyde (which is the usual strength of the preparations on the market,) or the powdered sodium salicylate, to a pint of water. Fill a glass tumbler two-thirds full with this solution, place over this a piece of blotting paper cut to circular form and somewhat larger in diameter than the tumbler, and over this invert a saucer. Invert the whole device and insert a match or toothpick under the edge of the tumbler to allow access of air. The blotting paper will remain in the proper moist condition until the entire contents of the tumbler have been used and the strength of the solution will be maintained.

A little sugar sprinkled upon the paper will increase the attractiveness of the poison for the flies. Either of these preparations may be safely used where there are young children, although the addition of the sugar is not recommended in such cases. The formaldehyde, unlike arsenic preparations, has an unpleasant taste and a harmful dose could not be taken in this solution. No bad effects would result from tasting the salicylate solution.

The Disease-Aftermath of War.

Although the civil population of any country at war bears its full burden of suffering during the period of actual conflict, this burden is often increased after fighting has ceased. One of the chief items of this increased suffering is the dissemination of diseases by the returning soldiers. Indeed, there is scarcely a war in ancient or modern times that does not furnish examples of the special distribution of disease in this manner.

"There have been recorded many special observations of the introduction or distribution of disease in the civil population by the movements of armies or return home of the soldiers from a distant war," says Dr. Vernon Kellogg. "The diffusion of typhus in Europe by the Napoleonic wars, the introduction of syphilis into Scotland by Cromwell's troops and into Sweden in 1762 by the Swedish troops returning from the Seven Years' War, are examples. During Napoleon's Egyptian campaign nearly every soldier out of an army of 32,000 men was affected by trachoma, and the return of these soldiers initiated a spread of the disease through almost all the European armies. The great epidemic of smallpox in 1871, especially notable in Germany, is believed to be associated with the Franco-Prussian War."

How Garibaldi's Wound Healed.

Half a century ago it was the belief of most surgeons that bullets lodged in any part of the body should be probed for and "extracted at all hazards." The modern surgeon, who is able to locate bullets with mathematical accuracy with the X-ray, often allows the bullet to remain where it has lodged unless there is some very special reason for digging it out. And results prove the wisdom of the modern surgeon's attitude.

It is an interesting bit of history that a famous Russian surgeon advocated and practiced the conservative method of letting impacted bullets alone more than fifty years ago, and by this method undoubtedly saved the life of the Italian patriot, Garibaldi. The great soldier, wounded in the right leg and captured at the battle of Aspromonte, was placed under the care of several European surgeons, who tried unsuccessfully to remove the bullet.

At that time the Russian surgeon, Pirogoff, was stopping in Heidelberg, and the Russian students at that university raised the sum of 1000 francs to induce the surgeon to examine Garibaldi. Pirogoff refused the fee, but he visited the patriot, examined his wound, and contrary to the opinions of all the other surgeons, advised letting the bullet alone. He also suggested removal to a dry climate with plenty of fresh air and sunshine. The soldier took his advice, moved into a dry climate and recovered.



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THE CITY OF GOLDEN SANDS.

Queer Features of Life in Nome. By Frank G. Carpenter.

Gold Washed Out of Ocean

A SOCIAL CENTER UNDER THE NORTH POLE. THE LONG WINTER AND HOW IT IS SPENT. THE ARTIC BROTHERHOOD AND LOG CABIN CLUB—BUSINESS IN THE FAR NORTH. AMONG THE GOLD MINERS OF THE SEA.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

NOME (Alaska).—I am in the Hotel Golden Gate, in the City of Golden Sands. I can look out of my window upon the beach from which fortunes have been washed with the salt water of the ocean, and all about me is the city of Nome, whose foundations are laid upon soil sprinkled with gold dust. Nevertheless, the view is as dismal as that of Poverty Flat. The hotel is an ugly, dreary barn of four

gold dust to the amount of more than \$2,000,000, an average of \$4000 per man. For a distance of forty miles along the shore the sands were found to contain gold and the best pay was right here at Nome. Just west of the town two men cleaned up \$3800 in three days. The stories of the miners are interesting. I shall write some of them later.

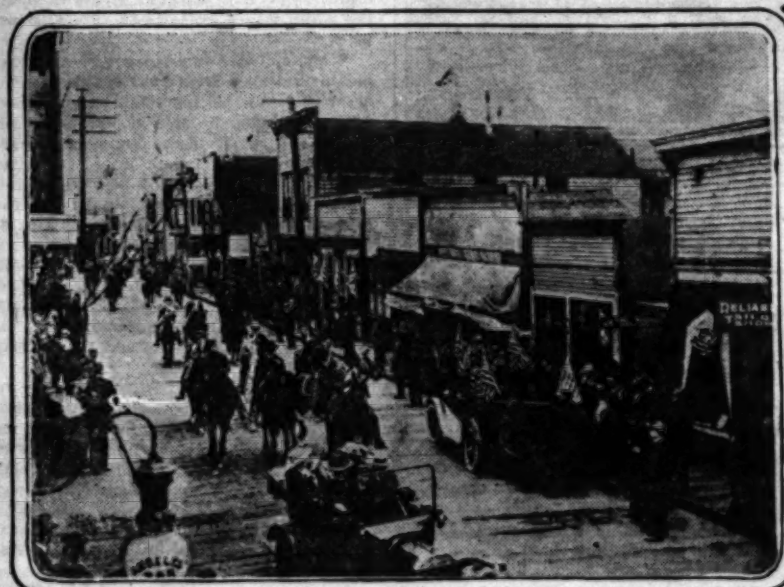
As I walked up the beach this afternoon I saw men still washing gold out of the sand. In one place they had put up an engine and stretched a rude tent above it. Connected with the engine was a pipe of about six inches in diameter which carried the water to the top of a sluice box twenty or thirty feet high. The men were throwing the sand into the box and the stream was wash-

mukluks and garments of skins. Their fat Mongolian features look out of fur hoods, the bristles of which are as long as a hat pin. Some are clad in parkas of fur or cotton, with their feet in boots or sealskin that reach to the knees. There are little Eskimo children that look more like furry balls than American children, until you observe their copper-colored faces and see their black eyes twinkling out of the fur hoods. There are Eskimo women with babies tied to their backs; the faces of the little ones look out over the shoulders of their mothers. There are Eskimo grown-ups dressed half in fur and half in the rags of our civilization. The queerest Eskimo sights are when the rain comes, and this just now is most of the time. Then the

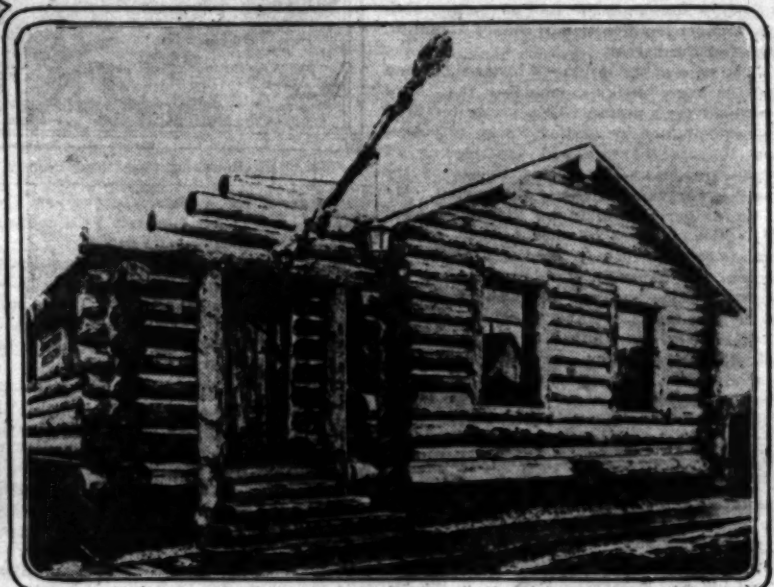
establishments selling mining supplies and hardware are especially large. I went through one hardware store that does a business of several hundred thousand dollars a year.

The provision stores carry stocks which seem out of proportion to the size of the community. This is especially so in the fall, for at that time full supplies have to be laid in for the long winter months. The last steamer comes late in October. From then on for six months or more the country is ice-bound, and such goods as are brought in must be on dog sleds which have to travel a thousand miles or more to get here. Such supplies cost as much in freight as the first price of the goods.

The place is a wholesale center. It sup-



Front street at Nome during a holiday.



The Log Cabin Club.

stories, and it is golden only in the high charges for any petty service the guest may want. It costs me 10 cents to press the electric button which brings the bellboy, and the bills for laundry are beyond computation.

The city of Nome is one of shreds and patches. The municipality is the raggedest I have yet found in Alaska. It has houses enough for 10,000 people, but its citizens are only one-third of that number. The buildings are of every description, and they are scattered along streets paved with plank, or gravel, or the sand of the sea shore.

At the upper end is the Eskimo village. It is composed of tents, rude cabins and shacks of boards, the most of them put up by the placer miners when they were washing gold out of the ocean, and now occupied by squatters and Eskimos. The town proper is further down the beach. The chief street is Front street, a wide road paved with thick planks and lined with houses of one or two stories. Some of the buildings contain excellent stores, but there are many vacancies, and signs of "To Rent" are to be seen in every block. Nome is on the decline. Its population today is not one-tenth of what it was at the time of the great stampede. Like all placer mining camps, it decreases with the washing out of the gold from the sands.

Wealth in the Sands.

Nome lies right on the sea. I stood on Front street today at high tide and threw a stone into the ocean. It ricocheted over a beach which was once a gold mine. Nome is bounded on the west by a strip of gold-bearing shore sixty feet wide and three miles in length, the sands of which were once mixed with gold dust. When this was discovered men came here by the thousands from all parts of the world to wash out the gold, and many took away fortunes. As the miners came in each picked out for himself a certain part of the beach. He drove in a stake where his feet stood and drew a mark on the sand on each side of him as far out as he could reach with a shovel, and this was his claim. This was the condition at the beginning, the claims being small. Nevertheless out of such holdings 300 men took

ing it away, the gold being caught in riffles or iron gratings in the bottom of the box.

Further north some men were rocking out the gold in cradles, and there was ratchety mining going on all along the beach. I saw a woman laying out a claim and fencing it with poles. She seemed to resent my inspection. She was a positive woman and did not want visitors.

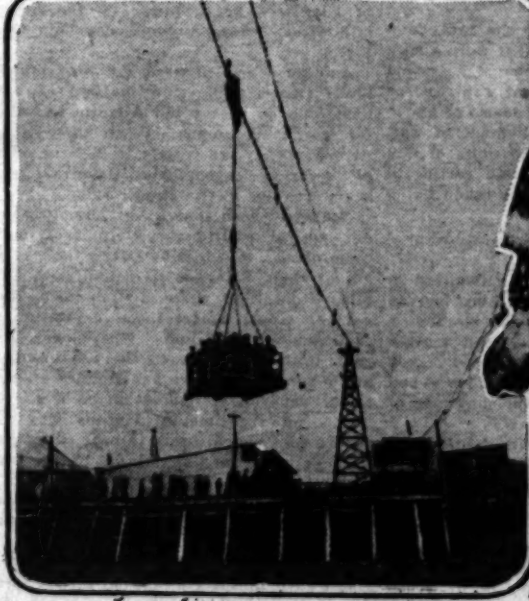
I am told there is still gold in these sands in front of Nome and that more comes in at every high tide. One can get color almost anywhere by washing the sand. A low-grade deposit amounting to something like 50 cents a cubic yard is said to run for miles along the seashore, and machinery may yet be employed to get this gold out.

Streets of Gold.

When you walk along the streets of Nome you may know you are walking on gold. I doubt not that there is a fortune under the planks of Front street, and that if the buildings could be cleared away from the tundra on which they stand it could be mined at a profit. Some of the houses have cellars which yielded enough pay dirt to cover the cost of the digging. The gold is scattered through the earth in patches or pockets, and there are probably many pockets yet undiscovered.

Back of Nome one can see the tailings from which the gold has been taken. There is a plain running from the shore to a low range of mountains. This plain is about four miles in width. It is composed of three ancient beaches which have grown up throughout the ages. From these beaches millions of dollars' worth of gold have already been mined, and upon all of them the miners are working today.

The street scenes of Nome are interesting. The characters are those of the frontier gold-mining region of the icy north, mixed with the Eskimo life of Siberia and Alaska. There are many women and men as well dressed as those of our cities, and there are others clad in the rough clothing necessary to hard labor in the Far North. There are miners wearing shoes laced to their knees, or white or black rubber boots that reach to the waist. There are Eskimos in



Loading passengers.



Eskimo mother and child.

Eskimos put on waterproof coats made of the bladders of the walrus, a skin which is as thin as paper, but which turns the rain and keeps one dry in the wettest of weather. This skin is in small pieces sewed together in bulbous patches. The coats are loose fitting, and they have white hoods to cover the heads.

Interesting Merchandise.

Among the most striking business features of Nome are the curio shops, stores selling mining materials, and those dealing in furs of every description. Some of the latter have polar bear skins costing from \$40 to \$75 apiece, glacier bear skins worth one-fourth as much, and brown bear skins of great size. The stores have also white fox skins, reindeer hides and skins of the ermine which are as white as snow with a pinch of black on the end of the tail. The

plies the trade of the camps of the Seward Peninsula, and also those of the Arctic coast of Alaska, and for much of North-eastern Siberia, as well.

The traffic of Nome includes all sorts of vehicles. You may see automobiles on Front street at every hour of the day. Great wagons hauling six tons of fish at a load are drawn by heavy horses over the planks, and behind them may come little carts pulled by dogs. Looking down one of the side streets you may see the pup-moblie. This is a car fitted to run on the railroad or on the board streets. The railroad of Nome was built for steam cars. It did not pay, so the travel over it is now on handcars, each drawn by from seven to fourteen dogs. Nome has also its carriages and buckboards,

VERY possible effort should be made from five to ten inches long, of a medium price. Yet in 1915 we imported more than three times as much corn as in 1908, just ten years earlier. And the demand is increasing. Corn, whether held, sweet, or pop; white, yellow, or blue, is a staple of the nation.

VALUABLE INFORMATION IN A NUTSHELL.

Wisdom in Paragraphs. By Ernest Brantton.

WHITE-FACED BLACK SPANISH FOWL LEAD.

A Glorious Record. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

Old Breed Under California Conditions.

IN THE development and perfecting of prolific and correctly marked strains of poultry California seems destined to become the home of all the breeds and varieties comprising the Mediterranean or non-sitting class. Of late years our Brown and White Leghorns, our Black Minorcas and Blue Andalusians have given excellent accounts of themselves, both in the leading exhibitions and performances in the yield of profitable crops of hen fruit. In addition to these gratifying results, however, Southern California enjoys the distinction of establishing a strain of White Faced Black Spanish that have maintained a supremacy in not only the big shows of America, but also in England. For the past twenty years this strain of birds has stood against the field and won; for the past ten years it has been recognized by fanciers as the best strain of Black Spanish fowl in England and the United States. Such a record is possible only under ideal conditions. In the first place it typifies the real fancier; and in the second place said fancier must be in a position financially to carry out certain lines of procedure to gain his points—all of which require some money, some patience, and lots of enthusiasm and a virile ambition. Let it be said all these characteristics are embodied in Robert A. Rowan, a Los Angeles realty man among business men and a real sport and fancier when it comes to the beautiful and useful in fowl and animal life. To handle a single breed for twenty-five years purely for the love of it, is to know it—and to know it affords the initiative and knowledge to breed for quality and points.

The White Faced Black Spanish is no new breed, but an old breed renewed and improved. As early as the fifties of the last century it was popular in England, entries in the shows going as high as 300 individual specimens. For a period of about forty years it has been known in America. With the advent of the Leghorns and Minorcas, however, it seems to have suffered an eclipse, and from the eighties to the close of the century it was less a feature in the show room as well as in the hands of commercial breeders. Of late years there is a revival of interest in the breed, and for those who admire a black plumage and a white face, the breed possesses attractions peculiarly its own. In type and carriage it is essentially Mediterranean, the one striking and radically different feature from all other breeds is the large white face, bred to size of late years much beyond what it was in its earlier stages. Black Spanish have been bred in Holland and The Netherlands for years; but to English and American breeders belongs the distinction of developing the pronounced white face as we know and see it today.

Like all breeds and varieties of fowl constituting the Mediterranean class, the White Faced Black Spanish is essentially an egg breed, though the carcass is equally as desirable as that of a Leghorn or Black Minorca. The hens are good layers of large white-shelled eggs. There are those who claim that the breed is delicate; that the chicks are hard to raise; that they are subject to the attack of disease. All this may be more or less true in the regions of ice and snow, where all fowl life is more subject to physical ills than in a warmer climate. Under a California sun the Spanish fowl does quite as well as the Leghorn or Minorca and in performance is in no way behind them; indeed, when bred at its best and properly handled, there is no breed that lays a larger number of good sized eggs in a given time. Our illustration shows Mr. Rowan's winning pen at the Madison Square (New York City) Poultry Show. Birds from his yards will again enter the lists at that fixture for 1917.

Guinea Fowl as a Table Delicacy.

With the growing scarcity of our wild edible birds, such as grouse, prairie chicken, etc., there has grown quite a little demand for the Guinea fowl among people who like good living. In the high-class restaurants it is often served as pheasant meat, prairie chicken, grouse, etc. Guineas have been kept somewhat as a fancy, and also as a guard against hawks, as their shrill call is quite apt to frighten away fly-



CALIFORNIA-BRED WHITE FACED BLACK SPANISH FOWL.

It is not only a pleasure, but a matter of pride, to know that this strain of the old White Faced Black Spanish race of our domesticated fowls has carried the pennant for quality wherever shown, both in England and America, thus demonstrating that California conditions are ideal for the growing of the best there is in the Mediterranean classes. The illustration shows the winning birds of Robert A. Rowan, Los Angeles, at the Madison Square (New York City) and Boston shows.

ing enemies. Though not great producers, the eggs of the hens are not at all bad, nevertheless their importance for table use is their chief value, and seems to be growing. Those who have tried the Guinea as a table delicacy are of the opinion that a pair of young stuffed and roasted, basted with butter until they are half done, deserve more frequent place upon our menus. Season the gravy with a chopped shallot and parsley, not omitting the giblets, minced, and thicken with browned flour. Serve with currant or some other tart jelly. A little finely minced ham improves the dressing.

Unless Guinea fowls are young, they are apt to be tough. They may be made very savory, however, by stewing as follows: Clean and divide them as you would a chicken for fricassee. Put into a saucepan with several minced slices of cold ham, or salt pork which is not too fat, and stew very slowly with about a quart of water for at least an hour, keeping on the lid all the while. Then stir in a large chopped onion, a half spoon of powdered sage—or a whole spoonful of the green leaves cut fine—half as much parsley, a tablespoon of catsup, and some black pepper. Stew another half hour, or until the fowl is tender; then add a teaspoon of salt and a tablespoon of browned flour, previously wet with cold water. Boil up once, and serve in a deep covered dish.

This method is excellent for any old or tough fowl. There is nothing in the shape of poultry or game that is not amenable to this process, providing the salt be omitted until the meat is tender.

Some Thoughts and Remedies on Roup.

J. L. Harrison, in a late issue of Poultrycraft, says some pertinent things on that dreaded trouble of chickens usually covered by the general term of roup, which he designates as "a scourge just beyond the grasp of medical science." He further admits that when an isolated case shows up in his flock he finds the hatchet a very good remedy, to be followed by burying the victim deep or else by cremation. Science may discover a remedy in the shape of inoculation with effective serums, but in the meantime prevention is better than cure. Mr. Harrison further calls attention to the fact that there is a difference between common catarrhal colds and roup—a different specific germ and a distinguishable difference in the symptoms, though a specimen weakened by a long continued catarrhal

cold is a fit subject for an attack of roup, the latter often following the former. A little prevention is good—better than much medicine in cases of catarrhal colds, though we are free to admit that hot days and cool nights in Southern California are productive of colds. Something in the drinking water may help, though it is doubtful, pure cold water being more palatable and more of it is taken into the system, thereby more effectually flushing out disease germs. Where individual treatment is practical, the formula given out by Storrs College works well: One part chloroform, three parts cottonseed oil. An improved method of application is to use a bicycle oiler, saving time and getting the mixture further up the nostril than possible with a piece of absorbent cotton. A full crop of grain carrying plenty of heat producing units is a good night feed, spraying the dropping boards with a strong carbolic solution just before dark is helpful, while a freedom from draughts is excellent. Some years these catarrhal colds are epidemic all over the State, while in other years, they give less trouble.

Some Winter Poultry "Don'ts."

Don't forget the shows are now in full swing and if you want to enter the lists and win, your exhibition specimens should be in good physical condition; final cleaning and grooming is also an essential December operation.

Don't overcrowd birds in either houses or yards; in the former estimate on about ten cubic feet roosting space and in the latter about four square feet for scratching space.

Don't neglect dry scratching material during the wet and cold days; damp straw soon becomes moldy and soggy, which render it unhealthy for the birds.

Don't fail to attend the Los Angeles show January 3 to 9. The exhibits of Black Minorcas, Light Brahmas and White Faced Black Spanish promise to be larger than usual.

Don't forget, if handling any of the American breeds, to compete for the Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly cup, which is offered for the best male and female in the class, all varieties competing.

Don't forget the nesting material to have it dry and sanitary during the rainy days. Filthy material harbors insects, and the germs of disease.

Don't practice the use of stimulating

foods and condiments. Used with discretion and in limited quantities they are at times beneficial to birds out of condition, but should not be used regularly.

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I HAVE an ideal location for a poultry ranch. Located just off paved boulevard about 20 miles from Riverside. Near good town. Have plenty of land and free gravity water, large reservoir, orchard, shade trees and buildings.

I want a practical poultryman who has made a success of the business in California to operate on shares. Must have some money and I will back it with the land, water and feed. This is a fine opportunity for someone who has experience and who is able and wants to start a poultry ranch on a large scale. See Owner, C, Box No. 254 Times Office.

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Our free book "Chickens from shell to market" gives full particulars.
Coulson Co. Petaluma Cal.

June 6, 1914.

and you may often see a woman on horse-back.

Unique Residences.

The residences of the city are as odd as the business establishments. No one has built his home as a permanency. When Nome was first started there was no lumber to be had, and the first homes were tents. Later, frame houses were built over the tents, or as an annex to them. Many small buildings went up, and then came even-to-day there are but few large houses, and many a home has only three or four rooms. One reason for this is the cost of fuel and the difficulty of keeping the houses warm during the cold winter months.

The sky line of the Nome streets is as ragged as the jaws of a boy whose second teeth are just coming. The buildings are of an uneven height, the roofs of some rising high above those of the others. This makes it necessary for the little buildings to have high stovepipes, in order that their draught may not be cut off by the taller structures about them. The result is, a little cottage will often have a galvanized stovepipe as high as itself, rising above it. Looking down on the town, one sees a thicket of these smokestacks springing out of the roofs. They look like handles to the houses below, and make one think of so many Irish whillalabs, the pipes being the handles and the houses the knobs on the ends of the clubs.

Many of these houses have gardens. Nome has a short summer, but it is so far north that the sun works from eighteen to twenty-four hours during the summer, and hence they are able to grow lettuce, turnips and other green stuff. Nearly every woman has some flowers in her front windows, and some have flowers growing outside. Entering, you find these homes very well furnished. They have their pianos and other musical instruments. They are well equipped with books and magazines, and, in fact, with all the furnishings of the cultured homes of the United States proper.

A Sonorous Hotel.

There are but few big buildings in Nome. The largest is the Golden Gate Hotel, a four-story shack with numerous bay-windows running across its front. The building is of light wood, which carries sound like a fiddle-box. The moving of a bed on the ground floor sends a noise to the rooms in the attic. The place is as dreary as can be imagined, but it is the only large hotel in the town.

Among the other buildings of note are the courthouse, the postoffice and Eagle Hall. There is also a large public school building and a commodious hospital. The United States customhouse and the United States road commission have quarters of galvanized iron, or rather tin, shacks. The town is especially proud of its fire department and life-saving station. These are in a little frame building on Front street, one side of which faces the street, the other the ocean.

I like Nome. Its people are up and doing. There are but few drones among them, and the most of them, to use a western expression, are good boosters. They have a hope for the future of their city. They do not expect it to hold the population that it once had, but they say that owing to the large area of low-grade gold earth about it Nome is bound to be an industrial mining center for generations to come. They say also that its position is such that it will always be the chief port of the Seward Peninsula, a territory which has vast mineral resources yet to be developed. This may be so, but the harbor leaves much to be desired. The port is almost an open roadstead, and goods have to be landed in lighters, while passengers are slung high into the air on an aerial cable car, and thus brought to the shore.

I shall not forget my landing at Nome. It was early in the morning when our steamer cast anchor, far out from the shore. We were taken from the ship by a steam launch to a landing, above which rose a great tower in the ocean far out from the shore. This tower is connected by a cable with another tower of an equal height on the mainland, and passengers are taken from the ocean tower to the land in a platform cable, which is raised by machinery to the cable and carried upon it to the shore. The cage will hold forty or fifty passengers, and it skates, as it were, through the air,

high above the billows beneath. The baggage is brought the same way. Embarking by Basket.

It is also difficult to go from the landing place to the steamer. The boats rise and fall with the waves, and embarking and disembarking are quite as dangerous as at Beira, South Africa, where one is let down in a basket, or at Jaffa, where he climbs down a rope ladder into small boats. In landing from the Victoria to the launch we used a ladder which was slung to the side of the ship. The motion was so great that the women of the party had to be held by the sailors as they descended.

Such are the conditions when the sea is comparatively quiet. During a storm the passengers must wait outside, and in spring and fall the steamers have to make their way through the ice. As winter comes on, the ocean near the shore freezes over, and along about the first of November the harbor is ice-bound, and one can look for miles over a sea of ice. From then on for the next seven months the city is shut out from the rest of the world by ice and snow. The thermometer drops to below zero and stays there throughout the winter. Sometimes it goes to 40 degs. below, and, further back from the sea, still lower.

Many of the people leave Nome to spend the winter in the States, returning the following summer. Those who remain adopt a dress much like that of the Eskimos. They have fur coats, shoes and boots, and protect their hands with fur mittens. Most of the citizens are confined to the town at this time, but there are trips with dog sleds across country, and except during blizzards there is communication between Nome and Council City by hot-air stages.

This letter is written in the heart of mid-summer. Just now the weather is delightful, and it is as soft and warm as New York or Massachusetts. The air is loaded with ozone, and one seems to be breathing champagne. It is light all day long, and I can read my newspaper at midnight.

Arctic Brotherhood.

The people here enjoy life. They have their social circles, their clubs and fraternal organizations. The Arctic Brotherhood has a Nome camp, and the best men of the town belong to what is known as the Log Cabin Club, an institution which is famous all over Alaska. The club takes its name from its house, which is one of the most picturesque club homes of the time. It is a cabin built of logs and furnished to correspond with its structure. The main clubroom is of great size, and the table which runs through its center is five feet in width and about thirty feet long. It is so made that the top seems to be one thick slab cut from a tree, and so smooth that you can see your face in it. The front door is of logs, and the great hinges are of wrought iron, hammered out by a blacksmith. The club is very hospitable, and strangers with good introductions find it a most delightful place during their stay.

I am told by the residents that the Nome winter is the most interesting time of the year. Then the people have all sorts of entertainments. They have dances, socials, fairs and amateur theatricals. They engage in out-of-door sports, and especially in skiing. It is quite the thing to go from the town to the creeks and mining camps, across country on skis or long, sled-like, sharp-pointed runners, one of which is fastened to each foot in such a way that they can skate over the snow. Nome has a ski club, and tournaments are held, in which prizes are awarded, both for jumping and for speed. Sleighting with dogs is another amusement. A common sight is a lady, wrapped in furs, sitting in a dog sled, with the driver running behind, holding on to the handle bars. Such sleds are used to go to dances held in the sleighing camps, and the men run races with each other, carrying their sweethearts in this way, while they and the dogs do their best to outdistance their fellows.

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

Disparaging a Virtue.

[Chicago News:] Mrs. Smith is one of those persons who, conscious of her own virtues, never loses an opportunity to disparage herself. Chief among her virtues is industry.

"Surely, you must be tired, auntie," said an admiring niece. "How can you work so long without a rest?"

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Smith, humbly, "I think it is because when I begin a piece of work I am too lazy to stop."

The New Dog.

PATERFAMILIAS TRIES TO MAKE SON HAPPY WITH A PET.

BY FLORENCE GOODFELLOW ROGERS.

Son wanted a dog, and Paterfamilias swore that if Son wanted a dog he should have a dog, all the objections of the Missus notwithstanding.

Now Paterfamilias did not live in his own house, but in an exclusive boarding-house, and he should have known better than to bring in a member of the canine tribe to disturb the dove of peace that perched on the community hat rack in the entrance hall. He bought the dog, a beautiful thoroughbred fox terrier, ten months old, house broke, etc., etc.—all those things dog fanciers tell you—and sent it to the house. The ladies rushed over with the little dear, and the men prodded him with approving fingers. No one could but be attracted by the shapely head with its brown ears cocked knowingly and the appealing brown eyes that watched every one with quick, changing glances. Son wasted no time in silent admiration, but gathered his chums together and romped with his new pet until supper time.

Paterfamilias hurried from the office a full hour earlier than usual in order to witness Son's delight—and incidentally to enjoy the dog himself, though this latter fact no one could get him to admit. During supper the little fellow was left in Son's room with a bowl of bread and milk for consolation, and after supper everyone trooped upstairs to see him. He hadn't done a thing in the interim to Son's sweater. What before supper had been a complete and perfect garment was now but a tangled mass of gray worsted with a much-puzzled but perfectly happy pup in the center.

No one had the heart to scold him. It was natural for puppies to be mischievous. Even the Missus closed her teeth on the "Costly dog!" she had intended to say with acrid sarcasm.

Then one of the ladies extricated the animal and he was passed from hand to hand much like the first baby in a family. As they drew closer to the light the generalities that were finding expression became more particular, and incidentally started an exodus. The ladies shook their gowns with various expressions more vehement than politeness, the Missus was reduced to tears of mortification, and from a safe vantage in the hall the men facetiously offered remedies from sulphur and molasses to Standard Oil. Son looked ruefully at the dog and then at his father. "What shall we do, papa?" he asked anxiously.

"Do!" thundered Paterfamilias. "Do! Why, get rid of the pesky things, of course!" "I won't have to give the dog up, will I?" asked the boy tearfully.

Paterfamilias was soothing. He had hopes. "No, Son, you needn't give him up," he replied. "We'll wash him good and plenty with a strong soap. That will get them out."

So Paterfamilias monopolized the bathroom while Son and the men folks stood round and looked on with encouraging jests. When he got through the fleas had jumped their claim on the pup in favor of Paterfamilias. However, the dog's skin was as pink as a baby's, and he looked so white and dainty after the vigorous scrubbing that Paterfamilias was loath to turn him out. He was perfectly willing not to hold it against the dog that the process of washing him had quite ruined his good trousers, which he had failed to change in his ignorance, and that he was out a couple of dollars to the maid to clean up after him.

The dog was tired. So was Paterfamilias. So was Son. So was everybody but the fleas. It had been discouraging to find the premises of such a perfectly good dog occupied by the loathsome creatures. It was more discouraging to find them doing the grasshopper hesitation—jump, hesitate and bite—on one's own fastidious person. So Paterfamilias told Son to take the dog into his room while he cleaned up, and until bedtime it lay quietly enough in one of Paterfamilias's old nightshirts on the Missus' lounge.

"Now, Son," said Paterfamilias, "the dog is yours and you must look after him. Trot along to bed and I'll tie him to your bureau so that he will be near enough for company but far enough away not to get up on the bed. It's up to you to let him out in the morning."

Paterfamilias had fallen into the first heavy sleep of the tired business man when

a scared, sleepy, white-robed figure came into his room.

"Papa! Papa!" he urged in a tearful voice, "the dog is making an awful fuss. He's barking and crying like anything. I don't know what to do with him. He'll wake everybody up. What shall I do?"

Paterfamilias snorted. He was sorry for himself until he opened both eyes and in the dim light saw Son. Then he was suddenly sorry for him.

"You go back to bed, Son," he said. "I'll look after the dog. I'll put him in the garage."

It wasn't a warm night and Paterfamilias shivered as he stepped out into the cold wet grass that swished against his bare ankles and up his loose pajama legs. He got to the garage in as few steps as possible and tied the dog to a nail in the wall. Doggle was as quiet and docile and contented as anyone could wish, and Paterfamilias's chest swelled with pride.

"Trust me to know a good dog!" he boasted to himself. "The poor little fellow's lonesome, that's all. He'll be all right now that he knows he's got to be alone." With a farewell pat he shut and stapled the door and started for the house, but had no sooner reached the end of the walk before the beautiful peace of the calm, starlit night was profaned by a long-drawn "Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Yi-yi-yi!" The howl of a coyote could be no worse in its effect. Paterfamilias hesitated and half turned, then he muttered an imprecation and resolutely re-entered the house.

"Oh, John!" moaned the Missus. "That awful dog! Can't you do something to stop him? He'll keep that up all the blessed night. Whatever will people think? Isn't there anything you can do?"

Now, when Paterfamilias had got up out of a warm bed and a sound sleep, and had himself courted pneumonia and newmown-hay-fever and bats and things, and had removed the dog from the house so as not to annoy people, that was unkind to say the least, and he felt peevish. "Knock him on the head with a brick," he growled, "that's the only thing I know of to keep the blamed beast quiet!"

"Oh, John! How can you be so cruel!" moaned the Missus.

Paterfamilias rolled over and pulled the coverings snugly beneath his chin.

After a time quiet descended. Unbelieving, Paterfamilias sat up in bed and strained his ears to catch the slightest elusive sound, but not even the flitter of a noise broke the stillness. He heaved a sigh of relief.

"There!" he said, triumphantly. "I knew he would quiet down as soon as he knew he had to stay alone. All this fuss over a little dog!"

The Missus sniffed. "Don't fool yourself! He's only getting his second wind. You'll see!"

And Paterfamilias did see, for just at that moment the dog began again more anguished than before.

With a triumphant, "There! Didn't I tell you?" the Missus drew her pillow well over her ears and settled herself for sleep.

As for Paterfamilias—he lay staring wide-eyed into the dark, mentally anathematizing himself for a particular fool, and condemning the entire canine tribe. The faint cold light of another day was making its way into the window before he dropped off to sleep.

At breakfast he made his pronouncement. "The dog must go, Son," said he. "This is no place for an animal. You'll have to wait for one until we are back again in our own house."

Son's lip quivered.

"Can't I have any kind of an animal, papa?" he asked plaintively.

Paterfamilias snorted. "Only the fleas, drat 'em!" he said as he reached viciously for his ankle. "They've evidently come to stay."

Breakage.

[Philadelphia Ledger:] "What was that morning, Mrs. Smith?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary. The maid broke some of our best china, and my husband broke one of the Commandments."

[Siren:] Coll: Was Dick surprised when you told him that he had flunked Math?

Issimo: Yes; he said it never entered his head.

"How?"

"We'll put a phonograph in each car and keep it playing The Star-Spangled Banner. Then everybody'll have to stand up."

VALUABLE INFORMATION IN A NUTSHELL.

Wisdom in Paragraphs. By Ernest Branton.

EVERY possible effort should be made to suppress aphids on roses as soon as they make their appearance, for they mature and bear young when from fifteen to twenty days old and the rate of multiplication is startling. It is a case of "a stitch in time save 999."

Every garden large enough, in addition to two avocados, should grow one tree of *Casimiroa edulis*, the white sapota. How many like this fruit is hard to say, as it is but little known, but the writer considers it a splendid addition to our tropical fruits.

Loquats are hardy trees and where the temperature drops too low for avocados and other tropical fruits one or more budded loquats should be planted. They also merit a place in any garden.

The large Japanese varieties of the persimmon are handsome small trees with fruits that in appearance are as beautiful as any fruits that grow and are considered delicious by nine-tenths of all who give them a trial when in prime condition to eat. Plant one or two in the side or rear yard.

In Popenoe's excellent book "Date Growing in the Old and New Worlds," a description is given of a hardy date palm of unusual beauty, with soft and graceful drooping leaves and fruits ripening well under varying conditions. He calls it *Birket al Hadji*. Some of these suitable varieties should be given trial over all our great Southland that we may eventually all be able to sit under, not alone our own vine and fig tree, but date tree also.

In all fertilization of soils it is best to make light and frequent applications, for very heavy applications at long intervals and in excess of immediate needs often result in fixation so that some of the plant food becomes unavailable.

Much nitrogen is lost in evaporation and drain waters yet some of it returned in rain water. At this time of the year nearly all fertilizer not at once taken up by the growing crop is lost. Lawn fertilization is now best left until heavy rains are over, except light feeds of nitrate of soda.

Now is a glorious season to dig roots of ferns in near-by canyons. The old tops are still in evidence and by these ye shall know them. We have a score of native species but only half of them of garden value, and if you get a half-dozen California species you have enough.

Do not forget to plant a few bulbs of the native Humboldt lily. Dig soil for them as deeply as you can with convenience; three feet is not too much, and make it light and well-drained. Plant in the shade, or at least where shaded from the sun during the hottest hours. If you do this you will never again be satisfied without Humboldt lilies in the garden.

New dates are in market from California date ranches between here and Yuma and they are most delicious. Some varieties bear very good dates in and about Los Angeles and as the plants are highly ornamental and in every way desirable they should be more freely planted in local gardens.

The native California cone-bearing trees are divided into three tribes; the first includes the cypress, the junipers, the white cedar and incense cedar; the second consists of only the big tree and the redwood, while the third embraces the pines, firs, spruces and hemlocks.

One of the most effective plants for holding sand dunes and sandy sea-coast tracts is *Lupinus arboreus*, a native yellow-flowering shrub, the seeds of which should be planted. Also plant a few seeds of *Pinus maritima*, the coast pine, and you may find a permanent plantation started.

The most important timber tree on local mountains is *Pinus ponderosa*, the yellow pine. Its needles are three in a bundle and

from five to ten inches long, of a medium and a strong and pleasant pine odor. The year-old cones are green and nearly oval in form; the mature or two-year old cones are brown in color and from three to five inches long, never more. They usually leave part of their broken base on the tree when they fall. Will you be able to recognize this tree when next you see it?

The West Indies contain a tropical tree known as the cannon-ball tree, also growing upon the near-by mainland of South America. The fruit is round, weighs several pounds, and as the trees are very tall the knowing ones keep from under in the war season of each year.

The sand-box tree of the tropics has been grown in frostless parts of Southern California, but none who has seen would suspect that in Trinidad there is a tree 100 feet up to the first branch, another 100 in the top, and more than fifteen feet in diameter six feet above the ground. In impressiveness, being a spreading tree, it rivals any of our California giants. Its name is *Hura crepitans*. A number have been planted in the south end of our State.

The petrified trees of Arizona are now of agate, amethyst, etc., these stone crystallizations having replaced the original wood. They were once submerged in an ancient sea and again raised to earthly levels. Geologists place their age as approximately 50,000,000 years.

Rose aphids or green flies will soon begin their attacks. The simplest treatment in sprays will kill them. Shave one-fourth cake of laundry soap into one quart of water. When dissolved add two quarts of kerosene. This emulsion should be thinned to one part to fifteen of water. This is also good for all scale insects.

The fungus disease which keeps holly-hocks so unsightly may be kept in check by two or three sprayings before the plants are showing flower buds, using the common Bordeaux mixture, and choosing a time when it is not apt to rain for a few days subsequent to application.

Glorious is the garden without a glass house, a hotbed or a cold-frame. And happy the owner who has a lovely garden and wishes for none of these. If the ideal garden has any such adjuncts they are strictly for use, not for show, the glass house in some out-of-way spot and never shown to visitors.

In 1915 the United States exported of trees and plants but \$3,000,000 of value but imported \$23,000,000 worth. Of seeds the exports totaled about \$170,000 and the imports were \$3,750,000.

The sum of \$1 will buy ten packets of seeds of showy hardy annuals and there are many women who spend but this sum annually and one hour's time daily to maintain a flower garden that is bright and attractive throughout the year.

The perfect garden, from the plant and flower point of view is one where flowers may be picked each and every day of the year, yet where no spot of bare soil is ever seen. Keep reserve stock of annuals and perennials on hand so that when an annual has spent its strength or a plant dies its space may be filled with a young annual or a perennial.

At the time of writing our fields and gardens need rain and as the world's average rainfall is thirty-three inches we are justly entitled to all we get. In the hills of Assam, in India the rainfall is 500 inches and forty inches have fallen in twenty-four hours. Where the best camphor trees grow, in the mountains of Formosa, the annual precipitation is 228 inches.

Many years ago the writer nearly closed a deal with the late Dwight L. Whiting to plant nearly 1000 acres of camphor trees in Orange county, but the growing manufacture of synthetic camphor from turpentine caused Mr. Whiting to abandon the enter-

prise. Yet in 1915 we imported more than three times as much camphor as in 1905, just ten years earlier. And the demand is increasing.

Corn, whether field, sweet, or pop; white, yellow, red or black, has generally been considered by botanists as being all of one species, *Zea mays*; the specific name being used as a popular name and spelled maize. But it is such a variable species that it seems best to consider it agriculturally as consisting of seven species. It belongs to the grass family.

Coriander seeds, which are twice mentioned in the Bible, are the seed-like fruits of *Coriandrum sativum*, no doubt native to Southern Europe and probably escaped from gardens and run wild in Egypt, Persia and India. The use of the seeds in this country has been nearly abandoned in favor of the nearly-related caraway.

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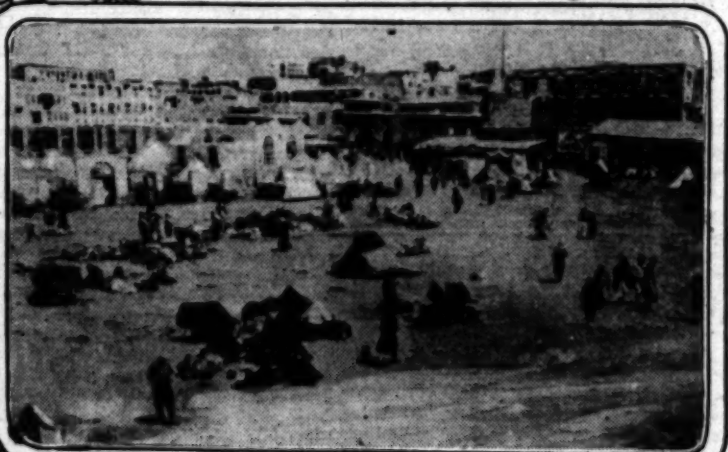
a small group of Arab students, sojourning in Paris, who first conceived the idea of a new nation in Arabia. During this propaganda one Najib Asoura Bey wrote a stirring book, "Le Revell de la Nation Arabe" (The Awakening of the Arab Nation.) His dream was "a united Arabia, independent, progressive, a force in civilisation, a cradle for the renaissance of Arabian art, literature and science." The more advanced Arabs living in Syria and Egypt warmly supported this idea, but it was not until the war began in 1914 that the



Pilgrims for Mecca on a Red Sea steamer



Pilgrims in camp tent of goat hair.



View of Jeddah

Turkey has had nominal control over most of Turkish-Arabiya and the Arabian Peninsula for many generations. But barring Syria and Mesopotamia—and maybe Hedjaz, this control has never¹ been admitted by the Arabs. In vast sections of the Arab country no Turkish foot has ever been planted. Maps of the Ottoman empire show these provinces as Turkish soil; outside nations, out of respect to the Turks, have by courtesy regarded these regions as Turkish territory. But the Arabs have in fact ruled themselves.

West Drenched. With a beautiful Thanksgiving Day all over the Great West, this favored region was blessed with a copious shower of rain, this morning. It is probably just as well to spare their lives. The other day a Japanese freighter lying at the harbor took in a whole trainload of cement in barrels consigned to Calcutta on to \$319,419, well over a year ago. The Peruvian coast of South America. This

CALIFORNIA, LAND OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE
[Saturday]

ORCHARD AND FARM, RANCHO AND RANGE

Feeding the Crops. By Thomas C. Wallace.

THE fact that plants contain 90 to 98 per cent. water emphasizes its importance in considering the feeding of our crops. Living vegetable matter may exist under some conditions with only 5 or 6 per cent. of water in it, but when less than that is present death is pretty sure to follow promptly. It may be said that the relations of water to organisms are a very potent factor in determining its form and structure and its size, as the structure of the organs of absorption and respiration responds directly to the water relations of the plant. A long continued exposure of some species of plants to a moist or arid condition results in adaptations suitable to their endurance of changed conditions. For instance, a plant used to arid or semi-arid conditions will develop fine-ribbed, ribbon-shaped foliage if heavily supplied with water, while a plant used to moist or humid climate if deprived of water will develop thick or broad leaves. The reason for this is that the plant in a dry climate needs large succulent leaves to provide water storage for the needs of its fruit and growth, while with a superfluity of moisture at the disposal of the roots, it does not require much storage of water in the leaves and hence disposes with the extra leaf space. It is on the principle that unused organs shrink and finally almost or entirely disappear. These outward changes are accompanied by inward adaptations, and usually result in a correspondingly changed condition of the fruit or produce of the plant.

Chemical Feeding Value of Water.

As water consists of two of the important elements of protoplasm, hydrogen and oxygen, and is the source of the bulk of these elements utilized by plant life, it is essential to plant life from its chemical composition alone. As protoplasm is the first physical evidence of life in a plant, water as a supplier of hydrogen and oxygen is a first necessity to life action, as these are primary elements of plant nutrition. A portion of the required oxygen is taken by plants from the air during respiration, as is evidenced by the development of some plants under increased oxygen pressure, but the major part comes from the water absorbed.

The Physical Action of Water.

Water exerts a physical action in keeping the cells of the plant turgid, or distended, and unless this condition is maintained, respiration ceases by the collapse of the stomata, and one supply of oxygen is shut off. If in constant supply, water promotes growth by keeping the cells of the plants turgid and stretching, which is one of the means the plant has of enlarging. Water is the universal carrier of plant food from the roots of the plants to the stem and leaves. Coming up from the soil in hot weather and being cooler than the atmosphere it modifies the heat in the plant and thus prevents its destruction by sun heat. In cold weather the water in the soil, if warmer than the air above it, in entering the plant preserves it from cold. In hot and cold weather the air is thinner and drier, and with the accelerated evaporation from the exposed surfaces of the plant the water is rapidly drawn up from the soil and transpired into the atmosphere. Thus not only is turgor kept up in the plant, but the actual temperature surrounding the plant above ground is raised in cold weather, forming a means within limits of protecting the plant from frost and is lowered in hot weather preserving the plant from the rays of the midday sun.

Good and Bad Effects of Water.

In summing up the action of water on plants, which are 90 per cent. water, we find it a direct source of plant food of first importance, a carrier of secondary plant food, a promoter of active growth by inducing and maintaining turgidity, a regulator of temperature both within and around the plant, and a dilutant of plant food and plant essences.

What of these actions do we desire to promote, increase or retard? Our answer to that question is the key to our method of irrigation and drainage which is dovetailed into the fertilizer action. If a soil is allowed to become water-soaked, the air is thereby excluded and acids of both mineral and organic origin are formed and ac-

cumulate. These acids are sometimes so virulent that they corrode the rootlets of the plants and prohibit the sprouting of seeds. Weak and extremely dilute powerful acids may be absorbed by the plant to such an extent as to act as poison within the plant or induce the production of diseases which prey upon the vitality of the plant or decay the root and fruit. A variety of changes take place in the sap of a plant feeding in sour soil, changing it sometimes to resinous and sometimes to watery conditions, according to the nature of the plant and the character of the acid. A soil then from which the drainage is poor and which remains saturated after either rain or irrigation should be artificially drained or very cautiously irrigated. Stagnant water in soil may be as dangerous to plant life and as likely to cause disease as stagnant water in a pond or cistern is to ourselves. Water promotes growth principally by distending the cells and those having meristematic powers subdivide again and again, enlarging the plant or parts of it. The influence may be felt principally in production of new shoots or in the fruit. If the shoot is already growing it will elongate faster for generous water feeding, and if it has reached its length it will make lateral growth and increase its thickness and develop more leaf surface. The influence on the fruit will depend upon its stage of growth. In soft fruits, if the carpel is still immature, it will take on growth readily in both carpel and rind, but if it is mature or in a fairly advanced stage of maturity the influence of water if manifested in the fruit will be confined to the rind, which will swell, become turgid and frequently grow also by subdivision of cells. In rind fruits the growth of the rind may continue vigorously after the fruit has advanced to a stage of comparative maturity. This makes a very coarse rind if the growth proceeds by cell division, and as with the ripening there is a liability to shrinkage of the pulp, if the water supply has been unsteady, the then rapid growth of the rind results in a rather pronounced separation of the rind and carpel. Some nut fruits show this in a marked degree, and the expressions, "well filled" and "light" denote the resulting difference. Water is the important and quite largely controlling factor in production, and to insure even and normal development of rind and carpel the supply must be constant with thorough drainage throughout the growing season, lessening and even stopping when ripening is in order and desired. Generous water supply during the summer hastens the period when ripening may occur, but with the colder weather the ripening may be delayed by keeping up the water supply. The characteristics of the plants or the variety of the plant has much to do with the texture of the rind and fruit, as coarseness may occur from extensive subdivision of cells, particularly large cells. Coarseness also occurs from an unsteady supply of water alternately retarding and encouraging growth. This may be caused by conditions of rainfall or improperly conducted irrigation or from the texture of the soil which holds water badly or too well.

Water and Fertilizers.

The actions of water are importantly affected by fertilizers properly constituted to feed the cells and supply the nutriment necessary to meet the requirements of growth and ripening according to the character of the plant. Without a supply of nitrogen during growth, the development will be rather from somatic than embryonic cells, resulting in inferior material for ripening. Without phosphorus, potash, lime or some other minerals peculiar to the necessities of the plant, ripening will be poor in quality. Some varieties of rind fruits, though very fine celled, become coarse in the rind through the cells of the rind being particularly of the class that subdivide, and their embryonic character causes them to make renewed reproduction so that they establish new growths on the surface of the rind if allowed to remain on the stem past the ripening period. This new growth occurs through a new or continued supply of water, for a plant will try to ripen at its proper period under any circumstances. Some soils are more prone to produce re-growth or "re-greening" in fruit than others owing to their retentive power for water. At the same time it must be borne in mind

that a cell is more likely to begin re-growth accordingly as it is matured by the action upon it of the mineral elements most applicable to it. The mineral substances most likely to induce ripening in combination with nitrogen are lime, potash, chlorine, magnesia and silica, accordingly as they happen to suit the cultivation sought to be influenced. These substances entering the cell seem to steady the plant and set the fruit at rest. If in too great excess they inhibit growth. Water being a carrier of secondary plant food capable of entering the plant under some conditions, it is often of importance that in seeking to directly and promptly affect a plant by special fertilization we should have the fertilizer in a condition of easy solution by the soil, water. But this has its limitations, as will be noted when discussing the availability of fertilizers.

Fertilizers Affect Temperature.

One of the most powerful factors affecting the growth and development of plants is temperature. A plant may be starved in the presence of an abundance of food and water if the temperature rises above or falls below a certain point and remains long enough. Most plants show their greatest activity between 79 deg. Fah., and 99 deg. Fah., and a few plants can stand a body temperature of 115-116 deg. Fah. This does not refer to the atmospheric temperature but to the temperature of the body of the plant itself. The minimum temperature within a plant at which activity may proceed is seldom below 32 deg. Fah., and for the higher forms of plant life usually some degrees above that. The degree of cold necessary to produce cold rigor in a plant varies with the experience of the plant and its progenitors, also with the rapidity of the rise and fall of temperature, as plants can become gradually accustomed to wide variations in temperature. Protoplasm has such remarkably adaptive forms that it can stand wider variations of temperature than most living organisms if allowed time to adjust itself to the conditions. If a plant or species of plant has become used to certain annual lowering of the temperature in a cold climate to produce dormancy (the hibernating refuge of plants,) and is then removed to a climate where it does not experience at any time a correspondingly low temperature, it will take some years to become so acclimated as to adapt itself to the new conditions. It will take its regular resting period and will not emerge from its dormancy until it has undergone a period of low temperature in imitation of the winter to which it has previously adapted itself. It would seem indeed that the plant must actually receive a shock of low temperature before it will return to proper activity.

Chemical Effect on Temperature.

The chemical effect of fertilizers on the protoid bodies in the plant causes decreasing and increasing temperatures within the plant and gives it therefore greater or less resisting power to unfavorable temperatures, either cold or heat. The mineral food used by plants, such as lime, magnesia and silica and perhaps some others, collect in the wood and leaves and give the cells which they invest added resistance to cold, as is instanced by the resistant condition observed in mature leaves and old wood. Such a condition in wood is quite satisfactory, but when it comes to the leaf and bark, particularly of the evergreen tree, it becomes an obstruction to osmose and so deadens the cells that they lose their action. The plant enters a sort of state of coma and ceases to grow actively. This condition may sometimes be relieved by active acids and highly soluble bases, as for instance, sulphuric acid and potash, by hydrochloric acid and potash, according to the kind of obstruction occurring in the plant. Both the soil and physiological peculiarities of the plant must be considered to determine what the obstruction is, and the remedy applied accordingly. Heavy pruning is usually an effective method, though not always convenient or profitable, and if the obstructed or mineralized condition has extended down to the trunk and root system in a tree, pruning will fail and the only likely chance is in the use of chemicals. This is subject to the qualification that there is evidence that there are some

organic substances, not yet defined, which will under some conditions at least break down excessive mineral obstruction in the plant, as heavy dressings of rich stable manure and refuse animal matter have occasionally affected the cure. As there are no data connected with these results defining the probable obstruction, which might have been lignification rather than mineralization, no valuable opinions can be formed about them.

FIELD NOTES.

The latest experiments in ensilage show that, while a temperature of 77 to 85 deg. is the most favorable for fermentation the limits can be safely extended to 60 and 100 deg. without any material difference in results. Higher atmosphere, entail a destruction of some of the material, as the extra heat is produced at the expense of burned-up material. The keeping up of moisture in the silo by the application of plenty of water was shown to be of great importance, and on a par with the thorough packing to force out and exclude air. The material used for building the silo has only negligible effect.

Of late years there has been found rather a wide distribution of ovarian infection among hens, so that it has led to the study by experts in bacteriology and infection of its effect upon eggs. Large quantities of eggs were used in the experiments, and it was found that the Bacteria Pullorum are widespread. It was found that the bacteria produced abnormal conditions when fed to young chicks, adult fowls, guinea pigs and kittens. It usually killed rabbits and showed severe symptoms of food-poisoning in most of the patients. The conclusion, so far as reached, is that a large proportion of the marketed eggs are infected and consideration must be given to that fact in their use, especially for invalids and young children. It was found that boiling the eggs four minutes did not in every instance destroy the bacteria, but they were rendered sterile by poaching from one-half to four minutes, and by scrambling. The living organisms were sometimes found in fried and coddled eggs. When the eggs are digested as food it takes several days to show the result of the bacterial poisoning. As the wide distribution of ovarian infection in domestic fowl has come about only in the last few years, its possible danger to man is one of recent development.

The theory of breeding cattle for color, experimental breeding on Ayrshires seems to establish that cow and bull being both black-and-white, produces black-and-white progeny, and the same rule follows with red-and-white animals. But black-and-white bull with red-and-white cow gives black-and-white male calves and red-and-white females. To use a technical phrase, it seems that black-and-white coloring, in Ayrshire cattle at least, is a simple allelomorph of red-and-white. The black-and-white coloring is dominant in the male and red-and-white in the female.

In devising means to protect fruit crops from frost, it is important to keep in mind that with a given pressure the frost point is higher than the dew point, which runs parallel with the air temperature from midnight to 6 o'clock a.m. The surface temperature falls more rapidly than that of the overlying air, and may be below the dew point, while the overlying air is above it. This shows us that our main effort in warming the air must be directed to the ground to be effective. In fact the warmth should preferably arise from the very ground surface, on some principle that draws the surface air through a receptacle and heats it. It has been shown that dew begins to form with a humidity of 90 per cent., is greater at 95 per cent. and turns to fog at 99. During the last half of the night the fall of temperature is relatively less with the formation of dew and frost than with dry air, due to heat set free by condensation. This points to the value of moist warmth instead of dry, and confirms the observations which have been the basis for the belief that irrigation is to some extent a safeguard against frost damage.

ASPECT OF THE SECESSION OF MECCA.

[Saturday]

—The Illustrated Weekly Magazine—

[Dec. 6, 1914.]

and themselves, schooled themselves—and more or less successfully repelled every Turkish expedition sent to conquer them. A certain sheik in Lower Mesopotamia once received a message from the Sultan at Stamboul, asking the sheik to report there for a conference on state affairs. The sheik sent back word that if the Sultan had any business with the Arabs, he should come on down and talk it over. Being a wise man, the Turkish Sultan staid where he was. Often, however, he sent punitive expeditions against the desert tribes. Once at Bagdad I saw 3000 camels driven into the walled city by Turkish troops; they had been seized from certain Euphrates Bedouins who would not—or could not—pay their land taxes.

If the Arabs make a success of their new nation, and Uncle Sam does some day send an envoy to Mecca, he'll have to pick that envoy with care—applying some odd tests. Some of the examination questions asked of a candidate for the mission to Mecca might read like this:

"Do you use cigarettes to excess?"

To this query the candidate should answer "Yes." In all official intercourse with Arab sheiks and Moslem mujtaheds, it is necessary to consume at least half a pack of denatured camel-hair cigarettes before touching on the business of the day. When this business is finally disposed of, you finish the pack. Then you and the Arab host have several rounds of thick, black coffee—muddled up with brown sugar and grated cinnamon.

Question two might be, "Are you married?" To this, the answer should be "Positively No." And here's why. In Arabia one

never mentions his wife—or his wives. If you should, in ignorance and indiscretion, be rude enough to ask an Arab sheik how his wife was—or his daughters—he would probably make surly answer that the miserable creatures were as well as they had any right to be. For in Arabia, women haven't got a voice, or a vote, or even half a chance. Even the Koran—the Bible of all the Moslem millions—reviles women, and in one particularly abusive chapter entitled "The Cow," says most uncomplimentary things of her. So a Minister to Mecca would be better off without a wife. He couldn't present her at court, or allow her to ride unvelled in the streets, or to sit at his table when the Grand Sherif or some other Arab dignitary was being entertained at the mission.

And should Uncle Sam start a smooth-faced man off as Minister to Mecca he'd have to stop off somewhere en route long enough to grow foliage a la Hughes; for in Arabia, the beardless man is an abomination. He'd need patience too, for the Arabs are the world's champion long-distance story tellers. They've been telling the same ones for generations, too; even now, in the coffee shops at Bagdad, you can hear the professional story-tellers drowsily mumbling out tales that are strangely like those printed in the unexpurgated Arabian Nights. Some of these yarns are so long that the teller has to take a rest, after a few hours talking, resuming each day where he left off the day before.

There'd be some thrills in the envoy's life, too; it wouldn't always be dull. Every night, up on the flat roof of the Moorish

coffee houses, he could hear a shrill flute and goat-skins tom-tom and watch a be-spangled Arab dancing girl do the "streets of Cairo" with all the original Arabian steps. If the envoy liked hunting, he could go with the desert sheiks on some of their exciting gazelle chases. These Arabs are keen sportsmen, and to this day they work trained falcons on the gazelles, using these fierce little hawks against the fleet gazelle just as skillfully as the Persians were doing when Marco Polo caught them at it. On Mahomet's feast days the envoy could review the spectacular costumed parades and witness the "Ramadan" festivities which mark those occasions.

Should he get sick, the Arabs would give him raw camel liver—which cures most any disease.

Mecca is known to millions of tourists. Ever since—according to the Arabs—Allah tossed down the big Kabba stone from heaven, the Moslem horde has been trooping in. Cook's tours (not the Doctor's) do not include this mysterious Mecca—just yet. So far as the record shows, only a few adventurous Christians like Hergroffe, the Dutchman, Haleve and Sir Richard Burton (who gave us that unexpurgated translation of the Arabian Nights) have braved the dangers of death for a secret peep into Mecca; and even Burton, when his disguise was discovered, had to kill a brace of fanatics to make good his escape. This trip to Mecca carries odd privileges with it—to the faithful. The pilgrim who has seen the sacred city is ever afterward addressed as "Hadji," and is allowed to paint his whiskers

a bright red. Also, while at home a Moslem must wash his hands and face at least five times a day; on the ride to Mecca and back, even if he comes from far away Turkestan and uses up five months on the journey, he is excused from all washing.

Just now the Germans are with the Turks at Bagdad, holding that old town and holding some 12,000 British troops captured at Kut-el-Amara; up in the Armenian and Lake Van region the bearded, booted Russians are tramping doggedly in. The British of course have long owned Aden, and are now strongly established at Bassorah, near the mouth of the Tigris. The vast British scheme for irrigating the old Garden of Eden, to which Sir William Willcocks had devoted ten years of his life and millions in money when the war broke out, has been interrupted. The German railway from Aleppo to Bagdad, via Mosul, is almost finished, and is being used to ship supplies to Bagdad. Although the French have attempted no territorial acquisition in Turkish Arabia, their influence politically is notably strong—especially among the Arabs. And whether the Arab dream of a new nation—a return to the glory of Haroun al Raschid's time—is realized, in full, or not, it is quite likely that French influence will predominate; maybe even a French protectorate at Mecca will result. At all events, if Christians are eventually admitted to Mecca, it will go far toward making an intelligent map of those "blank spaces" now marked "inner Arabia," and the old ghost of a "holy war against Christendom" in the Middle East will have vanished forever.

Taking the Oath.

VARYING METHODS EMPLOYED IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

Taking the oath in this country and in Great Britain, whether in court or in the assumption of official duties, is a simple matter. As administered in most of the English law courts the form of the oath is practically the same as that in the United States, though rather more ceremonious. In France it is perhaps the simplest. A crucifix above the judge's seat is supposed to obviate the necessity of the witness handling either the cross or the Bible.

"You swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" asks the judge. And the witness, raising his right hand, answers: "I swear it."

In Austria a Christian witness is sworn before a crucifix placed between two lighted candles. Holding up his right hand the witness says: "I swear by God, the Almighty and All Wise, that I will speak the pure and full truth in answers to anything that I may be asked by the court." If the witness is of the Jewish race he uses the same words, but places his hand on a Bible opened at the page on which the Third Commandment appears, and the crucifix is removed.

In a Belgian court (in normal times) the witness says: "I will speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God and all the saints." No Bible is required in the administration of this oath.

The Italian witness generally takes the oath in a dramatic manner. Resting his hand on an open Bible he exclaims:

"I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth!"

More ceremony attends the administration of an oath in a Spanish court. The witness kneels on his right knee and places his right hand on the sacred book. The judge then asks: "Will you swear to God and by those holy gospels to speak the truth to all you may be asked?" The witness replies: "Yes; I swear," to which the judge rejoins: "Then if thus you do God will reward you and if not will require of you."

In a few districts this form is varied by the witness placing the middle of his thumb on the middle of his forefinger, kissing his thumb and declaring "By this cross I swear."

It is to be hoped that the Norwegian witness is properly impressed with his obligation to speak the truth or considerable energy is wasted. He is required to raise his thumb, forefinger and middle finger, thus signifying the Trinity. Before the oath is actually taken a long exhortation is delivered, running in part as follows:

"Whatever person is so ungodly, corrupt or hostile to himself as to swear a false oath or not to keep the oath sworn sins in such a manner as if he were to say: 'If I swear falsely, then may God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost punish me, so that God the Father who created me and all mankind in His image, and

His fatherly goodness, grace and mercy, may not profit me, but that I as a perverse and obstinate transgressor and sinner may be punished eternally in hell. If I swear falsely, then may all I have and own in this world be cursed; cursed be my land, field and meadow, so that I may never enjoy any fruit or yield from them; cursed be my cattle, my beasts, my sheep, so that after this day they may never thrive or benefit me; yea, cursed may I be and everything I possess."

And sometimes all that—and all the rest of it—in the matter of a suit brought to collect for a pair of shoes, perhaps.

When a Chinaman swears to tell the truth, it is customary for him to kneel, when a china saucer is handed him and the oath is administered as follows:

"You shall tell the truth and the whole truth. The saucer is cracked. If you do not tell the truth, your soul will be cracked like the saucer," the last words being spoken as the one kneeling breaks the china ware.

The exact significance of this oath has never been made precisely clear to Occidental minds; but its solemnity and force, however, are quite clear, it appears, to the Oriental temperament.

Other symbolic variations of the Chinese oath are the extinguishing of a candle or the cutting off of a chicken's head, the light of the candle representing the witness's soul, and the fate of the fowl symbolizing the end of a perjurer.

In parts of India tigers' and lizards' skins are substituted for the Bible of Christian countries, and, it is averred, the penalty of breaking the Indian oath is that in one case the witness will become the prey of a tiger, and in the other that his body will eventually become covered with scales like the skin of a lizard.

Turks and other Mohammedans take the oath with their foreheads reverently resting on the open Koran. The one sworn takes the book into his hands and, stooping low as if in the presence of a higher power, slowly bows his head until it touches the volume which is to him inspired.

Spinsters and Empire.

The great biologist, Thomas Huxley, once humorously declared that the prestige of the British on land and sea depended on the maiden ladies of England. This was his reasoning:

The maiden sisterhood cared for innumerable cats. The cats destroyed the field mice, so the mice could not destroy the bumblebees, and without the bees to carry pollen about, no clover could be grown.

And if there were no clover, then there would be no good English beef, and therefore no English yeomen to man the ships or fight on land and sea for the great nation on whose possessions the sun never sets and whose drumbeat is heard round the world!

Asked and Answered.

C. 13, Puente, writes to know the number of White Peking ducks to mate to a drake.

Answer: The usual number is from five to seven during the breeding season. Among some breeders it is a custom to limit the number to five during the early part of the season, and later on increase it to seven and even a few more.

A. S., Long Beach, writes as follows: "Can you inform me through your column of the Los Angeles Times 'Illustrated Weekly' if there is any virtue in the remedies for the destruction of life on fowl through feeding? It is advertised in The Times that all lice and mites can be destroyed on chickens by giving the remedy in the food. Has anyone used it and is it safe? How, and in what quantity is the sodium florid used?"

We confess ignorance on the efficiency of insect destroyers through the gizzard and alimentary canal. Possibly some of our readers have had experience along this line, and can tell us something about it?

L. F. Nelson writes from Escondido for information regarding the use of bichloride for disinfecting his poultry yards. In The Times Illustrated Weekly for September we treated of chicken pox and intestinal worms rather fully. For yards use a spray, spraying to saturate the soil to a depth of two inches, with a 1-to-1000 solution of bichloride of mercury. Bichloride of mercury even at a high price will pay. One gallon to ten square feet of yard space is the usual quantity used. Bichloride of mercury may be purchased in tablet form, which is the better way, and one tablet dissolved in one pint of water makes the 1-to-1000 solution, eight tablets making a gallon. There are always directions on the bottle in which bichloride is purchased. Poultry readers should keep this magazine on file, for future reference.

Dangers of the "Bubble" Fountain.

It seems to be the fate of mankind to stumble from one disease-danger into another; and sometimes it happens that the remedy designed to avert the original danger is responsible for the second. This appears to be the case, in some instances at least, with the familiar "bubble fountain" which has largely replaced the germ-laden common drinking cup now banished from all drinking places.

When this device was invented it appeared to be the acme of hygienic perfection. "What could be more obvious than the freedom of the ever-changing bubbling stream of pure water from contamination through the evanescent contact with the mouth?" And yet—

An epidemic of tonsillitis two years ago in one of the dormitories of the University of Wisconsin unexpectedly directed suspicion to the bubble fountains in the building. An examination of the fountains showed them to be heavily contaminated with streptococci—the germ responsible for this epi-

demic. But the city water supply operating these fountains was found to be germ free.

Exhaustive investigation shows that quite a high percentage of this type of fountain everywhere are similarly contaminated, the contamination originating from contact of infected lips with some part of the fountain. Most of the germs so deposited are immediately flushed away; but "some remain dancing in the column much as a ball dances on the garden fountain, even though the bubble be increased to the impracticable height of four inches."

However, the evil is easily remedied—by tilting the "bubble," so that the stream is no longer vertical, and making it impossible for the lips to come in contact with any of the metal or porcelain parts. Germs cannot "dance" in such a diverted stream, and are immediately washed away.

A Census of Pests.

It is probable that few persons save naturalists ever consider the enormous amount of life other than human which exists in any country, civilized or not, densely peopled or thinly settled. A plague of rats in London within recent years prompted an interview with a distinguished scientist, who estimated that within the area of Greater London there were 20,000,000 rats—more than three times as many rats as people.

Sparrows undoubtedly come next to point of numbers among London's warm-blooded population; but the scientist preferred to make his estimate cover all the birds in the United Kingdom. He believed that the bird population would average 800 to the square mile. That would give a total of nearly 97,000,000. Thus the bird population outnumbered the human by more than two to one.

As for the insect population, that is quite beyond any statistician; but, allowing that each bird eats only fifty insects a day, British birds would consume more than a billion insects in a year. Yet such an estimate seems quite futile when we consider that the insect population of a single cherry tree infested with aphides was estimated by a competent authority to be 12,000,000.

Lord Avebury once calculated that a single ant's nest might contain as many as 400,000 individual insects. Recent researches have shown that these figures were too high; yet the actual facts are astonishing enough.

A French entomologist killed the ants in five hills by means of a poisonous gas, and undertook the prodigious labor of counting the dead. The result showed that in the smallest hill there were nearly 18,000; in the largest, 94,000; and no man would dare estimate how many ants escaped.

[Kansas City Journal:] "My wife has saved up \$40."

"Good enough."

"Mostly from bridge winnings."

"And now?"

"Now she is looking around for some small nation that wants to hock the crown jewels for a war loan."

CALIFORNIA, LAND OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS

Real Life by the Great Western Sea.

West Drenched.

WITH a beautiful Thanksgiving Day all over the Great West, this favored region was blessed with copious rains as December opened. This rain covered all the West, great as it is. The Great Southwest was drenched. So was the Great West, and so was the Great Northwest. The blessed drops point to a prosperous year ahead and fell all the way from the British-American border to the Mexican border and covered everything from the highest peaks of the Sierras to the sea. At Los Angeles the fall at this writing is about twice that of a year ago, with prospects of more to come.

It is great news for every dweller upon the western slope. The oranges will be bigger, juicier and better flavored. Deciduous fruit trees will be put into good heart for spring budding and blossoming, and the grain harvest promises to be a bumper. Of course these are all mere harbingers. It is a long time until the husbandman puts in his sickle to reap the golden sheaves in mid-summer next. Still we have a right to take our blessings as they come and enjoy the prospect as well as the reality.

With the war in Europe still at a white heat and no sign of peace visible on the horizon, high prices are promised for every product of the soil in all America. It is not possible that the war should come to an end in time to return the fighting men to their peaceful occupations to get the next crop in the ground. With this prospect in view it looks as if Europe would go hungry another year and need all the foodstuffs America has to spare.

Plain farming, such as grain growing, is looked down upon somewhat here in this land of hearts' delight where agriculturists are few and horticulturists many. But the plain farmer is promised an inning at the coming harvest time. Experts are figuring that wheat growers and barley growers will come out about as well at the end of the year as the proudest citrus fruit grower in California. This does not mean, of course, that his gross income will be as large, but points to the net income, as the expenses of harvesting a crop of grain are much less than those that go to the gathering and marketing of a crop of fruit.

The Beautiful Snow.

SOME young and very warm-blooded poet whose veins were full of red liquid sang a song once lauding the "beautiful snow." It is beautiful, but here we enjoy it at a distance rather than ankle-deep in the fleecy downfall of the spotless snow. We have it here, but on the mountain tops. We read in connection with the great fall of rain that has just covered the whole west coast of the country that there was a heavy fall of snow in the Cascade Mountains. That is quite near enough for the enjoyment of this beauty by most of us here in this sun-kissed land. It is welcome, for it means plenty of water in all the streams for irrigation purposes and for the miners' use during the long dry summer that is the chief blessing of California.

A Western Innovation.

ON DECEMBER 1 a women's police court was inaugurated in San Francisco. The dispatch announcing this event informed the world that it was closely watched by delegations of club women and social service workers. The court is to be open from 9 to 10 o'clock in the morning of every week day. Each of the four police judges will preside a month, alternating in the work. The idea is to try criminal cases involving women away from the scrutiny of court loungers and habitués. The club women agitated for it, arguing that their sex facing trial should not be subject to the gaze of both sexes who usually are attracted to the courtroom.

The scheme is an experiment, an outgrowth in part of the sentimental and temperamental spirit of the age. But let us hope for the best from it. A good many women who are haled into the police court are of a very brazen class who do not mind being stared at, and do not resent even being ogled by the vilest hangers-on around the courtroom. On the contrary, there are some women, beginners in crime, who have at least a remnant of modesty left, and

it is probably just as well to spare their blushes.

Los Angeles Goes Her One Better.

LOS ANGELES puts on the legislative map another new idea for the West. It is not a police court for women, but a police school for policemen. The City Council has appropriated a sum of money to buy supplies for the police school, of which Capt. R. A. Heath is to be instructor. It is an idea conceived in the brain of the new police chief, who tells the public that the instruction to be received by the policemen will increase their efficiency at least 25 per cent. The instructions are to include first aid to the injured on the streets, discipline and deportment of the policemen themselves, physical care of their bodies, patrolling, criminal law and other subjects. There will be three classes a day six days a week, and each class will last an hour. There are 600 members of the police force, and each will be expected to attend at least one class a week. All it is to cost the taxpayer is the sum of money appropriated to provide supplies.

Back to Old Ideas.

CUSHMAN GRAY, a clerk in the office of the City Clerk of Redlands, proposes to have the most exclusive suit of clothes in the country. He himself is to make the cloth from which the suit is to be cut. He is now engaged in spinning thousands of yards of linen thread from raw flax which he secured from the best districts in the country. When the spinning task is over he will weave the thread into cloth from which the suit will be cut. Of course it is for summer use, and will be mighty comfortable, however it looks, in Redlands before and after the dog days.

Thanksgiving Service Out of Doors.

IT IS not every place on the map where a congregation can assemble out of doors for a Thanksgiving Day service. This happened at San Diego on the last day of November. More than 15,000 persons attended on the Exposition grounds, and every building on the grounds was closed during the hour the services were held. This is the first time this has happened since the exposition was opened. Those who assembled under the blue sky to give thanks for the blessings of the past year had an inspiring time, for the Rev. Charles Edward Locke of the First Methodist Church of Los Angeles was the preacher, and Ellen Beach Yaw sang two solos.

He That Hath, to Him Shall be Given.

EDWARD L. DOHENY is a Californian by adoption. He is one of the most enterprising men in Los Angeles, and luck follows him wherever he goes. He came here poor as the proverbial church mouse, and by his own adventures and energy has made himself many times a millionaire. He maintains the handsomest place in all Los Angeles in Chester Place, where the Doheny home will shine beside that of any monarch in Europe. He has been away yachting in the Caribbean Sea, and news comes that he has got a concession in Cuba for a great piece of territory supposed to be rich in oil. Oil is Mr. Doheny's specialty, and out of it he has made his fortune.

Besides his Chester Place home he maintains a beautiful country place in the foothills in the Santa Monica Mountains. When he returned the other day from his trip he found in his mail box a deed of gift for more than one-tenth of an acre of land near his beautiful country home. This bit of ground is smaller than a city lot, but it gives him a road leading to Santa Monica boulevard from his country home.

Trade With South America.

THE spirit of the time is one of good will between all the Americas. It is not a sentiment but a practical matter, to be built up by and for commerce between the various countries of the Americas. Los Angeles with her big harbor, the best in the world all things considered, and the rich territory around her full of all kinds of products needed the world over, is very much in earnest these days in stimulating trade between here and our neighbors to the south.

The other day a Japanese freighter lying at the harbor took in a whole trainload of cement in barrels consigned to Callao on the Peruvian coast of South America. This cement, totaling 1300 tons, came from the plant of the California Portland Cement Company at Colton. One of the officials said: "It is our first, and will be our biggest, shipment to South America. It will mean much, I believe, toward encouraging Los Angeles merchants to look to South Americans, and to cause them to look to us."

Two Pomona Ideas.

OUT at Pomona, a beautiful city in the center of a beautiful valley, the garden spot of the earth, they have, as all cities have, a fire department and a fire bell. But unlike most cities, the fire bell is seldom used for the purpose for which it was designed. But Pomona has 2000 children who attend the public schools, and some of these are truants, and others are like the Mother Goose rhyme: "A diller, a dollar, a 10 o'clock scholar, what makes you come so soon? You used to come at 10 o'clock, and now you come at noon." So in order to remove all excuse for truancy and tardiness on the part of the students, the school board and the fire department held a conference, with the result that from December 1 the fire bell will be rung at 8:30 every morning to give all pupils notice that school is about to "take up," and that they would better be on time.

Then Pomona has had an idea for some years to educate the children of the schools in practical philanthropy. The children provide dinners for all the needy in the city under the direction of the Associated Charities. On the last Thanksgiving Day the pupils of Pomona schools contributed 1500 sacks of food, including all kinds of staples, fresh vegetables, canned fruit and jellies. This was divided among seventy families for the support of 217 children and twenty-eight widows. Abundant baskets of supplies were distributed to each residence of these poor people on the eve of Thanksgiving Day.

A Long-felt Want.

THAT was exceedingly good news that came from Lone, Cal., up in the mountains, the other day, announcing that after several months of extensive explorations with drills and shafts it was found that nearly the whole valley between Carbonate and Lone was underlaid by valuable lignite strata. If this is true an important coal field will be developed there, as strong financial operators are interested in the scheme. A briquetting plant of the Lignite Fuel Company at Lone has been purchased for \$19,500. The new owner proposes to add to the capacity of the plant. This territory, with that of northwestern Amador county, promises good results in coal development.

A Literary City.

THE other day when the Cahuenga branch library on Santa Monica boulevard was opened it made the sixth branch library in the city of Los Angeles. These libraries are all built from a gift from the Carnegie Corporation in 1911 amounting to \$210,000. This last one cost \$34,000.

Point to Prosperity.

BUILDING permits, bank clearings, and imports for the month of November in the Los Angeles district and the country around all showed great progress. The building permits numbered 631 and represented an investment of just short of \$1,500,000, or 50 per cent. more than for the same month in 1915. For eleven months of the year the permits totaled 7045, representing an investment of a little more than \$13,500,000, quite an increase from that of the previous year.

November was a slack month in banking days, but a big month in banking results. With the banks open only twenty-four days, the total clearings amounted to more than \$118,000,000, an increase of \$22,000,000 over 1915. For the eleven months of the year the clearings exceed those of last year by more than \$100,000,000.

For the month the Collector of Customs reports business done in the district showing an increase of more than 100 per cent.

over a year ago, the total imports being valued at \$907,384. The exports amounted to \$319,419, well over a year ago.

Thread Factory at Mexicali.

GOV. ESTEBAN CANTU, who controls the destinies of Lower California, seems to be the one man in Mexico who has a clear head and a human heart. While the other people of that republic are cutting one another's throats, Gov. Cantu is pursuing the paths of peace and blessing his country with peaceful development bringing prosperity for the people. It is reported that he has granted a concession to eastern capitalists to establish a thread factory at Mexicali. Mexicali is in the center of a great cotton-growing country, and the fiber will be used in the thread factory to turn out a product in great demand all over the country. Simultaneous with this news comes an announcement that the Governor has ordered a great cleaning up morally and physically in Mexicali.

Fodder Plants.

SUDAN GRASS, SORGHUM GRAINS AND AUSTRALIAN GIANT GRASS.

[ANGORA JOURNAL, PORTLAND, OR.]

The value of drought-resistant fodder plants which are yet prolific is well known to stockmen. To growers in the Southwest the dry land sorghum grains have proved very valuable, though such varieties as kafir, feterita and millet yielded somewhat less than usual in the past season, owing to lateness of rains and to frost. In New Mexico the yield was fair, also in Colorado. In more northerly States the injury from frost was greater. In Oklahoma and Texas use of these sorghums is increasing. Oregon is using the hardier varieties for silage and green feeding.

Sudan grass in Oregon is getting rather extensive tests this year, especially in the Willamette Valley. The writer has seen patches of from one to ten acres which stood five to six feet high. It bulks well and cures in a few days. Stock hold away from it at first but soon begin to like it. Satisfaction is expressed by a number of growers, who will plant increased areas next year.

Australia is expressing approval of the giant grass, about which some pretty tall stories are told. B. Harrison, F.R.H.S., of Burringbar P. O., New South Wales, Australia, writes of this grass to the South African Farmers' Journal:

"Australian giant grass can be most highly commended, both for drought resistant and prolific qualities. With me last season—which was a very dry one—and which was a most disastrous one for stock, this grass grew to a height of nearly eleven feet and produced a large quantity of succulent, nutritious and fattening fodder, which is greatly relished by the stock, and is, according to analysis, much richer than green maize. A reliable official says:

"There is a consensus of opinion that in this plant we have found a fodder of great value, which remains green even during such long periods as from six to eight months when other herbage is parched or destroyed."

"It grows rapidly to a height of twelve feet or more in favorable weather, thrives well in various soils, and resists both frost and drought to a remarkable extent. At seven feet high it has produced twelve tons of green fodder per acre, and a few months later fifteen tons, making a total yield of twenty-seven tons per acre. It is everlasting when once established, and the tufts or stools increase in size after each cutting or when grazed off. It should prove of untold value to farmers in South Africa who suffer much loss through frequent and protracted droughts, the East Indies and other countries where light rainfall and semi-arid conditions obtain. As a prolific and drought resistant plant it promises to prove one of the very best brought into cultivation."

Texas, New Mexico and Southwest stockmen generally may find profit by investigating this new grass.

[Information about a much-praised forage plant known as "Rhodes grass" is also especially desired by the editor of the Illustrated Weekly. Will readers respond to this call?—Ed.]

AS TOLD BY THE ROUNDHOUSE FOREMAN.

Oil on Troubled Waters. By Mark Harmon.

"WHY yes, you might call it quiet," admitted Kelly. He smiled at a newly acquired cigar, stared at its brown surface with his head cocked, then bit the end off as if to get it over with. "But it's not quiet and peaceful like it was before the Lines East took over the Lines West. There was the good old days. Everything and everybody was serene."

"I can remember—and it was Sunday afternoon, too—when the old man wouldn't let the yard set coal at the chute because Jim Crow—yeh, that same pampered kitty you see washin' hisself beyond there—because Jim Crow was sound asleep on the incline. He'd been missin' for a day or two—sky-larkin' around with some of his friends. I reckon—an' was plumb wore out. The old man thinks a heap of Jim Crow, an' when he found him asleep up there in the sun, he 'phoned the yard office that he was doin' some repairs to the coal chute an' would let 'em know when they could send a switch engine. Yes, sir—that was before the Lines East took over the Lines West. Happy, happy days."

"Now, there's little joy in bein' a roundhouse foreman. If it ain't oil records it's coal records, an' if it ain't either, I get a blue print with a dotted line showin' where Fireman Fitzpatrick threw a chunk o' coal at a rabbit one and one-half miles beyond Honeyhaven road crossing, with figures in white what you can't read, showin' how much steam per car-ton-mile that chunk o' coal would have made. And will I please give Fireman Fitzpatrick ten days' book suspension. I will! I do! Nothin' but worry and flurry and scurry nowadays. It reminds me of how Troubled Waters used to act when he first got to be assistant superintendent."

The spring sky was in its best Sunday blue. Green leaves were pushing out on the old broken cottonwood that had held its own close to the pumphouse these many years. Over on the turntable, a point of vantage where a cat could be conspicuous and also see everything that was going on, Jim Crow, having gone over a black coat till it shone like satin, was patiently and painstakingly ironing a white vest, ignoring the insults of a hundred sparrows on the roundhouse eaves, unheeding their sarcastic advice that he take it to a Chinese laundry. A sleepy painter was doing something to a big gold number on the tank of one of the giant passenger engines just opposite. There was nothing else in sight that even looked like work. Kelly stretched luxuriously on the old front-end timber by the pumphouse wall and sighed almost as loudly as the deep well pump within. Though the deep well pump—being a railroad pump—was used to sighing and groaning the livelong day—complaining about the work.

"Carrol was superintendent then," said Kelly. "He was as nice as you'd want to meet. One of the grand old railroad men who worked when they were young but got bravely over it and were immune good and plenty. He'd get down to the office at 10 o'clock a.m. and he went home at noon without settin' any river on fire. Once in a while he'd order out the little old two-spot which was his own private car, and ride over the division. But he always was particular to let everybody know a week or two in advance so's they could get brushed up and dusted off. Of course they gave him an assistant. That's the way it goes on a railroad—the less you have to do the quicker you get a boy to help you. And Troubled Waters—he was strong on asphaltin'. They hitched that name to him and it stuck, for it sure did fit. The way he flattered around and fussed over things! He looked about as much like an official as I do, only more so—bein' awful young for his job. He wasn't even married—not darin' to take a day off from runnin' the road an' the world an' all, so he could look up a girl; which seemed too bad, fr he was in fine shape to be a fair provider an' bein' so busy superintendin', he wouldn't make a woman miserable by bein' forever underfoot. Huh-uh! Not him!"

"Mind, I don't say he wasn't liked. He was! Only there wasn't hardly enough real work them days to go 'round an' it was kind o' bothersome fr everybody—havin' to save up something fr him to su-

pervise. He was awful cruel in his talk, bein' continually threatenin'. I suppose Troubled Waters discharged every man on the division some time or another. I know one unprincipled wretch what was let out six times. But as he never remembered doing it, nobody else paid any attention. Except the time at Honeyhaven, which I reckon he remembered right well. I know all that adventure for I was in on it. I was standin' in the shade at the far end of the roundhouse one morning when Johnny Dugue, the call boy, comes tearin' out.

"'You're wanted, George,' he sings out. 'T. Waters 'phoned the office this minute that he's comin' out o' Union Depot on Number Ten an' wants you to hop it an' go with him to Honeyhaven. Guess it's important. The old man said fr you to go along.'"

"'Did y' tell him I wasn't where you could get me?' I hollered. 'You know as well as you're standin' there, Johnny Dugue, that I don't have no leavin' to this foreign mission business. Here comes the blamed train around the bend,' I says. 'What'd you say to him? Quick!'"

"'Said you was standin' out here in the shade,' says Johnny, 'an' that I'd tell you inside of a minute. There he is now on the step, flaggin' you.'"

"I shucked my overalls, rolled 'em tight an' hit Johnny a belt on the head with 'em. 'You ain't got no intellect at all,' I told him, and I'd 've said more only the train pulled along by the platform and I had to get aboard. I had one last chance at that kid, though.

"'Johnny,' I calls to him, 'I want all the brasswork around the stationary boilers rubbed up. You seem to have plenty of time. Tend to it, will you?' Then I spoke to Troubled Waters. He was lookin' at me as though he'd done me a favor—like gettin' me a pass to New York.

"'I didn't hear about this until a second ago,' I says, 'I don't like to travel on such short notice, Mr. Waters, I do like a chance to wash my rubber collar before I start out.'"

"'S all right, George,' says our assistant superintendent offhand. 'S all right. I wanted you to go up an' take a look at 194—that they're using as a pusher on the hill. Complaint comes to me that the engine ain't in good condition. I thought you would look her over, George. I've a little business with the agent at Honeyhaven. Then we'll walk on to the hill. It's only two short miles. Get back in time for Number Eleven. Shall we go in an' sit down? I want you to tell me how that switch engine came to be derailed last night. Someone is likely to hear about such a piece of business.'"

"And I had to listen to the old, old story all the way to Honeyhaven. Ain't it too bad that railroaders can't talk anything but railroad? You get out with a handful of lawyers an' like as not they'll be bubblin' over on the right way to pitch horseshoes. You might find a lot o' snails busy estimatin' the speed of the Jackrabbits at the last big meet. But none such frivolous stuff for the real railroad. I've been around the shops ever since they'd have me. I'll be with 'em as long as they'll have me, but I'm free to confess that a railroad's narrow enough. His whole world lies between two straight lines. There's no breadth to it—headlight—tail light—smoke on the skyline—story's told.

"I happened to think of something real interesting to me as we whistled for Honeyhaven.

"'Why don't you have Fay slow up 'tother side so we can drop off?' I asked, I was goin' to say it'd save walkin' those two miles in the sun, but I didn't. I said it'd save time. But Troubled Waters looked at me, as if I ought to be strung up by the thumbs.

"'We're going to quit that kind of nonsense, George,' he informs me. 'I got out a bulletin yesterday. Our passenger trains must not be stopped at the crook of Tom, Dick an' Harry's finger. It has come to the point where our passenger service is a laughing stock. We must look alive. In the future, our trains will stop at unimportant flag stations only when there is some actual emergency. Emergency, you

understand. The new orders go into effect today at noon and I think there will be vast improvement. I shall make it a point to see that they are obeyed. Here we are. You can amuse yourself for a few minutes, George, while I talk to the agent, I haven't had occasion to drop off here for quite a while.'"

"I didn't see much prospect for the amusin' he spoke of, but I lit a cigar and scratched my head by way of making a start. All there was to Honeyhaven seemed to be a concrete station, a siding, and a pile of ties. Quite a big pile of ties. I trailed Mr. Troubled Waters, assistant superintendent, around to the shady side of the station where there was a fair-sized maple tree. An' there was the prettiest girl I ever saw, loungin' in one of those easy-going chairs. Inside the open window the sounder was poundin' away, but she wasn't payin' any attention. She had a book, but the name of it wasn't "The Beginner's Guide to Telegraphy." Nothin' like that. An' she had a box of candy and the blackest hair and the grayest eyes and the whitest clothes—stockin's an' shoes an' all—you ever enjoyed lookin' at on a summer day.

"'Where's Hathaway?' asked Troubled Waters, almost as severe as though the girl had been a Polack section man. Almost, but not quite. Waters is fine lookin', you know—right fine lookin' fr never havin' practiced up. But I bet he never permitted himself to be looked over the way he was then. That girl seemed to cotton to him. Anyway, she sized up his ears and his nose and his necktie, stopped to frown over a button bein' off his vest, and sighed at his shoes so dusty. After which, Troubled took it on himself to break the spell.

"'I'm the assistant superintendent, J. F. Waters,' he said, savage as could be, bein' sore at the goin' over. 'I want to see Hathaway, the agent here.'"

"'I'm his understudy,' smiled the girl, real pleasant. 'My name is Kathleen Desmond. Have some candy?'"

"Troubled Waters regarded that candy box like she was passin' potato bugs, but shucks!—I took a big fat brown feller an' gobbled him. He had a cherry hid inside.

"'Jerry went down the line to a dance last night,' said the Desmond girl. 'The agent's son from Pine sub'd for him but he had to go back this morning and Jerry missed the train. So, as there's nothing doing in the day time anyway, I'm just sticking around.'"

"Oh, she was a wonder, that girl! She ought to have been a tiger tamer.

"'He had leave of absence from the dispatcher, you see,' she went on. 'And he'll be back on that 3 o'clock through train. He 'phoned me at the ranch. It's only a dozen miles. I came over in the runabout.'"

"Troubled Waters kicked a chunk of slag at the maple tree.

"'Your friend,' he snarled,—you'd a thought he was jealous, only he'd never seen her before. 'Your friend 'll have to get off that train at sixty miles an hour—which will be quite a feat—quite a feat.'"

"That girl showed red an' her gray eyes got hard as moss agates. Land! I wouldn't have been in Troubled Waters's place for fifty dollars—an' had her fire up her cheeks from the inside like that. Not me!"

"'Oh, it'll stop all right today,' she smiled at him—she did. "You see, Jerry's clear out of oil and they were slow sending it. There's scarcely enough for the semaphore tonight. So he had to order a supply by the passenger train he's coming on. It will stop, you see.'"

"'Even that don't go, Miss,' Troubled went right back at her. I began to be real unhappy. 'Your fellow—your fellow's pretty smart, but so long as there's enough, as you say, for the semaphore tonight, the oil can go on to Estes and come back local tomorrow. Our trains aren't stopping so often as they have been in the past. And Mr. Hathaway can go on, too, and lose his job for overstaying his leave of absence. It's a technicality, but I shall see to it personally that he is discharged for overstaying his furlough—if he had a furlough, which I doubt.'"

"'What'd y' mean—doubt? He did, too!' said Miss Girl. And she said it earnest.

But she calmed down an' clasped her hands behind her back an' stared at nothin' right through Troubled Waters. Then she laughed in his face an' got up an' went slow as could be around the station to where the semaphore was. We tagged her, for no particular reason. It was a tall semaphore for there's a cut beyond the station, but when we got around the corner, she was half way up the ladder, notwithstanding the fact that she had to devote some time to two white ankles and a white skirt, too. She looked down at Troubled Waters and laughed again.

"'I'm going to pour the oil out of this semaphore lamp,' she said noddin' at him. 'You better stand back a bit. It's bound to spatter. Better go in and pull the board on the passenger. We'll need oil tonight.'"

"I heard a girl speak 'Curfew shall not ring tonight'—just like that, it was—to hear this one.

"'Don't you dare do such a trick!' Troubled was shoutin' like she was a mile away. Me—I got to one side—oh, several steps. I never did mind side-steppin', an' them cheeks was warnin' enough for me. But Troubled, why, he knew no one dared act disrespectful to him, account o' him bein' assistant superintendent, so he stood close while he shook his fist an' read the riot act, told her it was a penitentiary offense, an' that the railroad company would show no mercy. Consequently, some of the signal oil went in his mouth, though most of it went down his neck. Then there was quite a lot all over the front of him.

"After he had gagged and spit a while and I'd wiped him off real passable with an old rag the girl brought, she said,

"'Shall I flag that train, Mr. Waters? It's time for it in a couple of hours.'"

"'Of course,' says Troubled. An' I was quite shocked at the change in him. He didn't seem to have no spirit left. 'We have to have oil for the semaphore, Miss Desmond. Yes indeed!'"

"'Well, come in and work the lever for me,' says she. An' as they went inside she smiled up at him an' says:

"'You—you were wrong about my being Jerry's girl. I'm—I'm his niece. I know he's not much older, but it's true. And I am just visiting him. I stay over at the ranch because it's more comfortable. So he's not my—fellow. Nobody is.'"

"An' then Troubled Waters, assistant superintendent, says to me:

"'George,' says he, 'I guess I'll not go any farther. I wish you'd go over the hill an' take a look at that engine. I'll be here when you get back.' Sure he'd be there! Where would he be? And oh, it was hot! I ain't used to walkin'."

"Yep—he was there when I got back. I reckon that's what they call love at first sight. Anyway, they was married and lived happy ever after, or so much of ever after as there is so far. An' it's quite a spell. For it all happened before the Lines East took over the Lines West."

Blondes Disappearing.

[Pittsburgh Gazette-Times:] A silly little story came out of St. Louis the other day to the effect that increased cost of peroxide of hydrogen was causing the girls out there to quit bleaching their hair and, as a consequence, fewer blonds were to be seen. The bleached blond is one of the lay figures of the joker; or, rather, of the joker who cannot keep ahead of the times, because she has been the target of humorous shafts ever since the Spanish-American War. Seriously, though, aren't there fewer blonds than formerly? How many genuine yellow-haired girls have you seen in the street cars in the last month? Very few; and to one girl with light eyes and coloring you will see a half-dozen brunettes of varying shades. We'll leave it to the sociologist to establish the relationship between the number of immigrants from Southern Europe, where the people are mostly dark, and the growing scarcity of real blonds. The sociologist no doubt can present all sorts of interesting theories, but we are confronted with a fact. During daily journeys on one car line covering a period of eleven months one observer has failed to descry a single blond that he would be sworn was genuine; and he is a person of fair eyesight and partial to the light ones. What's the answer?

ALTON FARM AND DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

A June Decision. By Mary Bourn.

"HELP me, Billy! Help me to avert an awful tragedy!" June Werner paused at the entrance of the grape arbor to look up at the blue sky through the tracery of green leaf and twisted vine. Sun and shadow checkered wavering patterns of pale gold down upon the tip-tilted face, flushed and anxious, and the thick coils of hair—a fluff of yellow piled high on the pretty head.

At the sudden appeal the man at the rustic table looked up from his writing and stared for a flashing second of time at the white-gowned figure, caught in the golden web of shade and sunshine and closed his eyes. Almost immediately he opened them, straightened his paper, and went back to work, writing smoothly over the white paper.

June was not disturbed by his silence; he would talk in his own good time. She stood in the doorway and looked about her. Soon the unbroken stillness together with the peace and fragrance of the quaint old garden soothed and hushed the urgency of her need. Close beside her, a hollyhock trembled, swaying on its tall and prickly stem. She waited until a yellow-powdered bee lumbered forth from the crimson cup and winged a zigzag flight high above the green spires of mignonette and blinking four-o'clocks and disappeared over the white palings of the fence. A butterfly, like a drifting primrose petal, poised low for a cool breath from a lavender bush.

June looked across at the rose-trellised house with the great willow growing close by the west eaves. Beyond the willow, the house and the garden, far across the valley, were the hills—the hills that shrank and flattened their granite sides close to earth, as if for fear the world in some mad, whirling revolution of time might toss their bony and barren bodies into space. At sight of the gray outline of buildings, huddled in the shadows of those frightened hills, the girl shivered and turned back to the arbor.

Her eyes, big with trouble, gazed at the bent head of the writer until a thought out-twinkled the worry in their blue depths. Her red lips lengthened their bow into a smile. The smile lasted until she had caught the pen from the guiding hand and stabbed a period after the last ink-wet word. "Billy! Don't play with paper manikins when there are real live men and women about!"

"Paper-people are much easier to manage." He held the page up for inspection.

"Marriage is a social end," she read aloud. "What kind of rampus are you trying to start now?" She frowned at the author.

"You put the period there; I didn't. I was going on to say 'as well as individual.'" "It makes no difference; I'm not interested in that subject." The paper fluttered to the floor, as she balanced herself on the end of the table.

Billy, ignoring the discarded page, shifted about in his chair, so that he could look up into the girl's face.

June knew that her eyes betrayed every passing mood, so she kept them well hidden under the black of her straight lashes. She clasped her hands about her knees and began.

"Somebody has been stirring up an awful fuss with the Town Board. As a result they are on the warpath and they have tomahawked the first poor creature they chanced to find. They have dared to declare Richard Vane a destitute and they are planning to send him over to the county farm this very night! Think of it!" She tossed back her head. "They have yet to bargain with June Werner!"

"Bargain with June! They have a hopeless task!" His somber face belied the banter in his voice.

June unclasped her hands, touched ever so lightly his rumpled and red-brown hair, and resumed her former position. "Billy, you must help me!"

Comforted by the shy caress, Billy ventured to reach for her hand.

She shook her head. "Think! Surely there is some way you can help me. I've thought until my mind is one perfect jumble. Look out that door. See those hills. Away back in the beginning I thought the world ended there. I thought the Farm stood on the edge of things, for night always came from that purple rim. Now

they would send that dear old man out to—darkness." Her voice trembled into silence.

"Don't worry, dear! The Farm is a comfortable place. I've made a study of charitable institutions and I consider this one at Alton the best in the State."

"Richard Vane needs something better than the best. He needs love and peace and the comfort of a home. His great heart has never had the joy we have had! Nobody has ever loved him!" She looked appealingly into the untroubled eyes of Billy.

"Nonsense! He was young once."

She shook her head. "Too much love has warped your judgment. Young Dick Vane was superior in brain development to the silly boys and girls of our acquaintance. Can't you see him living alone, working alone, writing alone, always surrounded by his bees and butterflies?"

"If that is true, June, if he has neither loved nor been loved, he will prefer clean and orderly Alton Farm to the troubles of—love in a cottage."

Again she sadly shook her head. "You've lived away too long, Billy. For you Alton is just a black dot on the map. Wake up and realize that we are human beings with sorrows and disappointments like the rest of the world!"

"June Werner! Your criticism is unjust. I've been a veritable dynamo. Who suggested the new lighting system? Who urged the street-cleaning corps? Who proposed the tree-planting for the protection of your water supply? Who organized the outdoor schoolrooms?" He paused dramatically.

"Aunt Carew," was June's demure reply.

"Everybody knows what she has done. When she takes charge of anything, she carries it to a finish."

"Exactly! When she takes charge. But whose suggestion is she carrying out?"

The chin lifted and the blue eyes sought the roof of the arbor. "She generally talks things over with me." Aroused by a sudden suspicion, she looked down into the adoring eyes of the man. "Billy, could you be responsible for all this trouble?" She slid off the table. Her heels crunched crisply into the discarded sheet of paper.

Billy reached for the page. "I've had something more to do than to hunt inmates for the County Farm. True, I did try to make it more comfortable." He ignored her groan and stood up to defend himself. "Aunt Carew helped—"

"There! I'll go to her. She'll know just what to do." Her anger-wrinkled brows cleared. "Billy! You go and talk to Mr. Vane. He is in the big chair under the willow. Talk to him. Keep him there. Don't let him suspect Aunt Carew and I are plotting."

"How did he get there?" He gathered up his papers.

"I kidnaped him. The second I heard of the nefarious scheme, I took Uncle's car, ran down and brought the dear old soul straight here. Somehow I thought you would help—" She looked wistfully at him.

"Indeed, I'll help. I'll go to him right now and enumerate and explain the especially fine features of Alton Farm."

"Don't you dare!" The words blazed their way through the small, white teeth. "He doesn't suspect such a thing. None of the meddling idiots had the courage to tell him—they left it to the manager of the farm. He is to drive in for him tonight. Billy, if the dear man knew this, it would kill him—"

"Is he absolutely penniless?" Billy counted the pages and arranged the sheets.

"Absolutely. He did have shares of some kind, but the company failed. When he is well he writes for fool papers as you do. But he is just over a long siege of sickness and is still too feeble to work. When I get to teaching—"

"Now if he had married—" Billy looked down at the last written page.

"I told you he was a man of brain." She sighed. "Billy, I'm worried about your future. You are likely to marry some forlorn piece of humanity who will have but one thought in her uncrumpled brain—she will mistake your unsurpassing conceit for wisdom."

"Don't worry about the girl I'm going to marry! She's an awfully human little creature—the heart-helping kind, Aunt Carew calls her."

June shrugged and led the way from the

arbor. "Come! You are in sad need of counsel!"

She left the two men together, crossed the well-swept yard and went up vine-sheltered steps to the kitchen doorway. "Aunt Carew, what are you doing?" she called to the little woman busy by the stove.

"Making sweets for Billy." She nodded and smiled at the girl. "The boy goes out on the last train tonight, and I want that he should carry a bit of this marmalade back to college. I dare say it won't do him much good, but when the boys flock into his room and get too noisy he can quiet them with this." She let the golden liquid pour from the spoon.

"I see. Bread and jam in exchange for good behavior." June carefully stepped over a big yellow cat asleep on a blue braided rug and sat down in a low chair by the alcove window.

"It's Billy's way. Since he was the broth of a lad he's stood by to offer you a bit of the sweet after you've had the bitter. Once when he was a wee tot I found him eating his bread and marmalade upside down. He said it was more fun to bite through to the jam side."

"He's like that now!" June laughed. "He says that surprises are the joys of life."

"Ah, but that boy of mine is a right smart lad—you must admit that, June?" she challenged over the rimless edge of her glasses. The girl answered the challenge with a crinkling smile of the eyes, but with lips straight and silent.

Aunt Carew went back to her stirring. "All the time I'm wanting his mother to know and all the time I'm thinking she knows—knows that there isn't a man living like Billy—knows that I did my best." She stopped to wipe the dimness from her glasses.

"Tell me of her!" June pleaded. "She was young—just a girl-mother—and sweet and pretty. She and Will, the boy's father, were both took sudden." Going, she said, "Jane, I'll leave my boy to Dick and you!"

"Dick?"

"Richard Vane. In those days—" She sighed and stirred the jam vigorously. "It ended in my caring for Billy the best I could and Dick went back to his bees and butterflies."

"Did Billy do that?" June stared before her, looking back into the years when Aunt Carew, young and pretty, had pledged herself to keep and care for a motherless babe.

"Do what?" Aunt Carew followed the direction of June's staring gaze. "Gather those grapes?" She nodded toward a yellow bowl, piled high with purple fruit. "Yes. He does everything for me. He even wanted to make this." She poured a golden stream from the spoon into the kettle.

June smiled, but her thoughts were not with the smile.

The late afternoon sun filtered a warm light on the yellow walls and ceiling and spilled a quivering shaft on the bowl of blue iris on the broad window shelf. A bee hummed in and out of the open door and the tawny cat stirred drowsily. The blue teakettle sang happily to its own reflection on the highly-polished stove; the jam kettle of the same vivid color gurgled golden bubbles, and blue dishes brightened the shelves of the yellow cupboard. Outside, the shadows crept lower and lower from the frightened hills.

June roused herself to say, "Aunt Carew, if you were old and nobody loved you—not even a Billy or a June or an Alton town—" She broke off, sighed and began anew, "I hate this town when it has industrial fits, when it compels us to air and sun and shake every skeleton in our closet, making them nice and shiny and audible for miles around."

"I don't know what you're getting at, June. But it sounds like Billy." Aunt Carew smiled above her spectacles.

"Which? The fits of industry or the rattle of bones?"

"Both," she laughingly affirmed. "Billy says that a town housecleaning is as necessary as a spring housecleaning. As soon as he came this time he began poking around the Alton Farm. Took me out and showed me—I was really ashamed. Next he had me appointed on a committee to straighten things out. We put in a capable housekeeper, planted fruit and berries and

plenty of vegetables; and really, it's comfortable out there now."

"Would you like to be sent there to live and die?"

Aunt Carew poured some jam into a saucer before answering. "June, you are all white and frazzled out. Is it the heat, or—?"

The girl shook her head.

"Billy? Has he been bothering you again?"

This time the shake of the pretty head was followed by a smile.

"Time and time again I've told Billy not to bother you with too much asking—it gets on your nerves. I know."

"How do you know?" June put the question listlessly.

After a vigorous stirring of the marmalade Aunt Carew answered, "Once in seven years a man bothers me with the same question."

"Aunt Carew! Why don't you marry him?" June leaned forward with sparkling eyes and parted lips.

"For the same reason that you don't marry," was the dry response.

"The same reason?"

"Yes, I enjoy my freedom, too." She turned back to the kettle.

"But if he still loves you after all these years—"

"Hasn't Billy proposed every summer for the last three years?"

"Yes, but—"

"There is no difference. You don't want to be disturbed. Neither do I."

"If Billy really needed me—" June offered with shy diffidence. She was never quite ready to discuss this phase of a possible future with anyone, not even herself. Away back in the dim recess of her being she knew that some day she would marry Billy. Just now it was better to remain an unsolved problem to the theorizing young man. "You know he has his work and his writings."

"So has this other man. We are not regretting. We have both traveled alone, lived to a comfortable old age and both found life rather pleasant." Aunt Carew looked about the cozy kitchen and then down at the girl. "Though I might have found the years long, if it hadn't been for Billy."

June closed her eyes to shut in the vision of living forever and forever without Billy. Could it be done? Was her love the same as Aunt Carew's? She opened her eyes to look again at the gray-gowned woman by the stove—the narrow white collar, pinned with the coral clasp of hands, the firm chin, the smiling wrinkled mouth, the black hair drawn back from the small face, and the steady gray eyes. It was a strong, dependable face, though time had carved deeply the joy and sorrow lines. The features were becoming set, fixed in the mold of years. Would she look like that?

"June, this is Billy's last afternoon." Aunt Carew shook her head sorrowfully. "You haven't been quarreling, have you?"

The girl started at the question. Her own troubles were lost in the rush of remembrance. "They are going to take dear old Mr. Vane to Alton Farm unless—" She stopped appalled at the change in the face of Aunt Carew. How yellow and old and wrinkled she was!

"Unless—" Aunt Carew held the spoon suspended.

"Unless you and I manage to hide him somewhere. I stole him and brought him over here. He's out there now under the willow with Billy."

"But why send him? The man has a thousand a year. Can't he live on that?"

"He hasn't it now; the company failed."

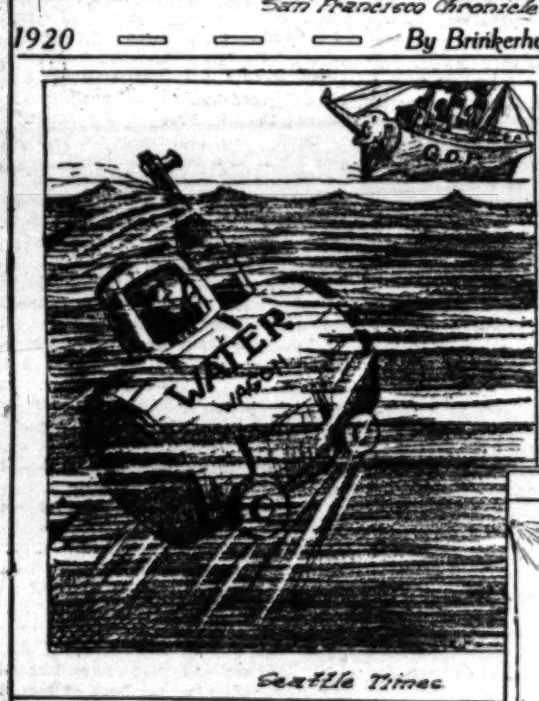
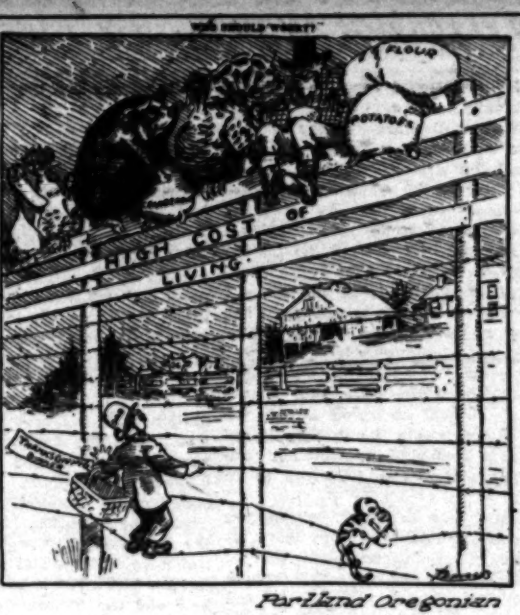
"And they dare to send a man like Richard Vane to the County Farm?" She stared off into space.

She made no demur when June took the spoon from her, but continued staring before her. She began talking to herself in a low, puzzled voice. "I wondered why he didn't ask me this year. That's it, is it? Five times in thirty-five years; and each time I've said no! I knew he had been sick, but not hungry! How could it be? And me out there cleaning up the Poor House! Making it ready for such as he!" She settled her glasses more firmly on her nose. "June! Does he know?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE.)

ONE time ago a charming girl came to town to spend a week with a young woman friend. While there she was eaten by a bear. "Come over, Jimmie," invited Robert, who stood near. "Of course, there is always the danger that those ferocious bears will devour you," said some day, he said solemnly to a gentleman with a grin that revealed the whole of his immense mouth, "but of course I am not a bear." The Little Bear.

Recent Notable Cartoons.



The Great Gift. By Florence Martin Eastland.

It was past 11 o'clock when her washing swung on the line. She was watering the roses with the last of the suds when he

By 3 o'clock Cynthia should have come home from school. Rilla arrived, and Curtis a little later. Cynthia's returns had lately become irregular and she showed confusion

There were tears in the eyes of Mrs. Cannon as she darted out; and there was

Smiling through her tears, Mrs. Jewell gazed about; but that which she saw was not the four happy faces. Her spiritual eyes beheld a great underlying truth.

When we sat down again it was over. The dog was sitting by the carcass, and the savage was headed for a lone bush to get materials with which to cover his prize for the night. When the meat was "bushed," he and the dog started soberly for home. The chase had lasted just forty-two minutes.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Compiled for the Illustrated Weekly.

The Little Dear.

SOME time ago a charming girl came to town to spend a week with a young woman friend. While there she was induced to take part in a church bazaar, and was given charge of the confectionery stall. Eventually a middle-aged man was led that way.

"They tell me I must buy some chocolates," smiled the victim, picking up a box from the stall. "How much is this?"

"Five dollars," answered the girl without any visible evidence of conscientious pang. "Um," thoughtfully returned the victim, glancing from the chocolates to the girl, "aren't you a little dear?"

"Well," coyly rejoined the other, "that's what all the boys say."—[New York Telegraph.

A Sudden Stop.

A LADY entered a railroad car and took a seat in front of a newly married couple. She was hardly seated before they began making remarks about her.

Her last year's bonnet and coat were fully criticized with more or less giggling on the bride's part, and there is no telling what might come next if the lady had not put a sudden stop to the conversation by a bit of strategy.

She turned her head, noticed that the bride was considerably older than the groom and in the smoothest of tones said: "Madam, will you please ask your son to close the window?"

The "son" closed his mouth and the bride no longer giggled.—[New York Times.

Stung!

NOW," said the farmer to the new hand from the city, "I want you to clean up the pigsty, the stable, the hen-house, and all the other houses of the stock."

For two days the new hand worked vigorously; then he appeared before his employer with both eyes nearly closed, his mouth swollen, and red lumps over face, neck and hands.

"Gimme my money," he demanded; "I'm goin' to quit."

"What's the matter?" asked the farmer. "I don't know what's the matter," returned the victim, "but it happened when I started to clean the beehive."—[American Boy.

Not What He Wanted.

INTO a smart "gentlemen's outfitters" strolled a Scotchman.

"I want a necktie," he informed the suave assistant.

The latter at once produced a box of eye twisters which he introduced with the remark:

"Here are some ties that are very much worn, sir."

"Ooch, away, mon!" retorted the son of Scotia, offended. "I dinna want yin that's veera much wor-n! I hae plenty o' them at hame!"—[London Answers.

The Hardest Job.

I HAVE come here," said the angry man to the superintendent of the street car line, "to get justice; justice, sir. Yesterday as my wife was getting off one of your cars the conductor stepped on her dress and tore a yard of frilling off the skirt."

The superintendent remained cool. "Well, sir," he said, "I don't know that we are to blame for that. What do you expect us to do? Get her a new dress?"

"No, sir. I do not intend to let you off so easily as that," the other man replied gruffly. He brandished in his right hand a small piece of silk.

"What I propose to have you do," he said, "is to match this silk."—[New York Times.

Didn't Count 'Em.

JIMMIE'S capacity for apples had never been tested, but it was the opinion of the neighbors that he could eat at least a bushel a day.

The actual test came when Robert, his

schoolmate, invited him over. Robert's father owned an apple orchard.

"Come over, Jimmie," invited Robert, "and if you don't get all the apples you can eat we will set out more trees. We only have 110."

Jimmie went, and when he returned home he wore a smile of contentment and a look of pain.

"What's up now, youngster?" questioned Jimmie's uncle. "Been robbing somebody's chicken roost?"

"Now," replied the nephew, "I've been over to Robert's, and you ought to see their barn! It's chuck full of apples, all kinds! I ate twenty-four," and Jimmie's face flushed with pride.

"How do you know you ate that many?" asked his uncle, sarcastically. "Did you use an adding machine?"

"Nope, saved the stems," and Jimmie proudly unloaded a handful from his pocket. His uncle counted the stems seriously.

"See here, young man, there are thirty-one stems here. You missed count, somehow."

"Aw, I forgot to tell you, unk, the last seven were little ones, so I didn't count them," and Jimmie hastened out in search of new hearers.—[Indianapolis News.

You Should Ask "Why?"

BOBBY came home from school, full of information, as usual. Each day since his entrance two months ago he brings some choice bit of knowledge. His father, with much parental pride, is never too busy to give attention.

"Do you know, daddy, Clarence James told me today that his father is an automobile dealer and he says his father says the new — don't make nearly so much noise as the old ones," said the youngster.

"Well, sonny, that all depends on the condition of the car. I saw a new — today that chugged like a threshing machine," commented the father.

Bobby's face fell.

"That isn't the answer," he replied. "You should say, 'Why?'"

"All right, sonny. Why?"

"Because they haven't a brass band in front," explained Bobby, proudly.—[Indianapolis News.

A Phoney Fortune.

MY WIFE played a great trick on a gypsy the other day."

The fat plumber was the speaker.

"What did she do?" asked the thin carpenter.

"The gypsy wanted to tell her fortune with some coffee grounds."

"Yes."

"And after she was through my wife asked her if the coffee grounds possessed some peculiar charms for fortune telling."

"What did the gypsy say?"

"She said they did."

"Then what?"

"Then my wife gave her the laugh and refused to pay her."

"Why?"

"Because the sediment in the cup wasn't coffee grounds at all. We use a substitute."

—[Youngstown Telegram.

Effect of Dissipation.

A IN'T you 'shamed of yourself," she exclaimed, "to be chawin' tobacco and smokin' that old pipe. You jet' ruinin' of your health."

"But listen, ma," replied her son, "I am 70 years old, ain't I?"

An aged mother was scolding her oldest son for some of his bad habits.

"Yes, you is," admitted the mother, "but maybe if you didn't chaw an' smoke you'd be 90 now."—[Youngstown (Ohio) Telegram.

The Real Danger.

THE lion tamer was brave, as a lion tamer must necessarily be, yet he had his weaknesses. For one thing, he lived in mortal terror of bronchitis. One day, after he had entered, with perfect composure, a cage containing two half-starved bears and a panther, he shook his head gravely as he came out.

"This is going to end badly with me some day," he said solemnly to a gentleman who stood near.

"Of course, there is always the danger that those ferocious beasts will devour you," said the gentleman sympathetically.

"The animals?" the lion tamer exclaimed. "Good heavens, you don't suppose I am afraid of them! It is these confounded cages. They are such dreadful places for drafts!"—[New York Times.

Married Money.

G LAD to see you looking so well, old man," said the friend of a newly made benedict. "This is the first opportunity I have had of offering my congratulations on your recent marriage. From the look of things I guess you've married money. Well, it was the right thing to do. That shop-walking berth of yours must have been awfully boring. Is she in? I should like to be introduced."

"Oh, she's at work," said the husband, with a placid smile.

"At work? What do you mean?" asked the friend.

"Well, you see, it was this way," replied the benedict. "She had a much better position than mine—head of her department, £8 a week. Wouldn't give it up. So there was nothing for it but for me to retire from business and keep house, and here I am, you see. You have to let women have their way in some things."—[London Tit-Bits.

Cool Logic.

FATHER, gimme a good lickin' and make me cry," was the astonishing request little Jimmy made one day.

"What makes you want such an absurd thing?" inquired his father.

"You'll hit me and I'll holler with all my might, and mother will wipe my face with her apron and give me a penny and I'll buy candy," came the logical rejoinder.—[Minneapolis Journal.

No More Interference.

A RECRUITING sergeant stationed in the south of Ireland met Pat and asked him to join the army. The latter refused, whereupon the sergeant asked his reason for refusing.

"Aren't the king and the kaiser cousins?" asked Pat.

"Yes," said the recruiting sergeant.

"Well," said Pat, "begor I once interfered in a family squabble, and I'm not going to do so again."—[Chicago News.

He Gets the Ducks.

A N OFFICIAL in one of the largest manufacturing concerns in Philadelphia recently showed me the huge plant. I marveled at the labor saving machinery.

"One of our workmen," he said, "has made a great many of the improvements you see in this room. He likes to go duck shooting, and while off on a trip for a week or more he thinks out some new way to save labor."

After a moment's pause he added:

"Why, he turned up one day with a plan whereby we save \$50,000 a year."

"And what," I inquired, "does that workman get out of it?"

"Oh," the happy official replied, "he gets the ducks."—[Girard, in Philadelphia Ledger.

All Depends.

CHARGED with cruelty to animals and using loud and profane language on the street, a man was brought before a police court. One of the witnesses was a pious old negro, who was subjected to a short cross-examination.

"Did the defendant use improper language while he was beating his horse?" asked the lawyer.

"Wal, he did talk mighty loud, suh."

"Did he indulge in profanity?"

The old darky seemed puzzled. The lawyer put the question another way:

"What I mean, Uncle Abe, is, did he use words that would be proper for your minister to use in a sermon?"

"Oh, yes, suh, yes suh," the old man re-

plied with a grin that revealed the whole width of his immense mouth, "but o' co'se day'd have ter be 'ranged diff'runt."—[American Boy.

Repatee.

BACK and forth, like tennis balls, go the notes between Berlin and Washington," said Senator Borah. "Now one side scores, then the other side comes back and scores in its turn."

"It's like the doctor and the man with the croup."

"A man with the croup halted a doctor on a quiet street corner."

"Doctor," he said, coughing violently, "what ought a chap to do when he's got the croup?"

"The doctor's eye emitted a steely light at the thought of being buncoed out of a free prescription, and he said:

"Such a man, my friend, ought to consult a good physician."

"Thanks, doctor," said the sufferer, as he took his leave. "That's what I'll do, then."—[Chicago News.

Exceptional Circumstances.

THE sympathetic prison visitor went from cell to cell interviewing the inmates. To one penitent-looking individual she put the usual question: "What brought you here?"

"Borrowing money, lady?" was the reply.

"But, good gracious!" she exclaimed, "they don't put people in prison for borrowing money?"

"Not ordinarily," said the man, "but I had to knock a man down three or four times before he would lend it to me."—[Exchange.

Faithful to His Promise.

ONE of the recruiting canvassers in an English provincial town was a well known magistrate. In most cases he succeeded in obtaining the promises he wished, but at last he knocked at one cottage door which was opened to him by a sturdy son of the soil.

"My man," said the magistrate, in his most persuasive tones, "are you willing to fight for your king and country?"

"No, I beant, sir," was the prompt reply.

"An' I be surprised at you askin' me for to do it. Two years ago come next month you yourself fined I twenty shillings for fighting w' Bill Smith, and you said it wor wicked to fight, an' I promised you as I wouldn't repeat the offense, an' allus kept my word."—[Buffalo News.

A New Menace.

A N OLD TIME son of the fatherland was reading the evening news after the day's work was ended. Glancing over the various headlines, his eyes fell on one which threatened to call for the services of a Sherlock Holmes or a Philo Gubb.

He read and reread, muttering the puzzling words over and over to himself. He wiped his glasses, turned up the light and looked again. But the words read exactly the same.

Some terrible thing had fallen on the front of a street car at Niagara Falls and killed a motorman. The old German's son just then stepped into the room, and was amazed to hear his father say, "Well, I'll be hanged—ic-kick-ic-kick-kel. What in the — is an ic-kick-kel?"

The son took the paper and read that a large icicle, breaking from the gorge, had fallen on the passing car and had killed the motorman.—[Indianapolis News.

Odd Viewpoint.

ONE woman in the audience had her own ideas about Julian Eltinge, the famous impersonator of feminine types.

"Wouldn't it be great fun to be married to a man like that?" she said to her husband.

"You mean because he is good looking?"

"No; you are good looking enough to suit me."

"Then what do you mean?"

"Think what a novelty it would be to be able to dress in the Paris gowns your own husband wears to work."—[Youngstown Telegram.

COURTSHIP AND AN APPROPRIATION BILL.

A Lesson in Unpreparedness. By Vlasta A. Hungerford.

ROBERT STORY, the managing editor of the Morning Star, started up from his desk with an exclamation of surprised pleasure, and held out both hands to his visitor.

"This is indeed an unlooked-for pleasure," he said joyfully. "Since I am forbidden the house, I don't get to see you nearly often enough. It has been one week today since we have seen each other."

Marian Rathchild smiled brightly, then sobered. "It's too bad this disagreement had to come up between you and father." She hesitated, then continued. "You were pretty hard on him in this morning's issue, weren't you? I never saw him so mad in my life, and I have seen him pretty angry at times." She studied her sweetheart's face closely.

"Robert," she said, laying her slim hand on his arm. "If father comes up here this morning, and—and gets abusive, you won't forget that he is my father—will you?"

Robert smiled quizzically. "Your father is not likely to come up here, if I know him. You can't understand, Marian, how deeply I regret this whole affair—" She interrupted him.

"You may think you know him, but you don't. Nobody ever quite knows father. I'm afraid you have won his undying hatred by the stand you have taken against him, and that he will never forgive you."

A harsh voice in the outer office, remonstrating with the office boy, followed close upon her words, and with startled dismay she realized that her father was on his way in.

"Hide me, quick!" she gasped. "He'll never forgive me if he finds me here! Quick, Robert!"

"There, behind that desk!" Robert pointed to a far corner of the room and Marian disappeared in hiding, none too soon.

The door was flung open, and Senator Rathchild stamped in, apoplectic with rage and puffing with avoirdupois.

"You young scoundrel you!" he exclaimed wrathfully as soon as he could get his breath. And then Robert stood up under the most scathing denunciation that had ever been heaped upon him, telling himself over and over again "He is Marian's father." The Senator paused a moment, out of breath, and glared malevolently at the young editor.

"You're a hypocrite!" he blazed forth once more, taking in the whole office with one scornful glance. "A—hypocrite and traitor to your own assertions!"

It is one thing to condemn one for one's convictions, and quite another to accuse one of being insincere and untrue to these same beliefs. Robert flushed to the roots of his dark hair and demanded an explanation.

The Senator stamped over to the huge vault and tried the door.

"Why do you lock that?" he demanded sharply. "And these?" He examined the new patent locks on the windows. "And that!" he pounded upon the back of the desk beneath which his daughter was hiding, then snatching up a bunch of keys shook them in Robert's face.

"You are well fortified with keys, as far as you personally are concerned, also with defenses," glaring at the big vault again, "yet you'd tie the nation's hands with unpreparedness and inefficiency, and gag her with her own peace banners and leave the national gates wide open for the first prowler to enter. So much for your national patriotism!"

Robert, furiously angry, yet controlled, replied.

"I'm going to fight this bill for the appropriation of national funds toward a preparedness we don't need. I am against war and the carnage and destruction it stands for, and which preparedness is likely to provoke. I am for peace!"

At the word "peace!" the Senator seemed to lose all control of himself.

"I suppose you are," he said thickly. "I suppose if a man met you on the street and slapped you on the face," he leaned suddenly forward and suited the action to the word, "you'd turn the other cheek, eh?"

Robert, stunned with surprise and anger, stared at the older man helplessly.

"No!" he finally choked, "and if you weren't father of the girl I love, I'd mop up the floor with you and then throw you out of this office! But I refuse to take your in-

sults any longer. Get out, and never come in here again!"

The Senator paused at the door. "The day will come when you will rue fighting me in this matter and if you defeat this bill, it will come soon, whether you are in league with the bunch of crooks who are backing you or not! And as for my daughter, as far as you are concerned, it makes not one iota of difference whether I am her father or not. I think I have told you before that I'll never let her marry you!" He slammed the door till the glass rattled, while Marian, thoroughly shocked, came out of concealment and sympathized with Robert.

"You behaved splendidly, dear, and I am entirely proud of you." The warm kiss she rewarded him with did not quite obliterate the sting and shame of the blow still smarting his cheek.

"You must forgive father. He comes of old fighting stock—that makes him so fierce and unmanageable sometimes. He is the son of a soldier, and grandson of one. Forgive him, for my sake." Her soft arms crept up about his neck, but Robert remained uncomfortable.

"So am I the grandson of a soldier, and believe me, Marian, it has been bitterly hard to take all this—even from your father—"

The door was jerked open and the Senator burst in again, having forgotten his cane. He snatched it up, standing beside the door, before he became aware of Marian's presence. Then he turned the vial of his wrath upon his daughter in a scathing denunciation, and dragged her away with him, after hurling a last bitter insult at the newspaper man.

Robert sank into a chair, exhausted by the interview. He was thankful it was yet too early for any of the boys to be down, and therefore he had been saved the further humiliation of having them overhear the abuse heaped upon him. And he wondered what the irascible Senator had meant by "the bunch of crooks you are in with." He resented this malignment of the men interested with himself in the peace movement which would save the nation millions of dollars in national defense for which, he believed, it had no use and for which the Senator was working so hard. His thoughts went on to Marian; he was sorry for her, torn between her love for him and her testy old parent, and he wondered moodily whether she did not in reality side with her father.

If he could have heard the conversation between them on their way home he would have been reassured. Even as she had begged leniency for her father while with her sweetheart, she now upbraided her parent for his treatment of Robert. Naturally slow to anger and inclined to timidity when it came to dealing with her father, when thoroughly roused she was afraid of nothing. By the time they reached home, the Senator was partly subdued by the scorn in his daughter's argument against his exhibition at the editorial offices. She swept on up to her rooms, while, outwardly defiant, yet inwardly stunned by the unprecedented outbreak, he entered his study.

A few moments later a commotion went up from below that presaged fresh disaster. She hurried down to find the study in dire confusion. The room had been thoroughly ransacked; papers lay strewn about; her father's desk and safe were open, contents on the floor.

In a blind rage again, the Senator was blowing up the frightened servants for negligence, while he made a hasty search and found some most valuable papers missing. This was too serious a matter for angry sputtering. He curtly dismissed the trembling servants and sank heavily into a chair.

"What has happened, father?" Marian gasped, looking bewildered upon the wild disorder of the room.

"Some valuable papers are stolen—papers that reveal government secrets and which I—I held in trust."

He wiped his damp forehead nervously. He had been careless of the confidence imposed upon him, leaving his most sacred trust unprotected in the safe in the always open-windowed, unlocked study in his home, instead of in the vault down town. But he had not dreamed there was any

danger of theft; that anyone knew he had the papers and plans, nor that so active an agency menaced the safety of his own country as this bold theft proclaimed.

"This is the work of some foreign devil," he said mechanically, his mind busy with a plan of action.

Marian said nothing, but across her face there flashed an odd expression, feaving it curiously tense. She didn't hear what further her father was saying until the name of Robert struck her consciousness, and she realized the Senator was implicating the young editor in the crime. Even that didn't rouse her to Robert's defense. Her mind was too busy with graver things, but she made use of the accusation to simulate anger and haughtily leave the study. Outside the door she paused a moment, hearing her father call up the Sneed Detective Agency, then she silently sped up the stairs to her own rooms. In three minutes she was down again, dressed for the street and heavily veiled. She got down to the garage just as the chauffeur was running in the car, and a few moments later was speeding back to town at a pace that threatened arrest.

At the Morning Star offices, she found Robert in a conference which she was not allowed to interrupt. She sat nervously tense and waiting. Ten interminable minutes passed before the inner office door opened and Robert came out. Marian started, then sat quite still and white, glad of the veil that hid her face. The man with him turned again to shake hands and glanced curiously toward Marian. She recognized him at once, with his foreign-shaped head and cold, blue eyes.

He bade Robert a prolonged farewell, and the moment he was gone Marian breathlessly related to Robert what had happened at home. He listened in amazement.

"And not three blocks from home, we met a car speeding toward," she continued excitedly. You know I have made a habit of studying people, otherwise I might not have noticed him. He was going very fast. When father declared it was the work of a foreigner, his face flashed before me, and I know, Robert, that that man is connected with the theft. So I came right down here to tell you and ask your advice. I know father wouldn't listen to my theory."

Robert nodded lowly. "You may be entirely right," he told her thoughtfully. She studied him closely.

"And the man I am talking about is the man who just left you," she went on hurriedly. "How well do you know him?"

Robert smiled incredulously and shook his head.

"This is ridiculous. That man is an American and I am indebted to him for some of my strongest arguments against the appropriation bill. What object would he have—"

"He is not an American at heart!" Marian retorted sharply. "He may be American born, but he is in the secret service of a foreign government interested in defeating this bill, interested in keeping this country unprepared, until such time as it is ready to strike! Oh, Robert, I am as sure of it as if I knew it! Follow him, find out more about him, find where he is going and what he intends to do. It is little enough to make sure!"

His unspoken objection was cut short by an outburst that cut him to the quick.

"I believe what father said this afternoon is true," she flared at him bitterly. "You have no patriotism or you wouldn't miss this chance to do your country what might prove an invaluable service. If you don't listen to me now, I'll never speak to you as long as I live!"

Robert flushed. "What do you want me to do?"

"Follow him, and see whether he does anything to justify my suspicions."

"All right, then, I will. I feel like a fool doing it, but—to please you, Marian."

Marian snatched his motor coat from its hook and dragged him toward the door.

"Hurry—hurry—hurry," she urged excitedly, or we may be too late.

The delay had been but slight, and they reached the pavement just as the foreigner disappeared around the corner in a light roadster. He himself was driving and Marian and Robert followed in the Senator's car, Robert at the wheel, his motor cap

pulled low, disguised behind goggles and the coat pulled up about his ears.

The first car rolled on through the crowded streets, gaining speed in the outlying avenues, and once reaching the open road the driver let out his machine, gradually pulling away from the heavier car coming after, seemingly anxious to elude his pursuers.

"He knows he is being followed," said Robert grimly, for the first time feeling that this wild chase might not prove so foolish, after all. For the man in bidding him good-by a short half-hour since had said he was taking the afternoon train for the north.

"Look at that!" gasped Marian, as the car took a short turn on two wheels. Robert, his face tense, kept his eyes straight ahead, as he replied:

"He'll beat us on the curves. I don't dare take them at that pace—the man is risking his life every time he does it." He pulled his own machine down as they took the curve the other had rounded at full speed. "He is bound for the harbor!" Robert shouted to Marian. "He has allowed himself just enough time. The Greyhound sails at five o'clock."

Marian nodded, her face pale and anxious.

The race continued, the big car holding its own on the straight road, and losing on the curves. The man in the car ahead took chances that made Marian gasp and hold her breath, as the little car plunged at the corners, wavered, then raced on.

"He'll have to slow down on the next curve!" shouted Robert. "It's too sharp to take at that pace, and farther on I know of a short cut we can take to head him off."

Marian leaned forward, all excitement, her eyes fixed on the rocking car ahead as it neared the dangerous elbow in the road. But it did not slow down. Marian uttered a little cry of terror. The light-colored machine raced madly at the curve, swung uncertainly on two wheels, then went over and over down the steep grade, while Marian covered her face with her hands.

Robert, shocked and horrified, brought his car to a standstill a little farther up the road.

"You had better stay here," he told Marian, but she would not have it so.

"You may need me," she said steadily. "I'm going with you."

They climbed down the steep, bouldered hillside to the overturned car. Its driver had been flung free and lay, face upward, still and white. As Robert bent over him, he opened his eyes and recognized him. There was no malignity in his gaze. He smiled a little.

"I don't know how you learned—" he said, breathing a little quickly. "Some day—someone will succeed—where I have failed." He closed his eyes, then opened them again, his breathing labored, presaging internal injury. From the harbor less than a mile away came the solemn, long-drawn whistle of the Greyhound. An expression of regret flitted across the white face.

"She sails—without me—while I—die—for—my country." A little pause followed, while Marian whispered to Robert awestrickenly.

He shook his head. "We can do nothing," he whispered back, "but let him die in peace." The dying man turned his head a little on the coat Robert had folded into a pillow, and looked at Robert. The young editor spoke huskily.

"Any messages, old man, you want me to deliver?" His voice sounded strange to his own ears.

The other smiled whimsically. "No. We leave—no messages—there is no one—it is well. I die—for my country." His breath fluttered, then with a sigh, he was gone.

Marian burst into sobs. Robert drew a tangled motor coat from the wreck near by and gently covered him.

"What are you going to do now?" she gasped, as Robert began going through the dead man's luggage. He made no reply, while Marian watched, shocked and fearful, as he emptied the bags. She had forgotten all about the stolen plans. Robert was unrewarded in his search until he examined the lining of a small pig-skin bag. The bottom had been newly sewed. With his knife he ripped the stitches and took out from

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

Flourishing and Nourishing Business. By Percy L. Edwards.

Some years ago, it used to be said "Wheat is cash." Today eggs circulate as cash between the thrifty housewife and the country store. The farm wagon, in by-gone days, now the automobile, starts the egg on its way to the city. At the store cash

[750]

Los Conquistadores Pizarro y Almagro. Por el Dr. J. Ziegner-Uriburu.

DESCUBRIMIENTO Y CONQUISTA DEL PERU

PEABODY, MAN WITHOUT PATRIOTISM.

Through Red Mist. By B. C. Hawkins.

PEABODY and his friend, Col. Cushing, were toying with their steins and listlessly watching the movies at the Odeon. A bulletin had just been flashed on the screen announcing that the invasion of Mexico in pursuit of the bandit, Villa, had been decreed. A wise management, sensing the effect of the news on the public pulse, had followed up the bulletin with a pictograph showing the maneuvers of certain of our troops at a recent review, and ending with a "close-up" of a strapping color sergeant bearing an American flag. A wave of applause had swept over the house, dying out almost instantly to a desultory patter of a few persistent hands.

"Cheap patriotism!" The voice of Peabody rose in scornful protest above the sound of clinking steins, crunching peanuts and murmuring conversation. Col. Cushing regarded him curiously. "Why cheap?" he asked.

"Because nine out of ten of those hand-clapping maniacs would run at the first shot if we really had a war on our hands. At sight of a colored rag that you can buy for 5 cents a yard they holler their heads off and an hour later they are out on the street corner knocking the government for not lowering the tariff on prunes."

"Tell me, Peabody," the Colonel said, with a tolerant smile, "didn't you ever holler your head off at sight of the flag, yourself? Don't you know what it is to see Old Glory at a psychological moment and just feel yourself going to pieces like a pack of fire-crackers?"

Peabody squared his muscular shoulders as though the Colonel's words were an accusation. He shook his head almost sadly.

"No, Cushing, I'm afraid I am a man without patriotism, cheap or otherwise. To me the flag is a piece of colored bunting, nothing more. After last Fourth of July we tore down the decorations and used them in the printing office to wipe down the presses. One of the boys registered a protest and got fired for his pains. I tried to get his point of view, but it wasn't in me."

"But surely you love your country, and you must love your flag as its symbol."

"No, I'm a hopeless case, I guess," grinned Peabody. "I'm for the individual. I don't get the mob spirit. The country to me is so much real estate, owned and governed by a bunch of Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Russians, Spaniards and Jews. There is no such thing as an American. We're not old enough yet. Of course I recognize in a sort of cold-blooded manner our place in the world, our strength and our weaknesses. And I want our country to go forward, not backward. But my interest is selfish. If this country were overrun by a foreign foe I should suffer a certain property loss, and should undoubtedly lose my job on the Enquirer and the \$500 a month it brings me. As for the flag, as a symbol, I don't get the idea at all. Five yards of flag or five yards of cheese-cloth, it's all the same to me!"

Col. Cushing laughed in unbelief as he signalled the hovering waiter to refill the steins.

"This from you!" he jeered. "This from Donald Peabody, the correspondent and artist whose war sketches are the talk of the whole nation. Why, less than a week ago I heard your chief brag that on canvas you could make a ten-man skirmish look like the battle of Bunker Hill!"

"But don't forget that the material for those same sketches was gathered mostly by telephone. The nearest I ever got to a real battle was seven miles. I went up in a captive war balloon and took my notes at a safe distance."

"Well, if things break right you'll get closer than seven miles to a battle in Mexico. Conditions will be different there from what they are in Europe. If we get any fighting at all it will be close-in work, hitting in the clinches and no holds barred."

Cushing was colonel of the 11th California Cavalry and had already received his orders to leave the Presidio for the border on the following morning. Peabody, after much profanity on the part of his chief, had reluctantly consented to prevail on the colonel, an old time schoolmate and friend, to permit him to accompany his squadron as artist and correspondent for the Enquirer.

"Well, I guess we've about argued the

matter out. I think I'll turn in," yawned Peabody. "There's a long journey ahead of us and I want to get a good night's sleep."

The two friends parted at the door, the colonel taking a jitney to his quarters at the Presidio, while Peabody had but to walk across the street to his apartments.

"Don't waste any more time on me, old man," advised Peabody, as the colonel piled precariously into the vehicle. "I'm not worth it. You'll never make a patriot out of yours truly!"

Things were "different" in Mexico. After three weeks of agony, spent in endless crawling over a desolate country, broiling by day under a desert sun, freezing at night under thin, dew-drenched blankets, living on half rations, thirsty, hungry, and under an almost constant dribble of fire from sniping bandits, the men had fallen into a spirit of indifference that was extremely demoralizing. Peabody had at last come to look upon his flag as a symbol—a symbol representing the cause of his present woeful condition.

"Look at it!" he stormed one day to Col. Cushing, when the colors chanced to pass their way. "Look at Old Glory, that brought us to Mexico, and then look at my sore feet! Look at this three-weeks' growth of beard on my face! And look at this hole in my thumb where that dirty sniper plugged me! Old Glory! Say, if you weren't an officer in our Uncle Sam's army I'd sure say a few things."

"And if you weren't Don Peabody I'd send you back to the States on the next grub wagon! Shout all the tommyrot you want at me but don't let the men hear you. Things are bad enough as they are."

A note of impatience was apparent in the colonel's voice and thereafter Peabody kept his opinions more to himself.

A few days after this conversation the troopers fell in with a detachment of bandits and vented a considerable portion of their pent-up emotions through the muzzles of their rifles, making a battling average of ten greasers to one of themselves. Hilarity prevailed in camp after the set-to.

"Well, what did you think of it?" asked the colonel of Peabody at his first leisure moment after conditions had gone back to normal.

"What I saw was very interesting," growled Peabody. "If the rock I was behind had been made of glass I might be able to express a more intelligent opinion."

After which he went to his tent and penned a glowing account of the battle that was to stir the souls of a million readers in distant California.

One day the expedition came to a little dried-up village on a milky stream in an alkali plain. There had been a half-dozen one-story cottages, a dirty rooming-house, a general store and a wine shop. An old peon and a weeping senora met the troopers with a bloody tale of massacre and pillage by marauding bandits. Of the townspeople they alone had survived, the others being either killed or taken captive. Twelve hours back it had happened. The murderers might yet be overtaken.

The troopers pressed forward in hot pursuit. At the general store a mighty cheer went up from the men. Frayed and weather-beaten, but still defiant, a faded American flag flapped from a shaky standard over the doorway.

The old couple explained the mystery in broken English.

"Si, an Americano, Senor Thompson, he run the store. He no hide, he fight, kill three, four Mexican hombres. They throw him in the agua cistern!"

Furnished with extra horses the two Mexicans rode away with the troopers. Peabody lingered behind to make a sketch of the village and of the dilapidated flag over the store. As he sketched rapidly he mentally outlined the story he would weave around the murdered storekeeper. He would have him killed while defending the flag from insult—a sort of masculine Barbara Fritchie.

"Good copy that," he granted to himself. "The Enquirer's readers will eat it up."

The poor boob," he added as he pictured the last stand of the dead storekeeper. "I'll bet my story will be pretty close to the

truth, at that. If the greasers got away, why couldn't he? The poor boob!"

So engrossed had he become in the sketch and his accompanying reverie that he had failed to notice that the squadron of cavalry was already vanishing in a cloud of alkali dust on the distant plain.

When, at last, he did look up he saw something that put the talons of fear into his heart. But a scant half-mile away and at quite a different angle from that taken by the vanishing troopers, five straggling horsemen had appeared on the plain. The sun glinting from their broad sombreros proclaimed the fact that they were Mexicans, and with conditions as they were Peabody knew that the probabilities were all in favor of their being enemies. Alone in the little village, with the squadron of cavalry disappearing on the horizon, the man's predicament was anything but a pleasant one.

So far the approaching horsemen had shown no indication of having seen him, so Peabody lost no time in trying to find a hiding place. His first impulse was to seek refuge in the store, but he suddenly recollected that he had left his horse standing in front of the wine shop across the way and that it would betray his whereabouts.

Dodging around a corner of the store and keeping it between him and the horsemen, he ran up the street and dashed across to where his mount stood. Sick with fear, he led the animal around to the rear of the building and tied it to a beam in a little adobe outhouse whose thick walls he hoped, would quiet any ordinary disturbance the steed might make. He still had plenty of time to return to the deserted wine shop and climb the rickety stairway to a squalid upper room before the horsemen had approached the outskirts of the village. Peering through a tiny barred window, he was able to observe them as they clattered up the street on their flea-bitten, desert-bred bronchos.

A motley crew they were, ragged, dirty, bestial and savage-looking. Peabody instantly put them down as irregular soldiery, probably Villista bandits out on a looting expedition.

Up and down the street they ranged, ransacking the few buildings, breaking windows and shouting raucously. The largest man of the little group, a swarthy peon with a semblance of a military uniform, who seemed to be their leader, finally came to the wine shop. Peabody held his breath as he heard the crash of furniture below and the thump of a staggering body against the stairway. Then, with a sudden savage curse, the bandit abandoned his search and joined the others where they had gathered, afoot, in front of the store.

Peabody had been scared, terribly scared. He was still scared, though he now knew that his presence had not been suspected and that it was likely that the bandits would leave without discovering him. He sweltered under the low, sun-scorched roof and cursed the government that was indirectly responsible for his journey into that God-forsaken country. Across the way the five bandits stood gesticulating wildly and pointing in anger at the dilapidated flag which fluttered idly in a mere ghost of a breeze above the doorway.

Peabody shook his fist at the flag.

"Old Glory!" he muttered under his breath. "Old Fiddlesticks! But for you I might be enjoying a good cigar at the club right now!"

Suddenly the leader of the bandits made a lunge for the flag pole. With his knife he cut the thin rope and the banner slid listlessly down to his feet, where the others ground it in the dust, tearing it with their clinking spurs.

At that moment something went wrong with Peabody. He saw the Mexicans through a thin red mist as they jumped fantastically about in the narrow street, like figures on a screen. Then the mist cleared and he became suddenly deadly calm.

The crash of breaking glass made the pause in sudden surprise as Peabody's heavy automatic revolver poked through the little window of his retreat. At his first shot their leader took a sleepy expression and sank limply down in the dirt street. Another died before the initial paralysis of surprise could be shaken off. Two more fell before the deadly close-range

fire as they stormed the building. The fifth, an undersized half-breed, Peabody met at the door and strangled like a rat with his bare hands.

Peabody stalked across to the store. One of the bandits, developing a spark of life, unlimbered a fusillade of wild shots. With mechanical precision Peabody finished him off with his last cartridge.

Methodically he raised the flag on its standard and lashed it firmly in place. Then he went across the street to the outbuilding, led out his horse, mounted it and started on a brisk gallop in pursuit of the vanished squadron of cavalry.

As he rode, Peabody was whistling. He was whistling "The Star Spangled Banner."

Fast Ships of Other Days.

In these times one is apt to smile when mention is made of fast sailing ships of other days; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that no mean records were achieved by the famous American clippers of the last century, many of which were even faster than the majority of steamers today. Today even there are sailing-ships that, with anything like a fair breeze, can outstrip nine out of ten ocean tramps.

During the period between 1850 and the Civil War the Flying Cloud made some neat records in the trans-Atlantic trade, and these stood till they were surpassed by the famous Guion liner Alaska in 1882. The Flying Cloud made one day's run of 433 knots and another of 427 knots, equal to about twenty-one land miles an hour.

During the period between 1840 and 1860 there were packet-ships that beat the mail-steamer across the ocean eighty-six times. Dickens crossed in the old Britannia, a steamship, but returned by the packet George Washington, which beat the liner home by twenty-nine hours.

A small packet boat, the Fidelio, of about 500 tons, accomplished the Atlantic trip in thirteen days and seven hours; and the Dreadnought, whose owners boasted that she had never been beaten in a race, averaged on one trip sixteen knots an hour.

There was a British ship, the Thermopylae, that made a really wonderful record from Melbourne to London—sixty days—an average of twelve knots an hour for the voyage. She came home afterward from China in ninety-one days. The performance of this ship showed a speed greater than most freighters of today.

It is a fact that with a fair wind the big five and six-masted schooners of today develop a speed that frequently enables their crews to have the pleasure, coming up the coast with cargo, of sailing pleasantly past some Norwegian or British tramp steamer plugging along on its most economical coal consumption at a rate of six or eight knots an hour.

Thimbles.

The thimble is a Dutch invention, and was first brought to England by one John Lofting, who began its manufacture at Islington in 1695.

Its name was derived from the words "thumb" and "bell." Originally it was called "thumbell," then "thumble," and finally "thimble." It is recorded that thimbles were first worn on the thumb; but one can scarcely conceive how they could be of much service so used.

In other days thimbles were made of brass and iron only, but now they are shown in gold, silver, steel, horn, ivory and even glass.

There is a thimble owned by the Queen of Siam that is shaped like a lotus-bud, the royal flower. It is of gold, thickly studded with diamonds, and is held to be the most costly article of its kind in the world.

In Naples very pretty thimbles composed of lava from Mt. Vesuvius are occasionally sold, but rather as curiosities than as articles of real utility, being, by reason of the extreme brittleness of the lava, very easily broken.

Easily Answered.

[Ideas:] Lecturer (at temperance meeting:) We must do something to stop the sale of intoxicating drinks. What can we do?

Voice of drunkard from back of room: Give it away, mister.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH AMERICA.

A Look at Guatemala. By Mrs. P. O. Macqueen.

AFter all the United States isn't quite all of America. The deck of our "Great White Fleet" boat, boarded at New Orleans, was swarmed with people talking in Spanish and my sole Spanish vocabulary consisted of "si" and "no." When my husband suggested Central America as our vacation spot, friends warned me that his motive was ulterior. Already I'd discovered their meaning—he wanted to do most of the talking. After all, that would be a change for both of us.

We became acquainted with an interesting Spanish family from Guatemala City and when they learned we were intending to visit there, they insisted on our coming direct to their home. This, of course, was not to be thought of. We learned afterward that the "Señor" was the Rockefeller of his country. Imagine one of our own magnates taking a foreigner on his face value in this way! It was refreshing and restored one's faith in human nature in general.

Our first stop was at Belize, British Honduras, where we put off in a "lighter" for a few hours' visit. We were entertained at Belize by the American Consul and his Spanish wife and sent back to our boat in much better style than we left it. I felt so proud of our jaunty little launch with the red, white and blue flying that I hoped all our fellow-passengers would be on deck to see us arrive. Most of them were. We didn't see half a dozen white people in Belize, though there were more than that in the town. We did meet an interesting old sea captain, who told us a number of jokes, all of which were preceded with the remark, "We are all old married people, so you'll forgive an old man his jokes," which didn't add much to my comfort, although the jokes were as a rule harmless.

When Puerto Barrios, our landing place, came into sight, the greatest scramble to collect baggage began. Everyone seemed possessed to have his or her luggage immediately in front of where the gang plank would be placed, all of which didn't tend to increase the deck steward's good nature. I inquired what caused the rush and was told they were anxious to reach the hotel. As soon as we docked a regular marathon took place. Men and boys, with their coats over their arms, ran madly toward a rambling building about three blocks away, leaving their bags and bundles on the wharf. I soon found why. The hotel accommodated about seventy-five people at best and there were twice that number desiring rooms. To make matters worse, there is but one hotel and between boats I imagine practically no business is done, which makes any optimistic person witnessing this scene and contemplating starting another hostelry, back down. To sit up all night fighting mosquitoes doesn't appeal to many, and that is what would have to be done if a bed and mosquito bar were not available.

We were not entirely unprepared for the type of hotel we found; but when napkins—in holders—looking as if they had been in use for a fortnight or so, were found at our place at table, we did ask for others. The second helping was so questionable that we used our handkerchiefs. On retiring we found distinct head prints on our pillow slips, where a perspiring person, in all probability not a white one at that, had rested; but one mustn't be too particular. We called the manager. He was apologetic and voluble. "A poor laundress," he explained with many gestures and smiles. "They are soiled," we told him. "No, no! Merely badly ironed," he insisted. We gave up and slept on steamer rugs, though it was very hot and the rugs didn't help cool us off.

The rooms were without windows, being ventilated and lighted by large double doors, which you left open, save when dressing. My husband had gone for water and I was brushing my hair preparatory to retiring. To get away from the mosquitoes I had climbed on the bed under the bar. I thought I heard someone enter the room, but thinking it was my husband I did not look up. Finally the silence became oppressive, looking up I beheld an enormous fat man standing at my bedside (my husband is very thin) gazing at me in a fascinated manner. No, it was not my fatal beauty that attracted him, but my pajamas. I hold no malice; they were patriotic. In a humorous moment my other half had presented me with a pair of

red, white and blue silk ones. They were startling. Though what this individual with two beer bottles, one in each hand and a glass carefully balanced on the top of one, wanted of me was more than I could understand. He did not move, neither did I. Strong alcoholic fumes warned me that he was not entirely normal, so I whispered, in order that my neighbors might not hear, "You are in the wrong room," as this seemed the solution. He solemnly turned about and tip-toed from the room. I never a word of comment nor apology. Afterward found his room did adjoin ours and my guess as to his mistake was correct. This incident made me wish there were locks on the doors. Later on that same night my fat friend had a second opportunity to see my patriotic pajamas as a fire broke out in the kitchen and we all ran out regardless of our apparel. The building would have gone up like tinder but for the prompt action of the cook, who discovered the flames and had them well under way before help came.

Everyone was up bright and early the next morning to take the 6 o'clock train for Guatemala City, Guatemala. We had purchased chair car seats the night before, so did not rush to the station at 5 a.m., as did some of the natives. Picture our chagrin on entering the car to find every seat taken, and hardly an available spot in which to stand. My husband went to the ticket agent to protest; but that individual calmly assured him that they always sold a ticket to everyone who cared for a chair. In a word, it was your own fault if you were too late to get a seat. He, however, refunded the \$3 paid him for the seats and we betook ourselves to the day coach, which was swarmed with babbling people, including many children, baskets with live chickens, fish (how we wished they were alive also) and packets of lunch galore. At first it looked funny, so much lunch, but we were glad enough to get some of it later on.

Finally everybody was happily aboard and a signal was given to start. We rode for about three hours through what I called the "banana belt," passing acres and acres of banana trees. These were chiefly owned by the United Fruit Company. In many places men were busy gathering the huge bunches, all of which was interesting to us. Presently, however, the train came to a jolting stop. There had been a washout, the little "rio" running at our side having decided to flood. This, we learned, was a frequent occurrence and the passengers began at once to clamor to get back to Barrios. My husband, who is familiar with railroad work, got off the train to examine the extent of the damage and soon came back with the cheering word that it would take but a few minutes to put the track in order. Time passed and the train did not move. "You must have miscalculated," I told my husband. "Oh, no, they are a bit slow," he replied, and resumed eating chocolates, they being our only provision against hunger. To make a long story short we sat there for more than five hours and at the end of that time the train was slowly backed into Puerto Barrios, where the marathon in quest of rooms again took place. My husband was among the first this time, while I stayed behind with the luggage. Many of our companions started out the next day, but we waited until the third day, when we made the trip successfully and pleasantly, having only six people in the observation car with us.

When we finally arrived in Guatemala it was 7:30 in the evening. It had taken us from 6 a.m. to make the trip of 190 miles. The scenery was wonderful. At Zacapa we stopped for lunch at the railroad lunch room, then for twenty miles we traveled through cactus plains. The cacti were filled with blossoms and fruit. The former reminded me of a tremendous white ulcer of some kind, although when you know that the fruit is edible, this is not a happy comparison. The cacti stood as high as twenty-five feet in some cases, although the average was, perhaps, more like eight. Fences were formed of this prickly plant, and one ranch had an attractive entrance formed of graded sizes. I am still wondering how anyone could handle the plants. At intervals cattle were seen grazing among the cacti. This stretch of land is known as the Zacapa Plains. Up and up and up we wound, after leaving the plains behind. Our railroad paralleled itself in many places and looked like

a snake winding up the mountainside!

Darkness had overtaken us before we reached Guatemala City, the capital of Guatemala, so we were forced to wait until our return trip to get a view of the famous bridge over which we passed to reach the city. The track of this mountain-climbing railroad is a thirty-nine-inch gauge, and the trains, though long, have the appearance of toys. Just as we were collecting our scattered belongings, and I was arguing in favor of taking several delicious grapefruits with us (we had gotten twelve for one peso—5 cents of our money,) the train slowed down, and a policeman came into our car. He recorded our nationality, name and destination; only, but it left me with the unpleasant sensation of being under suspicion. My husband had thoughtlessly asked a fellow traveler his opinion of the reigning President of Guatemala, and had received a very short reply to the effect that Guatemalans did not discuss their politics with strangers or in fact at all. His wife had called her baby to her side after this incident—I had been playing with the child—and on the whole I felt like a spy.

Guatemala City is beautiful, yes, and romantic, too. In the center of the city, which has a population of about 150,000, is the Parque Central, where an excellent band dispenses music to rich and poor alike, several nights a week. They are a music-loving people and furthermore love only good music. No ragtime or light music is heard, the lowliest enjoying the best in the art.

We were whirled in a white automobile to the Gran Hotel, advertised as the best in Central America. Here we engaged a room, a great big room, it was, with a bed large enough for Brigham Young and all his wives. It was comfortably furnished. The charge was \$2 per day, including "coffee," which answers to breakfast with the American of the United States. This meal consisted of an orange, rolls and coffee.

The Catholic religion prevails and we enjoyed wandering about looking at the well-kept churches. Carmen, a church no longer in use, is situated on a high hill overlooking the city and stretching out all around are mountains and still more mountains. It made us ambitious. "Let's go to Antigua," said my husband, "and climb a mountain," I added, and it was settled.

It was early in October, the morning was bright and clear (that fact wasn't unusual, however, as we stayed in Guatemala for three weeks and every morning was equally bright and clear, not a drop of rain) when we left our hotel in a two-seated, covered wagon drawn by four sturdy mules—sleigh bells gaily ringing. A few hours later and we were in a veritable garden of Eden. The mules were hard-working animals, too, for, after pulling us through deep-lava sand up rocky hills to a height of 7000 feet at San Rafael, then down again over even worse roads, they landed us in Antigua with as brisk a flourish of stubby tails and as brave a shake of stubborn heads as when they dashed gallantly away six hours earlier.

Our driver! How you would enjoy him. He was a Guatemalteco with but one long discolored tooth remaining. He cracked an enormous whip, whistled ear-splittingly through the one tooth, emitted a blood-curdling yell and we were on our way. We were grateful for our covered wagon as we jolted over the cobbled streets, for it held us in; otherwise I fear we would have been left behind. We bounced about like rubber balls. The road later on was filled with huge boulders and deep holes, rivaling each other in number. Endless steep embankments on one side and deep gorges on the other held us spellbound. At times the road was fairly good; at least there was plenty of splendid material misplaced. The rougher it became the more cheerfully and loudly our driver whistled, glancing quizzically at us over his shoulder, frankly exposing his tooth, and urging his patient mules onward at desperate speed. He was to receive 300 pesos for the trip—a fortune in itself—and was, I imagine, anxious to receive payment.

Shortly after starting we had our second interview with the police. Again my husband's name and destination were taken. Not a look in my direction, except when I sang out "adios" (an addition, by the way, to my vocabulary) when the grave young official politely saluted. It is apparent women are not looked upon as suspicious characters

by the police. Can it be they are ignored?

We had learned to sway with our carriage and were hopeful of a safe journey, until we noted that the toothless one was actually stopping at each "cantina" en route, and they were plentiful for a sparsely settled country. Deliberately looping the reins over the front seat he would slowly alight. Each return wafted a stronger odor and his agility was not reassuring.

Friendly natives greeted us in the villages en route to San Rafael, a miniature inn about midway between old and new Guatemala. Mixco, an Indian fort many years ago, but now boasting nothing more warlike than a church and "pila" or public laundry, was celebrating some saint's day, and we were greeted by a group of white-clad, flower-decked children.

San Rafael Inn is of only one story, constructed like most of the buildings throughout this country, of plaster and adobe. It is tinted a delicate pink and has a low, slanting sienna-colored roof, which blends perfectly into its nook at the foot of the mountain, or one might as honestly say—clings to its place at the top of the ravine. Several deep steps lead into a garden filled with a riot of roses, violets, iris, heliotrope and a wee fountain. At the back are more flowers, some unfamiliar. There is a little rivulet here and a forest thickly studded with fragrant pines. Across the shady road is a thrifty fruit and vegetable garden, clinging tenaciously to the side of the mountain.

The "diligence" preceded us, bearing several passengers. Two of these were our companions at breakfast. They were desperate looking men. One had a score of scars, was cross-eyed and had three fingers missing. They conversed eagerly with us in Spanish. I secretly rejoiced that my husband seemed to be having difficulty understanding them. I used my hands with surprising results, however, even if I did not understand their apparently happy speech. Breakfast was served at a small table near the bar, where "mine host" regaled us with stories of a wife in far-away Switzerland, his fallen fortunes and a splendidly illustrated book on Central America. He spoke in German. Everywhere we found other languages. English wasn't popular.

After leaving Guatemala we passed literally hundreds of Indians, men, women and children, all carrying heavy burdens. The men held theirs by a single strap across the forehead. The women brought their papooses along, either fastened securely on Mother's back or carried in an apron forming a pocket in front, from which the tiny head projected in an inquiring fashion. The women bore their share of the produce balanced on their heads and carried in baskets in either hand. All trotted steadily along, mile after mile, with an occasional halt for rest. Guatemala gradually became a white-speckled plateau below us, while guiding us onward were the three stately volcanoes, Agua, Fuego and Acatenango, their peaks showing above the clouds. On a down grade, over a more than ordinary steep and winding section of the road, our driver produced an enormous knife, which actually made us quake, and proceeded to cut down a small tree, a portion of which he bound to the hind wheel as a brake.

At first glance Antigua seems like a sleepy village. The streets are narrow and cobbled—grass grown, too. We arrived early in the afternoon and our landlady, surrounded by her children, met us at the old-fashioned archway leading into the patio. Think of it, we were guests of a city born in 1542. Even our hotel could count its birthdays in hundreds. The original Antigua or old Guatemala was abandoned 372 years ago. The desertion was laid to a water eruption from Agua; but later investigation points to a cloudburst. Little remains of this unfortunate city. The present Antigua, known as the City of St. James the Gentleman, has a population of 16,000.

Again in 1776 more eruptions occurred and a new Captain-General from Spain is said to have become frightened or pretended to be and obtained permission from Spain to remove the capital to its present location, Guatemala City, in the lovely valley of Las Vasca. The new city, with all its beauty, does not compare with the old, which is now filled with ruins caused by the destruction by the priests who used gun-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

*See illustrations on page 17.

DESCUBRIMIENTO Y CONQUISTA DEL PERU.

Los Conquistadores Pizarro y Almagro. Por el Dr. J. Ziegner-Uriburu.

TRES hombres de excepcional temple, llamados Pizarro, Almagro y Luque, se unieron para continuar la exploración del mar del Sur descubierta por el inmortal Vasco Núñez de Balboa. Se acercaba el momento histórico del descubrimiento del Perú (1524) y la conquista y destrucción del imperio de los Incas.

Pizarro era natural de Trujillo y de humilde extracción; soldado, valeroso y dotado de firmísimo carácter, había actuado en las guerras de Italia, y se había amestrado en América en la escuela de los Ojeda y los Balboa. De Almagro, poco se sabe, hasta que en unión de Pizarro, se decidió a tomar parte activa en la conquista del Perú. Hernando de Luque era clérigo, desempeñando entonces el Curato de Panamá, é influente en la colonia por su virtud y conocimiento de las cosas.

Todos debían contribuir con su escasa fortuna al equipo de la expedición, dividiéndose las ganancias por partes iguales.

Habiendo obtenido el permiso del Gobernador Pedrarias Dávila (del Darién), salió Pizarro en uno de los viejos bergantines de Balboa, con rumbo al sur, en Noviembre de 1524.

Pizarro, á quien debía seguir Almagro en otro bergantín con recursos, tomó tierra dos leguas adentro del río Virú. Llegaron náufragos y sufrieron penalidades sin cuenta en tan desierta comarca (que con razón denominaron "Puerto del Hambre") hasta la llegada de Almagro, mes y medio después.

La selvática naturaleza, por una parte, y la tenaz resistencia de los naturales, por la otra, diezmaron las reducidas huestes de Pizarro, y después de acampar en "Pueblo Quemado," cundió de tal manera el descontento, que decidieron buscar recursos en Panamá, donde les impulsaron á abandonar la empresa.

Pizarro, sin embargo, se conservó firme: cuando en el campamento de la isla del Gallo, los españoles, desnudos y hambrientos, pugnaban por reembarcarse, desvalió su daga y trazando una línea en tierra, invitó á pasarla á todos los que amaran la gloria y el honor.

Trece hombres la pasaron, siguiendo á su caudillo y fueron los que habían de cubrirse de gloria descubriendo y conquistando más tarde el imperio de los Incas.

Abandonados por sus compañeros en la isla del "Gallo," pasaron á la de "Gorgona," donde estuvieron siete meses, hasta que, viniendo un pequeño buque desde Panamá en su busca, se embarcaron en él con rumbo al sur, descubriendo la ciudad de "Túmbex" en el imperio incásico, desde donde, después de explorar la tierra y hacer amistad con el curaca y sus indios, comprendiendo la importancia del imperio, volvieron á Panamá á buscar recursos para seguir su conquista.

Allí se decidió que Pizarro marchara á España á obtener el apoyo de los reyes, lo que hizo, consiguiendo que el emperador Carlos V ordenara el armamento de una expedición. Recogió á sus hermanos Hernando y Gonzalo; ayudado por Hernán

Cortés, alistó el número de soldados pactado con la Corona y salió con rumbo á Panamá, de Sevilla, en Enero de 1530.

Llegó Pizarro á Panamá con 200 hombres, de donde hizo rumbo hacia Túmbex, donde desembarcó y fundó una ciudad á 30 leguas, que llamó "San Miguel." Dejándola guarnecida, emprendió la marcha al interior.

A la llegada de los españoles, el soberano del Perú, "Huayna-Capac," acababa de morir, dividiendo su imperio entre sus hijos Huáscar y Atahualpa: el primero heredó el Cuzco, y el segundo Quito. Atahualpa, sin embargo más ambicioso que su hermano, le usurpó el Cuzco, derrotándolo y haciéndolo prisionero en "Cañaria."

El Inca se encontraba en Cajamarca, cuando llegaron los soldados españoles. Allí recibió al embajador de Pizarro, el soldado Hernando de Goto, diciendo permitirle la visita del conquistador.

No se ocultaba á Pizarro la escasez de sus tropas, comparadas con las numerosas del Inca, pero no era hombre de retroceder, y entró en Cajamarca. Allí comunicó á Atahualpa que debía someterse al rey de España; resistió el Inca con desprecio la indicación, y á una señal convenida los españoles hicieron fuego de arcabuz, y después de encarnizada lucha, tomaron prisionero al Inca. Dos mil indios murieron en tan luctuosa como heroica jornada.

Ofreció Atahualpa rico rescate, prometiendo llenar de precioso metal, hasta cierta altura, el aposento de su prisión. Aceptó Pizarro y repartióse entre los soldados el célebre rescate del Inca, que ascendía á muchos millones de pesos, en oro y plata.

Atahualpa, entretanto, sabedor que Huáscar conspiraba contra él, le mandó asesinar en su prisión. "Los blancos vengarán mi muerte," dijo Huáscar al expirar, y en efecto, Pizarro, por este y otros crímenes que, en las leyes penales de la época, merecían pena de muerte, procesó á Atahualpa, lo condenó á muerte y fué ejecutado la noche del 29 de Agosto de 1533. Con él terminó el poderoso pero enervado imperio de los Incas.

Pizarro coronó emperador á "Tupac-Inca," que se reconoció vasallo del rey de España, y salió en seguida á conquistar el Cuzco, atravesando los Andes y llegando hasta Jauja, donde fundó una colonia.

En el transcurso de esta marcha murió Tupac-Inca, según se cree, envenenado por Chalcuchima, á quien los españoles condenaron á muerte.

Pizarro, entonces, marchó hacia el Cuzco, donde fué espléndidamente recibido por Manco-Capac, coronó á este emperador, y lo declaró vasallo del rey de España; fundó un cabildo y convirtió el templo del Sol en catedral católica, adueñándose por completo del Cuzco.

Deseoso Almagro de explorar sus nuevos dominios, partió para el sur, dejando á Pizarro en el Cuzco, y aprovechando Manco-Capac esta partida, se sublevó contra Pizarro, asesinando á muchos españoles, y sitiando al Cuzco con 200,000 indios, por espacio de nueve meses. Regresando Almagro de su expedición á Chile, de que más

adelante hablaremos, auxilió á los españoles; pero fué grande su sorpresa cuando Hernando Pizarro, entendiendo que el Cuzco entraba en la parte que á su hermano Francisco correspondía por la demarcación de la Corona, le negó la entrada en la ciudad.

Francisco Pizarro se hallaba en Lima arbitrando hombres para luchar contra Manco-Capac, y Almagro sitió nuevamente al Cuzco, derrotando á Hernando Pizarro, y apoderándose de la ciudad. Pizarro envió á Alvarado contra Almagro, quien fué derrotado en Abancay. Francisco, al saberlo, envió á su hermano Gonzalo contra Almagro, quien fué derrotado en la batalla de las Salinas (Abril de 1538).

Almagro fué procesado y murió en el patíbulo, pero esto no concluyó la guerra civil entre los conquistadores, pues el hijo de Almagro, Diego, promovió una conspiración, y el 16 de Junio de 1541 asesinaron los almagristas traidoramente al gran Pizarro, quien sorprendido en su propia casa y acerbillado á puñaladas, hizo una cruz en el suelo con su propia sangre y, besándola, expiró.

Diego de Almagro se adueñó del Cuzco; mas temerosa la corte española de tanta discordia, mandó á aplacar al licenciado Vaca de Castro, quien derrotó al hijo de Almagro en las "Chupas," mandándolo decapitar.

Carlos V erigió al Perú, entonces, en virreinato y mandó como virrey á Blanco Núñez de Vela, cuya ligereza y petulancia promovió el desaliento entre los colonos del Perú, que se levantaron en abierta insurrección contra la corona, nombrando su jefe á Gonzalo Pizarro. Desconcentrado el virrey, ofreció batalla á Gonzalo de Pizarro, siendo completamente derrotado por este conquistador en Añaquito (1546).

Alarmada la corte por la noticia de esta batalla y viendo peligrar su soberanía en el Perú, envió al licenciado La Gasca, brillante y desinteresada figura que con sin igual diplomacia, sin armas ni aprestos militares, y en virtud de su habilidad política, logró reunir ingentes fuerzas y derrotar á Pizarro, en Xaquixaguana, condenándolo al suplicio, dando glorioso y firme término á la conquista del Perú, y constituyendo definitivamente el virreinato.

Dijimos que Pizarro se había apoderado del Cuzco, coronando emperador á Manco-Capac. Los indios de Quito (Ecuador) no aceptaron tal emperador y se alzaron en armas, bajo el mando de Rumiñahui, quien promovió innumerables trastornos, exterminó á todos los príncipes de la familia real y se proclamó emperador. Tal fué su tiranía, que los indios buscaron apoyo en San Miguel de Piura, donde Benalcázar gobernaba á los españoles. Marchó Benalcázar al frente de 280 soldados para auxiliar á los quiteños, encontrando á Rumiñahui en Tocaia. Libróse allí sangrienta batalla, cuya victoria quedó indecisa, y ya perdía Benalcázar la esperanza de reducirlo cuando el volcán Cotopaxi vino en su inesperado auxilio. Entró el volcán en erupción espantosa, los indios lo interpretaron como

emblema de la ruina de Quito, y desalentados dejaron libre campo á los españoles, quienes entraron triunfantes en Quito, que el guerrero Inca incendió antes de abandonar.

Benalcázar establecióse en la ciudad, dándole el nombre de San Francisco de Quito, en honor de su jefe Francisco Pizarro.

Don Pedro de Alvarado, que gobernaba en Guatemala, ansioso de gloria y riquezas, se puso al frente de una expedición y fué á pasar á Quito. Al saber su llegada, Pizarro comisionó á Almagro para que, en compañía de Benalcázar, alejaran al de Guatemala.

No vinieron á las manos los de Pizarro, porque lograron apartar á Alvarado, comprándole por diez mil pesos el resto de sus tropas. Dejó Pizarro á su hermano Juan en el Cuzco, con ánimo de marchar á Quito, cuando se encontró con Alvarado y Almagro en el valle de Rimac.

Entregó á Alvarado la suma estipulada y fundó allí mismo una ciudad á la que dió el nombre de "Los Reyes," en memoria del día de su fundación, llamándose después Lima (de Rimac.) Las ventajas de su posición cerca del mar y no lejos del Cuzco y Quito, movieron á Pizarro á destinarla para capital del virreinato (1535).

Carlos V dividió el imperio incásico en dos porciones: la Norte, ó Nueva Castilla, que otorgó á Pizarro, y la Sur, ó Nuevo Toledo, que concedió á Almagro. Vimos las sangrientas luchas á que dicha demarcación dió lugar. Pizarro, antes de las mismas y sin duda para evitarlas, indujo á Almagro á partir para Chile.

Salió este del Cuzco en 1535 con 400 españoles y unos 1000 auxiliares indios, encabezados por Paulo Topa. Detúvose una semana en Molina y continuó su marcha á Parí, 130 leguas del Cuzco. Recogió, al rededor del lago Aullagas, ganado y maíz, atravesando después las ásperas serranías de las Chichas.

En Octubre llegó á "Tupiza" (hoy Bolivia), continuando su viaje hasta "Chicoana" (en la provincia actual de Salta, República Argentina) atravesó el campo del "Arenal," trasmontó la sierra de "Gulum-paja," escalonando los Andes por San Francisco y deteniéndose en Los, al otro lado de la Cordillera, desde donde despachó á Alvarado hacia el sur, en exploración. Convencido luego, por Alvarado y por experiencia propia, de la aridez del país chileno, dejó el Aconcagua para volver al Cuzco. Atravesó el largo desierto de Atacama, llegando á fines de Octubre al pueblo de Atacama y confines del Callao.

Sabedor allí de lo que ocurría en el Cuzco con los Pizarro, apresuró su marcha por Tarapacá hasta Tacna, desde donde avanzó por la costa hasta Arequipa, habiendo reparado allí sus víveres y vestidos para afrontar sus tropas á la campaña contra los Pizarro en el Cuzco, donde llegó poco tiempo después, encontrando, como sabemos, trágico fin después de la batalla de las Salinas.

Curious Petrifications.

It seems that petrified objects are found in a great many sections of the world, most of them in sections where limestone is prevalent.

Petrified wood is quite common. Bits of wood, pieces of bark, and small twigs are the more common, but in some places whole logs are found, and these are so well petrified as to show the bark as perfectly as when the tree was growing. Different kinds of wood petrify. It depends more on the amount of lime than on the quality of timber.

In Arizona whole forests have been turned into stone and some wonderful specimens are to be found there. The petrified trees are sometimes cut up and converted into various articles of value.

Petrified moss is found in many places. It is very beautiful. Petrified grasses, leaves of trees, and petrified nuts and fruits have been discovered in some places. Petrified reptiles and small animals have also been found.

Cobs from which the grains of corn have been removed make rather curious petrifications. One of the most curious found is that of a piece of honeycomb turned into solid stone, but showing every honey cell perfectly shaped and equally distributed

just as the honey-bees had built it. If the comb had contained honey the water had dissolved that, for the cells were empty.

Petrified human remains are not uncommon. In some of the cemeteries in sections where limestone prevails in abundance bodies have been lifted to move them to other cemeteries, and they were found to be turned to stone.

The Eyes of Night Prowlers.

Many creatures are noctambullists. Some have eyes specially adapted to the conditions of the night, among them cats, night-birds, and night-butterflies. In the eyes of night animals the ends of the optic nerve are divided into about 130,000,000 cylindrical fibers and 60,000 conical fibers. According to von Kries, the conical fibers perceive bright colors and the cylindrical fibers perceive dark colors. Many animals see clearly in the dark because in their eyes cylindrical and conical fibers are uniformly intermingled.

The horse follows the road, however dark the night; the owl sees dark things better than it sees light things; therefore, it is probable that the cylindrical fibers of its optic nerve are either more numerous or more powerful than the conical fibers.

Tattersall's.

The most famous horse market in the world is Tattersall's in London. A romantic history attaches to this establishment.

In 1776 a certain Richard Tattersall, a wool-comber of Yorkshire, who had lost his fortune during the Jacobite rebellion, obtained a ninety-nine years' lease of a tract of ground in London and thereon built an establishment for the sale of horses and hounds.

Tattersall was on friendly terms with the Prince Regent, Lord Bolingbroke, and others, whose patronage greatly aided the enterprise. Such, indeed, was the friendship between the Prince and Tattersall that the bust of George on top of the fountain in the sale-yard was so placed at the Prince's own request.

In due time a huge slice of luck came Tattersall's way. Lord Bolingbroke ran heavily into debt and by way of settlement passed on to Tattersall his famous racer, High-flyer, which became the father of three Derby winners. The progeny of this horse

in eighteen years are said to have won races to the value of no less than £170,000. Tattersall built himself a palatial country residence near Ely, calling it "High-flyer Hall."

Tattersall's came to be the headquarters for the laying of turf wagers. Immense sums were won and lost there. The Marquis of Hastings lost more than £100,000 on one race alone; and, it is said, not infrequently similar amounts changed hands on "settling days" at "Old Tatt's" or "The Corner," as the place was sometimes called.

All classes of society mingled at Tattersall's. Dukes and stable boys were brothers in the excited crowd, prepared to wager on anything and everything. This state of things led to such a scandal that upon the expiration of the lease the firm was refused a renewal. In its new establishment no betting was permitted.

At the modern Tattersall's some enormous prices for racers are sometimes obtained. Flying Fox is said to have been sold to a Frenchman for 37,500 guineas and Oromonde to an American for 30,000 guineas. Here also Sceptre as a yearling was sold for 10,000 guineas, La Fleche for 12,600 guineas, and Blair Athol for only 100 guineas less.

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